JUNGLE TRAILS AND JUNGLE PEOPLE

·CASPAR WHITNEY·

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AND
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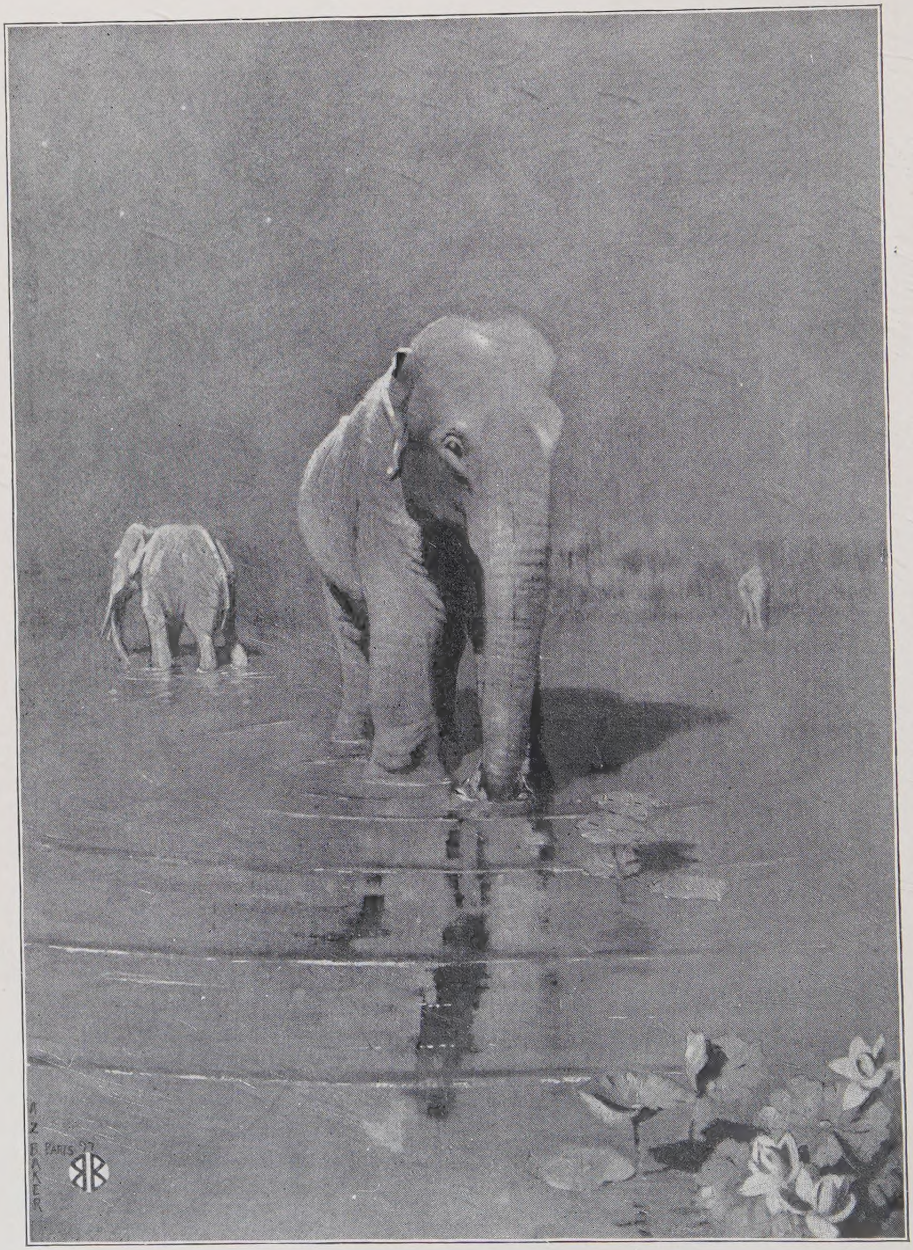

THE LOTUS EATERS.

JUNGLE TRAILS

AND

JUNGLE PEOPLE

TRAVEL, ADVENTURE AND
OBSERVATION IN THE FAR EAST

BY

CASPAR WHITNEY

AUTHOR OF "ON SNOW-SHOES TO THE BARREN GROUNDS," "HAWAIIAN AMERICA,"
"A SPORTING PILGRIMAGE," ETC.

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TO

J. HENRY HARPER

FOR THE SAKE OF AULD LANG SYNE

A CONFESSION

SOMETIMES CALLED "FOREWORD" OR "PREFACE"

I wonder if it is quite fair to ask an author's "underlying motive" for writing a book. The Publisher declares that it is—and he is a sage in his day and generation. He says the public wants to know; but I say that the public does not care a "whoop"—if you remember what that precisely signifies. Between ourselves, it is a tradition of bookmaking which exacts toll of you and me without giving either of us any return of happiness. Besides, suppose the public does want to know, and suppose the desire to be prompted by curiosity rather than by interest, as is more than likely—should the author yield to the demand? To be sure he may owe much to the indulgent reader, who too frequently gets little enough of a run for his money,—but is not the author paying rather too dearly by thus taking the further risk of incurring criticism of his motives in addition to the criticism which may salute his book? It seems to me that to face one risk is enough for one author—certainly enough for this one author.

Then, too, perhaps the author wants to keep the intimate whisperings of his day dreams to himself;

perhaps he hesitates to voice the call which, unheard by his fellows of the work-a-day world, sounds ever and again to him without warning, insistent and impelling amid the comforts and pleasures and duties of conventional life.

Know then, you to whom the message of this book is meaningless, that the "underlying motive" which prompted the journeys recorded in the following pages, was—flight of a spirit that would be free from the crying newsboys and the pressure of conventions; in a word,—the lust of adventure. Those who open this volume to view the contents as of a game bag, would better close it and thus save time—and money. There is here the hunting and the killing of big and formidable game, but 'twas not for that alone or even chiefly I travelled far from the habitations of man. The mere destruction of game, always has been of least interest to me in my wilderness wanderings, and I hope I have never given any other impression. It is not the killing but the hunting which stirs the blood of a sportsman—the contest between his skill, persistence, endurance, and the keen senses and protective environment of his quarry. I acknowledge to the joy which comes in triumph over the brute at the end of fair and hard chase—not in the pressing of the trigger, which I never do, except to get needed meat or an unusual trophy.

The wilderness in its changeful tempers, the pathless jungle, the fascination of finding your way, of earning your food, of lying down to sleep beyond the guarding night stick of the policeman, —these are the things I sought in the larger world of which our conventionalized smaller one is but the gate way. To pass through this gate way, to travel at will, by my own exertions, and unchaperoned,—and to tell you in my halting style something of the human and brute life which I saw in the big world—that is why I went into the wondrous Far East, into India, Sumatra, Malay and Siam.

So there you have the "Foreword"—also the confession.

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JUNGLE TRAILS AND JUNGLE PEOPLE

CHAPTER I

THE KING'S MAHOUT

HE was not impressive as to face or figure, yet Choo Poh Lek was a notable character. Of his class he was one of the few energetic, and the only ambitious native little man with whom I became acquainted in the Far East. And, quite as wonderful, he did not gamble. Unquestionably he came honestly by his active qualities, for Choo was a Simo-Chinese; his father, Lee Boon Jew, being one of the many thrifty Chinese that, thirty-five years before, had found their way, from the crowded Canton district of China, with its desperate daily struggle for mere existence, to Bangkok, whose half million people prefer mostly to leave the business of life to Chinamen. Lee began his commercial career humbly as a peddler of fruit and vegetables; and he prospered. In the very beginning he had carried his daily stock in two

heaping bushel baskets hung from a bamboo pole which he swung from shoulder to shoulder, as, staggering under the really heavy burden, he called aloud his wares through the Sampeng and other narrow land streets of the poorer quarter. In one year he had done well enough to enable him to buy a small dug-out, which he paddled through the klawngs* and on the Meinam River, making new acquaintances and new customers, while a plook-pee† compatriot in his employ supplied the already established trade from the baskets. In three years he had four boats; and in two more, or five years from the day of his landing, Lee Boon Jew had a shop in Sampeng, one on the Meinam,—which, in addition to a general stock, did a little trading in bamboo and rattan—a small fleet of boats—and a Siamese wife. In due course a son came to gladden the Chinese heart that always rejoices in boy children, and by the time the fond father was permitted to pridefully exhibit the gaudily dressed infant in the nearby floating shops, the little son came to be known as

* Canals.

† Plook-pee is the poll tax exacted of Chinamen, who emigrate to Siam and do not enter Government service. It costs four ticals and a quarter with a tax seal fastened about the wrist, or six ticals and a half (about $3.90) for a certificate instead of the wrist badge. Lee had paid the extra ticals in preference to wearing the visible alien sign.

Choo Poh Lek, after a celebration which quite dimmed the customary New Year festival.

Meantime not only did the business develop, but Lee Boon Jew, who was now one of Bangkok's merchants, attained to such prominence among his compatriots that by the time Choo was fifteen, Lee had become Collector in the Bird Nest Department of the Government Revenue Service; a post for which he was eminently fitted by both name and nature.

The cares of office did not, however, necessitate abandonment of the trade, grown now to an extent that kept several large boats of his fleet solely and constantly engaged in rattan and bamboo, for which they made long trips up river. It was Lee's dearest wish that his son should succeed to the commercial enterprise which so confidently promised to make wealthy men of them both; especially since his most intimate associate, Ho Kee Peck, had been recently appointed Farmer, under the Government, of the Onion, Bees Wax and Rattan Department.

Truth to tell, Lee had dreamed rosy-hued celestial dreams of Choo Poh Lek's opportunities, and the possible prosperity that might easily come to a business having two silent partners in the local revenue service. Between the good offices of the Bird Nest and of the Onion, Bees Wax and Rattan

departments, how much profitable trade might not, indeed, and readily, be diverted to the boats of Lee Boon Jew & Son!

But Choo proved a sore disappointment to his ambitious father. He had, it is true, given all of his boyhood and much of his young manhood to Lee's boats, and in fact, was accounted among the shrewdest traders and most skilled boatmen on the river. There were even those who thought the son more astute than his non-talkative but deep thinking Cantonese parent. At all events, Choo attained to such efficiency that his father sent him frequently up the river on the more important mission of trading for rattan and bamboo. And it was on one of these trips inland that Choo crossed the trail of the elephant catchers, and fell under the influence which was to govern, not to say guide, his life's star thereafter and forever more.

From that day, it seemed to Choo that boats were the most uninteresting things in all the world, and trading the least ambitious of all professions. He felt the spell of the elephant catchers, the silent mystery of the jungle, the excitement of the chase; and then and there he determined that an elephant catcher he would be. Choo was naturally of an adventuresome temperament, which is decidedly unusual in one of his race; but

Choo was an unusual type, as already I have intimated. The humdrum life of the fruit and vegetable boats, of haggling over trades in rattan, and of, between times, pulling a heavy oar, had become as iron in his soul long before he found the real trail in the jungle. Deep in his heart was the realization that life for him lacked the spark which makes it worth while; yet until that eventful day far in the forest, he knew as little of what he really wanted as did his father. On the day he found the elephant encampment, however, Choo found his spark and his vocation.

Now filial duty rules strong in the Asiatic son, and Choo had no thought of deserting his father; but by Oriental cunning he brought it about that the rattan business, necessitating up-country trips, became his chief concern in the firm of Lee Boon Jew & Son, while the vegetable and fruit end of the firm's interest fell to subordinates. Thus it was that Choo took up the double life of elephant catching and the more prosaic, if profitable, occupation of rattan trading. It must be recorded that he neglected neither and prospered in each; to such a degree, in fact, did the rattan and bamboo interests develop that Lee, the father, found his position in Bangkok advanced from small trader to one whose shipments were solicited by the local steamship company.

Meantime the son rose from one of the half hundred beaters employed in elephant catching to mahout, for which he seemed to have marked aptitude. Indeed his quick and sympathetic understanding of elephants, and ready comprehension of their management convinced the head man, who had served the king for twenty years, that in Choo he had found a mahout of exceptional promise.

It came to pass one day that Chow Chorn Dumarong—who was a cousin of one of the children of one of the forty-seven wives of the king, and something or other in the War Department—chanced to be at the encampment of elephant catchers and a witness of Choo's really clever handling of a tame tusker just ending a period of "must,"* during which it had been somewhat difficult of control. Choo's work astride the neck of the unruly bull, which he had finally subdued, had been so courageous and so intelligent, that it impressed the king's cousin and he forthwith commanded Choo to be regularly engaged in Government service. So it came about that Choo did more elephant than rattan hunting, increasing his prowess and reputation in one as his activity in the other decreased, much to the mental anguish

* "Must" is the temporary madness which now and then, though not invariably, overtakes the male elephant when kept apart from his mates.

of his father, Lee Boon Jew, who, although waxing opulent between his own post in the Bird Nest Department and the sympathetic co-operation of his wise and understanding friend Ho Pee Peck, the Onion Farmer, was aggrieved to the depths of his frugal Chinese soul by the unexplained falling off in the rattan and bamboo branch of his up-river business.

But one day, after two years more of mental perturbation, and gradually diminishing rattan profits, the father's heart leaped for joy under the word brought him at Bangkok, that Choo had been summoned into the presence of Krom Mun Monrtee Deeng—another one of the king's multitude of cousins, as well as a high man in the Interior Department—and regularly enrolled among the royal mahouts who drive in the periodical elephant catch or parade on festive occasions, or personally conduct the jaunts of the king's children when one of his majesty's several dozen goes forth on an official airing. And so ended the double life of Choo Poh Lek; for henceforth there was no further pretence of attending to the rattan business. Choo's soul was freed from trade bondage. Incidentally I must however add, because I became much interested in Lee, quite a character in his way, that the honor reflected upon the father through this appointment of his son, and the em-

ployment of a capable man to look after the up-country rattan interests, combined to place the name of Lee Boon Jew & Son among the foremost traders of the city.

I knew Lee weeks before I met Choo; and the first time I saw the latter was in the royal stables within the king's enclosure where I was giving rather disrespectful scrutiny to the sacred white elephants, which, notwithstanding surroundings and attendants, impressed me only because of seeming insignificance in their washed out hide and pale blue eyes. I immediately lost interest in the elephants on discovering Choo. Even had his obviously at home air failed to attract my wandering gaze, his dress would have arrested my eye, for it was the most resplendent thing in the way of native costume I had seen outside the palace. Not that it was so rich or remarkable in itself, but because the average Siamese is poor and dirty and inconspicuously, not to say sombrely, clad; whereas Choo was clean and brilliant and well fed. He wore a red and blue check panung,* a yellow

* The panung is a strip of cloth or silk three yards long and a yard broad. It is put on by a turn about the waist, the end being then carried between the legs and up through the waist and down through the legs again before fastened finally to the waist, to thus make a pair of loose, baggy knee breeches that, however, open up the back of the leg as the wearer walks. Fashioned in this way, the panung is worn by both men and women.

silk jacket fastened to the chin, with buttons made from silver half ticals, a round piece of Siamese money worth about thirty cents; and was bare of head, and legs from knee down to stockingless feet.

He was an important looking personage; nothing like him in fact had I met in the royal enclosure, where I had gone seeking the unusual. But my attempt to engage him in conversation was a failure, for he spoke no English.

The second time I saw the king's mahout was a few days later, in Lee's shop on the river, where I was making purchases for my hunting outfit which I was then getting together. Lee knew English fairly well and I often chatted with him, though he had never spoken to me of his distinguished son, so that when I saw Choo walk into the shop and make himself very much at home, I naturally asked about him; then Lee opened his heart, for he was very proud of the boy, and told me the whole story as I have told you.

Choo at once became a very interesting personality to me; because of the unusual type of Asiatic he represented, and on my own account because, having seen something of elephant catching in India, I wanted also to see the work of rounding up the elephants in the jungle preparatory to their being driven into the kraal at Ayuthia, the old Siamese capital, for what is called the " royal

hunt,'' but what is nothing more or less than a means of adding to the work-a-day elephants kept in the king's stables.

Lee comfortingly assured me he thought it could be arranged for me to make a trip with Choo to the elephant encampment; and sure enough it came about in due course that as his Majesty, Phrâbât Somdet Phra Paramendr Mahá Chulalongkorn Klou, otherwise and more briefly known as Chulalongkorn I, had commanded a royal hunt, Choo and I in season set out on our way up the river in a canoe, carrying no provisions, for we were to stop the nights *en route* with friends of the firm of Lee Boon Jew & Son.

Choo's journey to the jungle resembled the triumphant march of a popular toreador. 'Twas fortunate we had given ourselves ample time, for we tarried often and long; not that I objected, because I am always on the lookout for human documents, and this trip was full of them, many not altogether agreeable, but interesting, for these were the real people of Siam. Now, the real people of Siam are not always pleasant to live with; too many of them are poor, and dirty, notwithstanding the river flowing past the door—though, speaking of dirty things, it would be difficult to find water farther from its pure state than these rivers which serve to sewer and to irrigate

Siam. Also the houses as often as not are in wretched condition, for it seems to be traditional with the Siamese not to repair them, but when they have tumbled about their ears, to vacate and build another: not a particularly expensive plan, since the house consists of loosely put together bamboo raised on stilts six to eight feet; and bamboo grows at everyone's back door in Siam.

Siamese food principally consists of dried, frequently rotted fish, and rice, done into curries which comprise a little of about every kind of condiment, and especially a very popular sauce called namphrik, a chutney-like and thoroughly mixed thing made of red pepper, shrimp, garlic, onions, citron, ginger, and tamarind seeds. The only reason for the fish being putrid is because the natives like it so, for fish are plentiful in the rivers and fishermen numerous, though their ways of catching are rather amusing and antique. One favorite method, borrowed from the Chinese, is beating the waters with long bamboo sticks to frighten the fish into an eight or ten foot squarish net which is lowered into the river from a framework on the bank by a system of wheels and ropes and pulleys; and hoisted up again when the catch is complete. I must confess that when the fish in the curry chanced to be dried instead of decayed, I found the concoction toothsome. In fact a really

good curry is in a class apart; but one must go to India or the Far East to get it at its best. Sometimes the natives eat pork and oftentimes chicken, but for the most part, rice and the fish curry constitute their chief diet, supplemented by the fruit of the country, of which there are many kinds—mangosteen, mango, pineapple, banana, orange, bread fruit, and that most healthful of all Siamese fruits, the papaya, which grows back from the water and is a greenish oval melon that suggests cantaloupe when opened.

We did not get really outside of the Bangkok city limits the first day of our up-river journey, as we spent the night at the home of one of Choo's admiring friends, in the centre of a little floating community, where a "poey" was given in his honor. Now a poey may take several different directions of hilarity, but is always an excuse for eating and gambling. The poey in honor of Choo included about everything on the entertainment catalogue. First was a feast which overflowed from the house of Choo's friend into adjoining ones, attended by two dozen men and women who sat in groups on the floors eating a loud smelling fish sauce with gusto—and with their fingers; neither wine nor spirits were in evidence—the Siamese as a rule drinking water. Then came adjournment to the river bank, where on a raised

THE FINAL STAGE OF THE KING'S ELEPHANT HUNT IN SIAM.

A popular holiday; spectators flock to the scene by the thousands and where the herd crosses the river the stream is covered with boats.

platform, roofed, but open on its four sides, three girls danced and posed after the gracefully deliberate Siamese fashion, accompanied by the melodious, always quick time, though dirge-like, music of a small native orchestra. The dancing was of the usual Oriental character, not, as popularly supposed among Occidentals, of the " couchee couchee " Midway variety, but a posturing in which hands and arms and shoulders played the prominent part. In a word it was a kind of slow walk-around to exhibit and emphasize the movements of arms and hands, the supreme test of the dancer being suppleness of wrist and shoulder; some of the most expert could bend back their hands so that the long finger nails almost touched the forearm. The band itself consisted of a group of metal cups, ranging in size from five to fourteen inches in diameter, a series of hollow bamboo sticks, also arranged to scale, two drums and a kind of flute; and the musicians sat on the floor.

Nearby, and attracting at least an equal number of spectators, was another platform level with the ground, where gambling proceeded industriously.

Siamese silver money seems to have been fashioned to meet the native passion for gambling. It ranges in value (gold) from six cents up to sixty cents, and in size from a small marble with its four sides flattened (which describes the tical),

down to that of a French pea. There is also much flat money made of copper, glass and china, running into fractions of a cent. The favorite game is a species of roulette, for which purpose the money is admirably suited to the rake of the croupier. Comparatively recently the Government has been issuing flat ten cent silver pieces, and the extent of gambling is suggested by the great number of these coming to one in the ordinary course of the day's business, that have been cupped to facilitate their handling on the gaming board.

After four days on the Meinam we turned off on a smaller river somewhere below Ayuthia, and took a northeasterly direction through heavy foliage, and more monkeys than I had ever seen. The first night we stopped at a house dilapidated rather more than ordinarily, where inside a lone old woman sat weaving a varied colored cloth, while outside on the veranda-like addition—which is practically half of every up-country Siamese abode—were a girl and a boy making water buckets and ornaments of bamboo.

I often wondered what these Far Eastern people would do without bamboo. It is a pivot of their industrial life. Growing in groves ranging from twenty to forty feet in height, though I have seen some higher, it varies in diameter from two to fifteen or even more inches. The tender shoots of

the young bamboo are good eating, while the tree in its different sizes and conditions of growth provides a valuable article of export, the timber for house making, the fibre for mats and baskets and personal ornaments, while, in hollowed sections, it is made into buckets and water pipes.

Another day's travel on the smaller river brought us to the encampment of the elephant catchers. Here were about one hundred men, bared to the waist, and a score of tuskers; the former divided among a small colony of elevated bamboo houses, and the latter scattered at graze in the surrounding jungle, wearing rattan hobbles around their feet, and bells of hollow bamboo at their necks. This was the home camp, where preparations had been making in leisurely and truly Oriental fashion for the start toward the interior; but on the evening of our arrival a moderate state of excitement resulted from a native bringing in the report, which he had got third hand, of a large white elephant seen in the jungle.

The day was in Siam when the lucky man who discovered a white elephant was raised to the rank of nobility, and in case of its capture, very likely was given one of the king's gross of daughters in marriage. In the old days the catching of such an elephant was a signal for general holiday-making and feasting; nobles were sent to the jun-

gle to guard it, and ropes of silk were considered the only suitable tether for an animal accustomed to the deference of a populous country.

When My Lord the Elephant had rested at the end of his silken tether sufficiently to become reconciled to his encompassed condition, he was taken in much glory to Bangkok, where, after being paraded and saluted, he was lodged in a specially prepared palace. Here he was sung to and danced before, given exalted titles, shaded by golden umbrellas and decorated with trappings of great value. In fact the white elephant was once made a great deal of, but never really worshipped, as some writers have declared. Because of its rarity it is still very highly prized by the king and though capture is unusual enough to create excitement, yet popular rejoicing and honors for the catcher do not nowadays attend the event. But the white elephants continue to stand unemployed in the royal stables at Bangkok—where western ideas are becoming evident in electric lighting and trolley cars. There were four in the royal stables at the time of my visit, leading lives of luxurious ease. The real local consequence of the white elephant rests in it being to Siam what the eagle is to America, the lion is to England—a national emblem. On a scarlet background it forms the Siamese imperial flag, and gives name to one of

the highest orders of merit in the gift of the king.

So while the little colony of catchers in the jungle lost no sleep and missed no fish curry on account of the reported white elephant, which, let me say here, did not materialize, yet the movement toward the interior began on the day after our arrival. We moved slowly—very slowly, for the elephant normally does not travel faster than about four miles an hour—through heavy, rather open forest, and stretches of thinnish woodland, where the jungle undergrowth was so dense that even the elephants avoided it. Quite the most interesting jungle thing I saw on these several days of inland travel was the Poh tree, sacred to the Siamese because, it is said, under its shade Buddha had his last earthly sleep.

At night we camped in groups; the mahouts divided between two, the beaters or scouts, who walked, scattered among a dozen others. The whole formed a large circle, of which the inner part was filled with little bamboo platforms raised four or five feet above the ground for sleeping. Outside this circle was a larger one around which flamed the many separate fires of each group of mahouts and beaters, that were used first for cooking, and kept burning throughout the night as a danger signal to prowling beasts, and as an inade-

quate protection against mosquitoes, of which there were myriads. Choo and I made a group of our own, and although he did not exactly fill the roll of servant to me, he did my cooking, and kept the fire burning. Beyond the outside circle of fire grazed the hobbled elephants in the nearby jungle.

The king's mahout had offered me a seat behind where he rode on the elephant's neck, with his knees just back of its ears, but I preferred to walk, and was well repaid by the little side excursions I was thus able to make and the many closer inspections afforded of small red deer, flitting insects and flying birds. For a week we continued our northeasterly travel by day and our mosquito fighting by night, slowly drawing closer to the section where the scouts reported wild elephants in several herds; for always as we moved in the day the scouts kept well ahead, prospecting. Finally, one night Choo made me understand that our outposts, so to say, were in touch with the enemy.

And now began the, to me, only interesting work of reconnoitring the elephants; of obtaining positive knowledge as to the number of herds, the location of each with relation to the others and to the surrounding country, the number of elephants in each herd—their size, and their apparent temper collectively and individually.

Elephant catching in Siam differs quite materially in procedure and in difficulties from catching elephants in India, where also its economical value is appreciated. The Indian Government maintains an official department, with men well paid to study the ways of elephants and the best method of catching and subsequently training them; which means training schools scattered over the country. In India no systematic attempt is made to consolidate two or more wild herds, but when the scouts have discovered one it is stealthily surrounded, and held together by a ring of men, two about every forty feet, who keep the elephants intact, as well as in control, by days of exploding guns, and nights of crashing gongs and blazing fires. Meanwhile a log keddah (corral) is building close at hand with all the speed possible to be got out of several hundred natives by a terribly earnest white headman who sleeps neither day nor night. In fact no one sleeps much in the few anxious days between surrounding the herd and constructing the corral. From two to four days are required to build the keddah, which when completed is an eight to ten foot high stockade formed of good-sized logs, one end planted firmly in the ground, and the whole securely bound together by rattan, thus enclosing about an acre of partially cleared jungle, with the big trees left standing.

Into this keddah, through a funnel-shaped runway reaching to the human circle, the frightened, scrambling, grunting herd is urged by the beaters on tame elephants; once within, the wild elephants are noosed one by one by the legs and tied to trees by the catchers mounted on the tame elephants. All the while the human circle is in evidence around the outside of the keddah to help on the deception played upon the huge beasts, that they cannot escape.

The native way of catching elephants both in India and in the Far East, is usually by the simple means of digging pitfalls along their routes to the rivers; for the elephant is a thirsty beast and when in herds makes beaten paths to water, always returning by the same way. Thus easily they fall into the waylaying pits, which are about eight feet wide on the top, six feet wide at the bottom and eight feet deep.

In Siam, catching elephants is a different and an easier game for several reasons; because (1) the region over which they roam is much more confined than in India, and (2) as the so-called hunt is a periodical event of many years' standing, large numbers of jungle elephants have been rounded up and corralled so comparatively often as to have become semi-tame. Of course there are many in every drive that have not been corralled, and some

that do not take kindly to the king's utilitarian and amusement-making scheme. Aside from the white elephant, which is an albino, a freak, there are two varieties in Siam: a smallish kind with tusks, quite easily broken to work if not too old; and a larger, stronger, tuskless species that is not so easily handled, is something of a fighter and is avoided in the royal hunt in favor of the smaller, some of which, however, carry ivory of splendid proportions. The Siamese elephant belongs, of course, to the Asiatic species, which in size both of body and tusks, is inferior to the African. Of the Asiatic, the Siamese averages neither so large as the Indian nor so small as the Malayan; and sometimes its ivory compares favorably with that of any species. The largest tusk ever taken from a Siamese elephant measures 9 feet, 10½ inches in length, and 8 inches in diameter at the base, and is now in the Royal Museum at Bangkok. Incidentally I wish to say that almost never have I found tusks of any kind of elephant of the same length, one showing usually more wear from root digging or what not than the other.

So soon as the scouts brought back word of our being in touch with the herds, camp was pitched and the tame elephants hobbled; and then the entire force spread out till a full one hundred yards separated one man from another, making a pains-

taking and wide survey of the country within a five-mile radius. The camp and the scouts were kept some distance from where the elephants had been located, and withdrew from their immediate neighborhood so fast as others were discovered—because the elephant, being mostly nocturnal and hence with its senses of smell and touch very acutely developed to enable it to distinguish the various kinds of trees and shrubs upon which it feeds, would be warned by the man scent and move off. For that reason our advance party, through all the manœuvres of locating the elephants, became a thin brown line of scouts. It was not so difficult to find the elephants, moving casually in herds of varying sizes up hill and down, for they are very noisy and destructive; the difficulty was to escape detection, which in this preliminary survey might result in frightening them away.

Working in this way the scouts had within ten days located one fairly sized herd and two smaller ones, besides some scattered, making altogether about two hundred and forty. And this successful and rather speedy result was not to be credited entirely to their efforts on the present hunt; a large share being due the system in vogue. These men are more or less in touch with the elephants most of the time; in fact, in a measure they are to the elephant haunts what the cowboys are to the

cattle range. In a broad sense the elephants are practically always under their eyes—a very broad sense, of course, but they know where to find them and the direction of their migrations. Yet sometimes weeks and months are spent by these elephant catchers in rounding up and heading straying herds preparatory to starting the final gathering for the drive toward Ayuthia.

With the three herds located, perhaps five miles separating the one on the extreme north from the stragglers at the extreme south, the plan of consolidation was begun. For this purpose the thin brown line stretched its two halves, one across the north and the other to the south of the herds, while the tame tuskers and their mahouts covered the east approach. As the big herd was at the south, the plan was to form a junction by driving the two smaller ones and the scattering individuals down to the larger. Beginning unobtrusively, it was three days before the individuals had joined the smaller herds, and it took two days more before all these were headed south. Short as was the distance, it required six days longer to consolidate those herds; patient days and anxious nights, for the danger in elephant catching is the beast's nervous, fearful temperament which subjects him to ungovernable fits of panic. Writers of romance to the contrary notwithstanding, the elephant is

a most undependable beast. Hence everything is done quietly, with no sudden movements to startle the elephants, or any unnecessary directness of approach. The entire effort of gathering scattered herds is furtive as much as the circumstances will allow. Once the elephants have been got together into one herd, the line of scouts may become a circle with a human post and a lurid brush fire alternating every ten yards around its length; or it may simply herd the beasts according to their temper. But no noise is made except in cases where elephants move too closely to the limits of the enclosure; elephants have broken through and escaped, but rarely.

Choo's fitness for the post of head mahout was evident from the day of leaving the home camp back on the little river; but only when the drive of the consolidated herd toward Ayuthia began, did his consummate skill manifest itself. His handling not only of his own elephant, but his executive ability in placing the other elephants, and the beaters, made perfectly easy of comprehension why he had advanced so rapidly among his fellows. Although he was kind to his elephants, Choo never showed them the slightest affection; holding them under the strictest discipline and exacting instant obedience under penalty of severe punishment. A trainer of reputation with whom in my boyhood

DRIVING THE HERD TOWARD THE KRAAL.

The shifting, daring crowd of spectators hang constantly on the heels of the elephants.

days I was on terms of daily intercourse, once told me that there are two things you must never do with an elephant if you wish to control it. First, never disappoint, and second, never show affection for it, as the animal's own regard for you will be sure to diminish in proportion as you are demonstrative. Certainly Choo achieved brilliant success with just such methods. Often, however, he talked to his elephants, sometimes encouragingly, sometimes sharply, as the occasion warranted, but never tenderly. His usual tone was a complaining one, and though I could not understand what he said, I have heard him for several minutes at a time in an uninterrupted high-pitched oratorical effort, rather suggesting a father reading the riot act to a sluggard son. Perhaps it was my imagination—and at all events I do not offer it as a contribution to the new school of animal story-tellers—but it always seemed to me that Choo's mount showed unmistakable contrition in the, as it appeared to me, absurdly abashed expression which came into his face, and the droopiness of the pendent trunk. Often I went into roars of laughter at sight of Choo leaning over the elephant's ear solemnly lecturing, while the beast blinked its uninviting little pig eyes. At such times the king's mahout included me in the tale of woe he confided to the elephant's great flopping

ear. Always Choo wore an amulet of jade and now that he had doffed his yellow silk jacket and, like the others, wore a cotton panung, with bare upper body, I noticed that he also kept around his neck a tiny human image of a kind I had seen Buddhist priests making of tree roots and selling to ease native superstition.

Choo's plan of driving the herd was masterful; there was no confusion, nor any sign to indicate that the task was difficult. Perhaps a half mile area was occupied by the gathered elephants when the final drive began, and it was not possible from one side of the herd to see the other side of the jungle. Choo placed four of his largest tame tuskers, two at each opening, as extreme western outposts of the driving line, and somewhat closer to the herd. The remaining tuskers were divided among the north and south sides and the rear, with more of them at the sides than in the rear, where were the most beaters. So far as I could see, the only apparent anxious movement was in getting the herd started, and that was finally accomplished by half a dozen tame elephants taking positions at the head of the lot. In fact, Choo kept several of these at the head of the herd throughout the drive to the river. Sometimes the elephants would move steadily as though really travelling with an objective in view; again they fed along leis-

urely, scattered over the considerable enclosure within the driving lines. Sometimes several would come against one side of the driving line and be startled into sudden retreat, or stand in questioning attitude before backing into the main body. But always the herd moved on, day and night, though sometimes not over five miles would be covered in twelve hours. It was a leisurely saunter, but never a moment did Choo relax his vigilance.

There was not the amount of trumpeting some of us have been led to believe. Once in a while the shrill trunk call of fear would be heard, but more often the low mouth note, a sort of grunting or questioning sound—and not at all on the drive toward the river was heard the throat roar of rage. It was, in fact, because of Choo's generalship and individual skill, a very well behaved herd of elephants that pursued its snail-like course riverwards without accident.

On the tenth day Choo brought the herd to the jungle at the river's edge just in front of Ayuthia, and early the following morning four Siamese imperial flags floated above the kraal as signal for him to begin the final drive into the enclosure. Instanter the camp was in a buzz of serious-faced preparation for the final, and in some respects the most difficult, stage of the elephant catching; weeks

of patient toil and a successful drive might be lost by mishap in getting the herd across the river and the remaining couple of miles. The king's mahout prepared for the test with the apparent confidence and thoroughness that had stamped all his work on the drive. First he put two men on each of his score of tame elephants, the second carrying a bamboo pole; then he sent three of the tuskers thus equipped into the side of the herd nearest the river. These made their way slowly, never hurriedly, yet always determinedly, among the wild ones, cutting out a group of eight which they headed riverwards. Then two other tuskers entered the herd and began similar tactics; and simultaneously the tuskers guarding the outer circle, and the beaters crowded forward. Sometimes one of the wild ones, being moved outside of the herd in the lead, would escape and return. Then shone out in bold relief Choo's unflinching grasp of his business. There would be no chasing of that escaped elephant, no hustling movements by any one to suggest that the unusual had occurred; but three other mounted tuskers would work into and through the herd in apparent aimlessness, yet always toward the truant. The escaped one might shift about among its fellows, might dodge, but sooner or later it found itself between two of the tuskers, with the third at its

stern; and eventually it was back whence it had broken away, all without fuss or excitement by either the tuskers or the mahouts on their backs. Sometimes an hour would be consumed returning such a one; but return was inevitable.

Choo knew, with the river once in sight, at least half his troubles would be over, for elephants take to water like ducks; so he maintained the arrangement of beaters and the several tuskers in the lead, the lot travelling at not more than a mile an hour, until the bank was reached, where the tuskers slipped to one side and the entire herd was soon in the river, bathing and blowing water through their trunks, to indicate in elephantine way their joy of living. With spectators on the banks and afloat in numberless small craft, the drive out of the river into the wings running down to the kraal entrance is always a critical period, so Choo permitted the herd to wallow and squirt water over themselves to their heart's content; for nearly an hour in fact. Then he placed fully half his tuskers at the head of the herd and with the remainder covering its rear, began the move toward the kraal, less than a quarter mile distant. Happily for Choo the bath had put the elephants in a very comfortable frame of mind and they moved forward, following the tuskers unhesitatingly out on to the bank, despite the fact that all Ayuthia and many

besides were holiday making within a few hundred yards. As the herd swung ponderously along into the funnel-shaped enclosure—which is made of massive twelve-foot high posts firmly planted every two feet and leads directly to the gate of the kraal—Choo withdrew from the lead to the rear all save two of the tame elephants. The herd moved peacefully however until a big female, with its little calf walking almost concealed under the mother's stomach, endeavored to break back from the side, and made quite a commotion when checked by the rear guard. Although no general panic resulted, the row seemed to get on the nerves of the elephants, whose questioning, expectant expression of countenance suggested painful timorousness. As the herd neared the kraal, getting more compact all the time in the narrowing runway, the elephants appeared to sense a trap, crowding together and breaking into groups against the heavy posts, so that Choo had to bring up several of his tuskers whose mahouts prodded the obstreperous ones into harmony. It was pretty much of a rough-and-tumble scramble at the kraal gate, large enough to admit only one elephant at a time. Perhaps a third of the herd followed the leading tame tuskers into the kraal, but the remainder got jammed, and the ensuing scene of confusion and of wild endeavor to get some-

where, tested the rear guard to its utmost and must have given the king's mahout at least a few uncomfortable moments. At length, however, the kraal gate closed on the last elephant, and Choo had brought his part of the royal hunt to a successful conclusion.

The Ayuthia elephant kraal was built over one hundred years ago, not long after the seat of the Siamese Government had been moved from this ancient capital to Bangkok. It is an enclosure about two hundred feet square, surrounded by a brick wall averaging perhaps fourteen to fifteen feet in thickness, with a height of nine feet. On each side is a parapet forming an excellent promenade under the shade of some large trees. About twenty feet inside the brick wall is a smaller enclosure made of huge teak logs, planted firmly, so as to leave just space enough between every two for a man to squeeze through, and standing above the ground full twelve feet. In the centre of the kraal is a little house strongly surrounded by logs, which sometimes the superintendent in charge uses to direct the selection of elephants to be caught, and sometimes becomes a house of refuge; and always it serves to break up the herd rounded about it. Three sides of this great square are reached by steps and open to the public. Along one side of the wall and over the centre of it is a covered plat-

form which contains the royal box, and other more democratic accommodations for natives of nobility and foreigners. There are two entrances to the enclosure, both guarded by very strong heavy timber gates hung on pins from crossbeams above, which, closed, reach below the ground level, where they fit into a groove. Opened, they make an inverted V, just large enough to permit the passage of one elephant at a time.

The attitude of a herd on first realizing that it has been trapped and cannot escape, varies according to the temperaments of its members, and is enlightening, not to say enlivening, at times, to the onlooker. For the herd, which without serious opposition has permitted itself to be taken from its jungle and driven, uttering scarcely an objection through days and nights, will, when once in the kraal, throw off its good manners and become rampant. Some fight the posts, some fight one another; in groups they surge against the stout sides of the enclosure, grunting prodigiously, and wherever a venturesome spectator shows a head between the post, he is charged. Not all the herd are so violent. Some show their perturbation by thrusting their trunks down into their stomach reservoir and drawing forth water which they squirt over their backs; others express contempt for things generally by making little dust piles which

NOOSING AND DRIVING THE HERD AROUND THE KRAAL SO AS TO SINGLE OUT THE ROPED ELEPHANTS.

they blow over everything in sight, including their own legs; some utter the mouthing low note; some rap the ground with their trunks, thus knocking out several peculiar rattling crackling high notes. The calves squeak through their little trunks shrilly and frequently.

The programme extends over three days; on the first, after the herd is corralled, the head mogul of the royal stables points out the young elephants to be caught; on the second the selected captives are noosed; and on the third day the remaining elephants are driven out and across the river and into the jungle to wander at will, until such time as his majesty issues commands for another royal "hunt."

The most interesting feature of the performance in the kraal is the work of the trained elephants. You would never think from the peaceful, mild countenance of the tusker, that he is in league with the men on his back. He is the most casual thing you can imagine, sidling up to the victim in manner unpremeditated and entirely friendly. It is the same unhurried, unrelaxing work he did in the jungle under the eye of Choo, who is now no doubt viewing proceedings critically from the covered platform. Sometimes a cantankerous elephant is looking for a fight; and then the tusker is a business-like and effective bouncer, and such "rough

house " as results on this occasion you have not elsewhere seen. The tusker moves not swiftly but with overwhelming momentum, and not infrequently an offender is sent quite off its feet surprised and wiser, rolling in the dust.

The actual catching consists in slipping the noose, held at the end of the bamboo prod by the second mahout, over the elephant's hind foot. When the noose is successfully placed it is at once pulled taut, and the end of the rope which has been attached to the tame tusker's rattan girdle is let go, to be subsequently, as occasion offers, carried by a dismounted mahout to the edge of the enclosure, where other attendants fasten it to the post, and take in the slack as the captive is pushed back by the tuskers. When the victim is snubbed fairly close to the post comes the putting on of the rattan collar, which is accomplished by mahouts mounted on two tame elephants that hold the victim between them. With the collar lashed on, the captive is butted out through the gate, where he is pinned between the tuskers and fastened to them by the collars they also wear for this very purpose. Then, thus handcuffed, with noose rope trailing and a third elephant behind to keep him moving, the captive is carried off to the stables and securely tied up. And so endeth the liberty of that elephant.

Sometimes the mahout drops to the ground under cover of his tusker and slips the noose; and it is not so easy as it reads. The elephant's foot must be caught off the ground before the noose is thrown, and sluggish as he seems, the elephant kicks like chain lightning; the kick of a mule is a love pat by comparison. It is a curious but substantiated fact that, while at times there is much fighting, with mahouts, tame tuskers and the wild elephants in mixed mêlée, it is rare that a mahout, so long as he is mounted, is injured. Although the mahouts could easily be pulled off their perches, the wild elephants never make even an attempt to do so in the kraal; but the dismounted mahout needs to look out for both trunk and feet. Accidents are rare, although sometimes when the elephants are being driven out one will break away and require a great deal of prodding and rough handling before brought back into the herd. Sometimes in little groups of twos or threes elephants will rush at the shifting spectators who crowd near them; for the Siamese are rather fond of running up, by way of a dare, to an elephant coming out of the narrow gateway and dodging its short-lived pursuit before the mahouts head it back into the herd. This is not so dangerous a game as it sounds, for the elephant is by no means the swiftest thing on earth and a man can easily dodge

it if the ground is smooth and firm. Yet fatal accidents have occurred to the over-confident who did not dodge fast enough. And there have been times, too, when, enraged at their failure to catch the tormentor, the elephants have wreaked their vengeance on nearby fences or buildings or anything happening to be within reach.

The process of elephant catching in India as well as in Siam tends to rather undermine one's settled notions of elephant sagacity, and to create instead the feeling that a lot of sentimental nonsense and misleading, ignorantly conceived animal stories, have been put forth about My Lord, the Elephant. The literal truth is that the elephant, for all its reputed intelligence, is driven into places that no other wild animal could possibly be induced to enter; is, in its native jungle, held captive within a circle through which it could pass without an effort, and is bullied into uncomplaining obedience by a force the smallest fraction of its own numbers. Part of this is, no doubt, due to its exceedingly suspicious nature; the other part because of its lack of originality, which latter defect, however, has great value for man since it accounts for the elephant's notable amenability to discipline.

CHAPTER II

THROUGH THE KLAWNGS OF SIAM

WATERMEN more expert than the Siamese do not live in the Orient, nor in the world indeed, unless it be among the Esquimaux, or the South Sea Islanders; and Saw Swee Ann was one of the most skilful I met during my wanderings in the Far East. Saw, for so I at once abbreviated his tuneful name, was a " saked " man and bore the indelible mark which all those wear who serve royalty without pay. Not that it is a service of especial honor, but a species of traditional slavery. Nor does every saked man serve the king. In the intricate and far-reaching systems, which cross-section the social fabric of Oriental peoples and perplex the western mind, are provided separate and distinct places for every class of native mankind from royalty to the lowliest subject. Siam has perhaps more than its share of such subdivisions, and so it happened that Saw also had his servant, for that man is indeed low in Siam's social scale who is without a servitor. Saked men, however, are those in the service of the king or those attached to the person of a noble or a tribal head. Those who serve about the royal palace, and those

in any of the companies connected more or less directly with the king, are marked on the left side, a little below the armpit; all others are marked on the fore-arm. And the mark ("sak"), always the insignia of him in whose service the man is enrolled, is pricked into the skin, and then made permanent by applying a mixture of India ink and peacock bile. None but a native, I believe, may be a saked man, and as I travelled and studied the country, it seemed to me that in the course of another quarter century pure Siamese blood will flow in the veins only of royalty and of the poorest of Siam's inhabitants. The average native is an indolent, improvident, good-natured creature, happy so long as he has enough to keep his stomach from protesting, and a few ticals to gamble with.

Great Britain, fortunately for the commercial world, controls the export trade of Siam, and the Chinaman is its industrial backbone. More than that, John Chinaman is becoming Siam's small trader as well, and father of the only dependable laborer growing up on its soil; for the Siamese woman marries him in preference to her own countrymen, because he makes a better husband. The result of this union is called a Simo-Chinese, but really is a Chinaman in looks, in habits—so strongly does the son of Confucius put his stamp upon his progeny. Thus the native Siamese is

being crowded into the lowest walks of life. Even in Bangkok, the capital, where reside the king and all Government officials, he finds it difficult to retain prestige, while the town itself is taking on the motley appearance of an Oriental city turned topsy-turvy by electric lights and trolley cars penetrating quarters of such squalor, one marvels that life can exist there at all.

It is a strange, half-floating city, this Bangkok, overrun by pariah dogs and crows; Oriental despite its improvements, and one of the most interesting places in the Far East. Yet a sad city for the visitor with mind apart from "margins" and time saving machinery. At every turning are evidences of the decay of native art, and in their stead commonplace things bearing the legend "Made in Germany." One would scarcely believe to-day, after a visit to Bangkok, that at one time the Siamese were distinguished, even among Asiatic artisans, in silk weaving, in ceramics, in ivory carving and in silversmithing. Yet the royal museum, with treasures not found elsewhere in the world, serves to remind one how far Siam has fallen from the place she once occupied among art-producing nations. When, therefore, we behold a people discouraging and losing their splendid ancient arts, and giving instead a ready market to the cheap trash which comes out of the West, we may hardly

look for native industrial development. The day is probably not far off when Siam's industries will depend upon foreign guidance; and if England, not France, supplies that impetus—the world will be the gainer.

By those people who delight in comparisons—and read travellers' folders especially compiled for tourist consumption—Bangkok has been variously called the Constantinople of Asia and the Venice of the East. True, there is pertinence in both comparisons. Certainly Bangkok is the home of the gaunt and ugly pariah dog, which spends its day foraging to keep life in its mangy carcass; multiplying meanwhile with the fecundity of cats in a tropical clime, because the Buddha faith forbids its killing. Nor are outcast dogs the only pests of Bangkok, to grow numerous because of native religious prejudice; more noisy crows perch of an early morning on your window casing, than in the space of a day hover near the " Towers of Silence " at Bombay awaiting the pleasure of the vultures that are feeding on the earthly remains of one that has died in the faith of the Parsee.

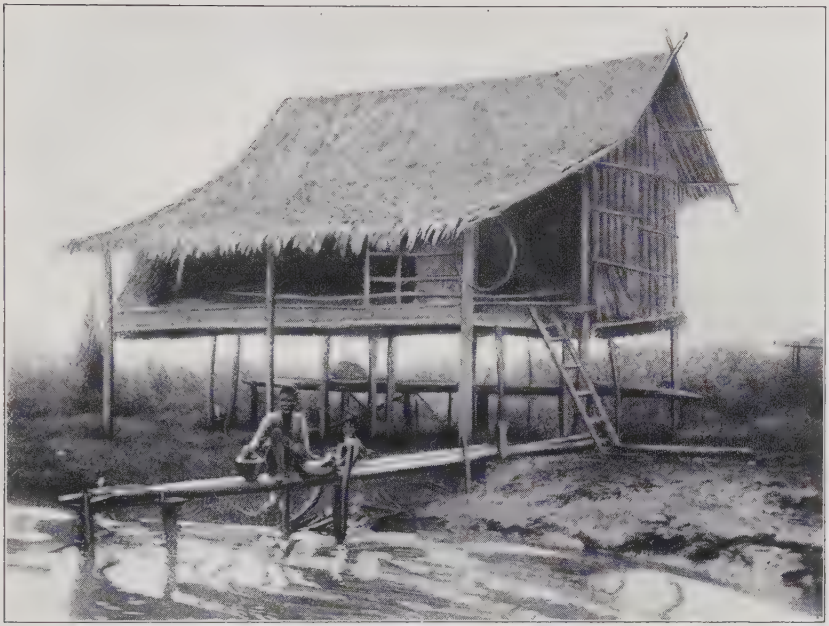
Some people imagine Bangkok a city of islands; hence I suppose the comparison with Venice. Bangkok has, indeed, a very large floating population, and the city is intersected by many klawngs or canals; at certain times of the year,

too, perhaps half the town and the surrounding country is under a foot or more of tide-water. Yet the larger half of Bangkok's four hundred thousand citizens lives on land, though the easiest means of travel throughout much of the city is by boat, and in fact, half of it is reached in no other way. The Siamese woman of the lower class daily paddles her own canoe to the market; or, if of the better class, she goes in a "rua chang," the common passenger boat which, together with the jinrikisha, the land hack throughout the Orient, is included among the household possessions of every Siamese who can afford them.

The native city has a surrounding wall nine feet thick and twelve feet high, and but a single street where a horse and wagon can travel. For the rest, the streets are no wider than needed for passing jinrikishas, and at least one of them, Sampeng, is too narrow for comfort—even for such traffic. Most native thoroughfares are mere passage ways, trails; for the Siamese by virtue of their swamp-like lower country travel single file, first by necessity, afterwards through habit.

Sampeng is a street of character; it is the Bowery of Bangkok. It is a continuous bazar from end to end, with many alley-like tributaries, leading, for the greater number, to open-air theatres, or to large crowded rooms where natives squat to

gamble, and a band sends up uninterrupted melody from out of the darkness at the rear. But the most imposing array of shops is on the Meinam River, the Strand of Bangkok, along which for six miles the city spreads itself in floating shops. On the klawngs, that wind throughout the city with the deviousness, and apparently with all the aimlessness of a cow path, the natives rear single-room veranda-like houses on stilts, six to eight feet above the water. The Siamese builds his house of one story and on stilts for several reasons. The first, no doubt, is to avoid the unpardonable sin of living on a lower story while an upper one is occupied by other human beings, especially women, who, in Siam, are not regarded as of much importance. The second, and I should say the most practical, if not the most æsthetic, reason is to have a waste gate of easy access for the continually flowing saliva from betel-nut chewing, and household refuse, which may thus be easily disposed of through the crevices of an openly constructed floor. And not the least advantage of this style of house, is the opportunity its elevation affords dogs, pigs, crows and other scavengers, whose immunity from death at the hands of man is only another proof of many why Buddha should have given a religion to this people. A lesser reason is to secure a higher and a healthier floor to live upon above the damp soil;



ALONG THE KLAWNG (CANAL).

Fully half of the native house usually develops into verandah.

A GAMBLING PLACE OFF THE SAMPENG IN BANGKOK.

In the background a band is hard at work entertaining the patrons.

and no doubt yet another is to escape from the snakes, toads, worms and multitude of other crawling things which drag their length over the soil of lower Siam.

Past the floating houses along the river, and among the stilted houses through the klawngs, flows a scarcely ever ending procession of passenger boats, house boats, freight boats and canoes of all sizes, for in Siam may be seen the most remarkable variety of water craft in the world; and, I may add, of the most graceful lines. Unless it be the Burman, really of about the same stock, no builder anywhere compares with the Siamese, who make their boats large and small of teak, and give them lines unequalled. Here is one art at least in which the natives continue proficient.

My travels have never brought me among a people seemingly more contented, more happy, than these Siamese. Their wants are few and easily supplied: a single piece of stuff completes the scanty, inexpensive costume; rice and fruit and fish, to be had for almost nothing, constitute the food; betel-nuts, which high and low chew, may be gathered. Life moves very easily for them, and they go to their death with unbounded faith that Buddha will take care of the next world, wherever it may be. Living, they hold to their simple faith as conscientiously as the Mohammedans, which is

tantamount to saying more conscientiously than the Christian sects. Dying, they pass with confidence into the unknown; and their bodies are burned and the ashes scattered to the four winds. Their attitude towards life is truly philosophic; and friends left behind conduct themselves with equal sanity. If they cannot afford a private funeral pyre, there are public ghats where the bodies of their relatives and friends may be burned. To be sure, at some of these ghats vultures aid in the disposal of the late lamented, but as a rule fire consumes the greater part of the flesh. The Siamese are not a sporting nation, but if there is any time when they may be said to hold sports it is at a private cremation. As Hibernian clans of Tammany reckon the social importance and political pull of a departed brother by the number of carriages his friends muster at the funeral, so in Siam the scale and variety of the funeral festivities mark the wealth and status and the grief of the bereaved family. The pyre is built within the private walls of the family estate, and after the simple ceremony of the yellow-robed priests of Buddha, the nearest male relative applies the match. Then while the flames crackle the grieving family and friends of the deceased make merry over the cakes and sweetmeats and wines provided for the occasion, and sometimes hired talent performs at

different games. The bodies of those intended for private cremation are embalmed and usually kept for some time, even for many months. A Siamese gentleman in inviting me to the forthcoming conflagration of a brother, added that the remains had been awaiting combustion for a year!

All Siam is divided into three parts: (1) That tributary to and dependent upon the Mekong River, which rises far in the north and with a great bend to the east flows south, emptying through several mouths into the China Sea, after a devious course of two thousand five hundred miles. (2) That upon the Salwin River, which also rises far in the north, not more than one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles to the west of the Mekong's source, and flowing south sweeps to the west, into the Bay of Bengal. And (3) that upon the Meinam—mother of rivers—which rises not so far in the north and flows due south, emptying into the Gulf of Siam. Politically speaking, all Siam appears to be divided: (1) Into that (Mekong) which French jingoism seems to view as destined by especial Providence as solely for their colonial exploitation; (2) that (Meinam) which no one disputes as being purely Siamese; and (3) that (Salwin) which serves as the extreme boundary of British jurisdiction.

French geographers since 1866 have been re-

drafting Siam, and gradually narrowing the lines of native territory. Ever since the French marched into Anam, where they did not belong, and became inoculated with territorial expansion, there has been a constant dispute as to where French jurisdiction ends and Siamese begins over Mekong River way. Thus, with Burma (England) on the north and west, and France on the east, the buffer-state-condition of Siam is not the happiest one for its king. But I wish to go on record before dismissing this side of the subject, as saying that whereas Great Britain's influence has developed trade and worked to the country's prosperity, the influence of France, seen largely in the exaction of duties and of tribute for petty offences, has had by comparison an embarrassing and retarding effect. In a word, the influence of Great Britain makes for the betterment of Siam, whereas the influence of France appears to have been detrimental to Siam, and of no appreciable benefit to France. If the past be accepted as a criterion, it would be an unfortunate day for the commercial world if the influence of France in Siam were to be extended. In fact, the more that influence is narrowed the better for Siam and the world.

Life clusters along the rivers, throughout Siam. There is comparatively little overland travel in

the north and almost none in the south. Thus, these three rivers constitute Siam's highways north and south, while many tributary rivers and klawngs of various width and length make east and west connections all through the lower country.

It was through a series of such klawngs and tributary rivers that Saw Swee Ann, the saked man, piloted me to Ratburi, where I intended organizing a buffalo-hunting expedition into the western border of Siam and on into Burma. My boating party, besides Saw and his servant, a Siamese boy of say twelve years, who was forever balancing himself on the gunwale of the tug, consisted of two Simo-Chinese boatmen, a Siamese engineer-stoker, a Chinese cook and my servants. My interpreter, Nai Kawn, a graduate of Lehigh, and I, lived on the house-boat with one man bow and stern; the balance of the party remained aboard the steam launch. The house-boat, next to the rua chang, is the most common river craft from end to end of Siam, and the one commonly used by the traveller. It may be any size, from one manned by two oarsmen to one requiring eight, four each bow and stern. In the latter case there is a small bit of deck room at either end of the house—none too much, however, to permit of the free use of your hands with murderous intent upon the mosquitoes, which are so big, so numerous, so vicious

and so persistent, that you feel that you have never heard of mosquitoes before, even though you may have stopped a week's end nearby the New Jersey meadows, or ventured into the region of Great Slave Lake in the springtime. As a rule the house on these boats is barrel-shaped, erected amidships, and made of atap leaves, supplied by the palm-like plant which grows all over this country and is the Siamese shingle. The boat is propelled by oars, bow and stern, set in a twisted cane rowlock fastened to the top of a post about eighteen inches or more high and set on the port side of the stern and on the starboard side of the bow. The oarsmen send the boat forward by pushing the oar from them, bringing it back with the familiar canoe-paddle motion without taking the blade out of the water. It is much like the stroke of the Venetian gondolier, only the boat movement of the Siamese is more rhythmical, and becomes graceful in the rua chang, where the left foot of the oarsman clears the deck on the forward push and swings in unison with the blade. There is less opportunity for pleasing motion on the house-boat where strength rather than grace is the desideratum, and in freight boats laden with rice—which are simply house-boats built heavier and broader—the men heave on their oars without any other regard than getting the boat along; and this they do with nota-

A BUSY KLAWNG IN BANGKOK.

Passenger-boats.

House- and freight-boats.

ble success. I have seen freight boats of large size and heavily laden with padi (rice) moving along the klawngs propelled by two men, one bow and one stern. In open rivers these padi boats sometimes, with a fair wind, hoist sail.

I have said that Saw was an expert waterman, but that does not sufficiently describe the skill he displayed in taking us safely around the many turns of the klawngs, and in avoiding collision with the innumerable and often recklessly piloted craft we were continuously meeting. Seldom have I had a more interesting trip than through these klawngs, literally alive in parts with boats of all sizes, carrying crews of men, women and children. Every now and again we passed a settlement, and always there was human life on the water and jungle-life along the banks. Now we come to a squat, heavily laden rice-boat moving ponderously, yet steadily under the two oars of its crew of one Chinaman and a single Simo-Chinese. Then an important looking house-boat with teak instead of the usual atap top covering, and crew of four Chinamen, stripped to the buff, working industriously, passes us moving smartly; on its deck stretch two smoking Siamese officials coming down from the Burman border to report at Bangkok. Again, a freighter, carrying squared logs of teak, is creeping along its laborious way, turning corners awk-

wardly, carefully, and yet with consummate skill. Always we were meeting peddlers' boats somewhat of the rua chang type, sunk almost to the gunwales under their loads of fruit or betel-nuts or cocoanuts, and darting alongside of and among the journeying craft of the klawng. But the boat most commonly met is a short, narrow dug-out, flat at both ends and shallow. The life on the boats is as interesting as the boats themselves. As a rule Chinamen furnish the motive power with here and there a Tamil (native of Madras, India), for all types except the peddling rua chang and the dug-outs, which are generally manned by Siamese, and as frequently as not by women, who form a large part of the floating population in the smaller craft. Another boat, a little longer than the dug-out, but of the same character and very numerous, was almost always propelled by women, of which we saw a great many. It seemed to be the house-boat of the poorer native, and I often passed one with its little charcoal stove, in full blast, boiling the rice, on the tiny deck at the stern, while a lone woman managed the paddle and the domestic economy of the establishment simultaneously, and a tot of a baby toddled about, apparently in danger of toppling overboard every instant yet never did. Although the boat had not more than two or three inches freeboard and often rocked and jumped

alarmingly in the waves made by passing craft, kettles, knives and babies adhered to its deck as if fastened.

As to the obliging nature and the friendliness of these Siamese, an experience I had one night will speak for itself. To save time I hired a steam launch at Bangkok to tow us. If I were making the trip over again at the same season I should confine myself to human motive power, for at given periods of the year the changing tides leave the klawngs so shallow that the deeper-draught launch scrapes the mud bottom more or less of the time: and, with a Siamese crew, to scrape means to stick, for urgency is an unknown element in their mental equipment. We stuck in the mud with such exasperating frequency that I always took advantage of good water, even though it came in the night. Thus we travelled a great deal when others were tied up sleeping—somewhat to the disgust of my crew, even of Saw Swee Ann, who didn't like to miss the evening of gossiping and smoking and foraging ashore, in which he always indulged when we laid up at a settlement. One night nearing some houses we scraped bottom and soon the launch stopped, but from the fact that we were well over toward the side of the bank I believed it possible to get off into the deeper water of the centre and under way before the falling tide really held us.

So I urged the crew to effort, and Nai Kawn, who was an exceptionally energetic Siamese and proved a treasure in more ways than one, bombarded them with native expletives and other impelling terms, though without the desired result. And so we gradually settled in the mud. While thus hung up, an old man and woman came paddling up to us in one of the little ten or twelve-foot long dug-outs, heaped high amidships with cocoanuts. There seemed hardly more than an inch or so of freeboard anywhere between bow and stern, yet those two friendly old souls, standing respectively on the bow and stern of their boat, pushed and shoved, and lifted and pushed again—meanwhile keeping their own little craft under them without so much as disturbing a single cocoanut—until they moved our unwieldly launch into deeper water. All that they would take in return for their aid was a little tobacco. Such was my experience wherever I went in Siam. I always found the pure-blooded natives obliging, good-natured and the reverse of avaricious. If the surrounding country was familiar or the thing I asked within their daily knowledge, their readiness to assist was ever in evidence. On the other hand, I could not hire them for love or money to go inland beyond points they had not traversed or which their fathers before them had not penetrated. And the mixed

breed of native I did find inland was less dependable and very much less honest, not honest at all in fact.

Always, where we could, we tied up for the night at the house of an " umper " (a small official who answers to the Government for the peace of his settlement), and as I was travelling under the protection of the king, we were never molested by thieves with which the klawngs are well infested. On the rivers, on the klawngs, always as we journeyed, we came at intervals to joss houses for worshipful Chinamen, rest houses for pilgrim Buddhist priests, and " prachadis " standing to emphasize this people's unending propitiation of their patron gods. If there is a dominant trait in Siamese character it is that of " making merit." The one thought of their religious life is to do something that will temper the ill fortune which, the philosophy of life Buddha teaches, is pretty sure to come mortal's way. Hence, always the Siamese is seeking favor in the eyes of those immortals whom he believes able to influence his joys and his sorrows; therefore over all Siam you will find little spire-shaped monuments (prachadis), built to propitiate the gods, to make merit, and rudely fashioned after the slender peaks of the " wats," which are convents for the Buddhist priests and worshipful temples for the people.

The exterior decorations of these wats is fanciful and not always pleasing, but the interior usually presents a lavish display of gold and silver ornaments. Wat Phra Keo in Bangkok has a fortune in vases, candelabra and altar vessels; not to mention innumerable gold statues of Buddha, or the Emerald Image of the presiding deity, with its jade body and eyes of emeralds. Countless little brass bells hung around the eaves of this wat tinkle softly with every passing breeze, and you enter the temple through mother-of-pearl inlaid ebony doors of a ton weight. Wats are for the more settled sections, but prachadis of uniform model but varying size I found everywhere in Bangkok, on the rivers, the klawngs, in the settlements, even on the road to the jungle. Prachadis marked my path, in fact, to the very edge of habitation. They are built of a kind of earthen composition, often fantastically decorated with broken bits of different colored china, but may be as low as three feet or so high as thirty feet, according to the material prosperity of the supplicant. The more of these one man builds the more merit he makes, consequently he builds as frequently as the remorseful spirit moves and the purse permits. I recall one small bit of ground belonging to a Siamese on the outskirts of Bangkok that looks like a chess board, so closely placed are the tokens of his merit

making. In the small settlements these sacred spires are less elaborate, and at the edges they cease to exist in the common type and become little altars, built of bamboo and rattan and cane or other material immediately at hand. Many a time, journeying inland, did I come to one of these simple little structures, built in religious fervor, with an ear-ring, or an amulet made of bamboo, or perhaps only a piece of fruit or a bit of root, or a small rag, offered in all contrition and faith and humility, with the mark of the devotee, so that all the passing world might know that Lim Kay Thai, or Low Poh Jim, or other wandering child of Buddha had left here the token of his merit making. And these little altars stand so long as the elements permit, for none would dare or even think of disturbing them. Another of the commendable traits of this simple people. Where such credulity abounds, it is natural to find a plenty of priests; if they were fewer the poor Siamese would be better off, for among these yellow-robed holy men of Buddha are many that have been attracted to the cloth because of the easy living it assures. Everywhere you meet him, the priest, swathed in yellow cotton, making his daily calls for contributions of food; or at the wats in groups you see them standing silently with bronze bowl held out for rice, and a netted bag at girdle for fruit offer-

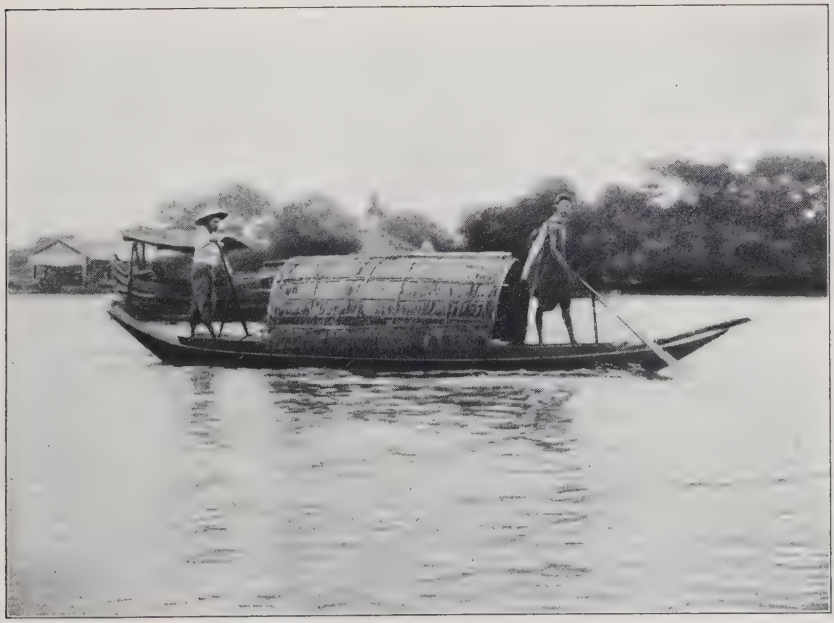
ings. And the people hurry to feed them, for it is written that no priest must go hungry, be his numbers never so large.

Often where we stopped for the nights there was music and dancing by young girls painted after the Chinese manner, but much better looking than the girls of Bangkok. Saw appeared to think so at all events, and by the time we reached Ratburi I grew to look upon him as an authority. And the girls danced as well as any I saw—the usual Far Eastern hand and shoulder action; the body-posturing of India and Polynesia is not seen in this part of Asia. To me the music, Burmese and Siamese—it is practically the same—is delightful because of its entrancing melody, its scale of soft mellifluous notes, barbaric withal, you would believe impossible to metal cups.

For the first days of our travel the banks of the klawng were so low that our boat frequently rode higher than the land adjoining; and at night the fireflies made the trees and brush immediately at hand electrical and beautiful. The jungle on the klawng bank seemed aflame with the pulsations of light, which come with instant brilliancy and died as suddenly. By day or by night, klawng travel unfolded a panorama of tropical foliage. Sometimes there were the high cocoanut trees, sometimes the betel-nut trees, which are not quite

A NATIVE HOUSE ON THE KLAWNG TO RATBURI.

Picturesquely but uncomfortably (mosquitoes) situated in a grove of cocoa betel-nut trees.



THE HOUSE-BOAT WHICH SERVED ME WELL.

so high as the cocoanut, and have a small leaf; at times only the atap covered the bank in dense growth, impenetrable to the eye and fifteen to twenty feet in height; and always monkeys chattered in the trees at each side—monkeys of all sizes and of many different expressions of face.

Finally we left the klawngs as we reached the river that was to take us direct to Ratburi, and here the banks attained to a height of three or four feet above the water, and the country became more open, with fairly largish trees—the handsome mango, the feather-duster-looking cocoanut, the tamarind, with its fine out-spreading limbs like the oak, and bamboo clumps, of which there were many of especially fine quality. Now on the broadening, open river, occasional pieces of cultivation began to appear, and at intervals we passed rest houses, where Buddhist priests stop the night to replenish their exhausted larder from the slender resources of the near-by inhabitants. Here and there I noticed a muslin fish, or cloth lizard, floating from poles stuck in the bank, for good luck to the fishing boats; and frequently we encountered set nets which we had more difficulty in avoiding than the busy craft of the klawngs. There is bad blood between the boatmen and the fishermen, and often Saw dug an oar into a net-fastening when he thought I could not detect him.

At length we came to the town of Ratburi, where lived Phra Ram, chief of the Burma-Siam boundary line, who was to escort me to the Karens, among whom I hoped to engage guides for my proposed buffalo hunt.

It was worth going to Siam, if only to meet Phra Ram.

CHAPTER III

PHRA RAM MAKES A PILGRIMAGE

THREE things are dearer to the Siamese heart than life itself: (1) chewing the betel-nut; (2) " making merit "; (3) a pilgrimage to the ancestral home. The first is at once his joy and solace, the second his simple method of mollifying Buddha through the building of prachadis, or monumental sacred spires, of greater or less pretension; the third the Mecca of his active years, and the comforting reminiscence of old age.

Now, although Phra Ram was the governmental chief of the line separating Burma from Siam, the king's representative to the Karens—jungle folk living on both sides the boundary—and an official before whom the common people prostrated themselves, yet was he none the less Siamese. As to temperament he was distinctly native, but exotic in the clever ways and means devised to satisfy appetite and tradition simultaneously. He was an enlightened Oriental who acquiesced in the harmless and somewhat delightful superstitious humbuggery surrounding him—but lost never an eye to the main chance. In the vernacular of the street, he was " sawing wood " all the time.

When, therefore, the king's minister ordered him to escort my hunting expedition to the Burma line, Phra Ram saw his opportunity for making that long deferred pilgrimage through the land of his fathers.

The average Oriental is a bluff, inscrutable for only a brief period if you are a little wise in the ways of the Far East; Phra Ram was a pastmaster in wearing the disguise. In fact, just to know the chief of the Siam-Burma line, was a liberal education in Far Eastern life philosophy; not that he had travelled, or was beautiful to look upon, or learned in his Buddhist faith; but he was so ingenuous in his ingenuity. You would never have thought he even had ancestors, much less suspect him of planning a pilgrimage to their abiding place; on the contrary the preparations making for the journey would have convinced you that the jungle immediately on the outskirts of Rathburi overflowed with tiger, elephant and buffalo; especially buffalo —that being the game I sought. And he could be so important and so busy and so bumptious over the trifles of life! you could not persuade yourself that he had a thought above the knotting of his sarong, or the quality of his betel-nut. Really, he was deliciously artful; the most subtle gentleman I ever encountered. Not that I would infer dishonesty—by no means; he was just Oriental.

With all, he was jolly, even-tempered, obliging, and a source of unceasing entertainment throughout the journey. He gave me an interesting trip, and an experience which subsequently proved invaluable; and should this fall under his eye in the Far East, I hope he will accept the felicitations of a pupil to the master.

Despite a cross in his left eye, Phra Ram carried a certain air of distinction which he supported imperiously in intercourse with his people. He was about fifty years of age, with a generous stomach, an assortment of wives, and a pair of gray cloth, black buttoned spats he had got from a German on one of his occasional trips to Bangkok, and which he wore, over bare feet, only when in full dress. He was a loud and constant talker, with a voice that even Italian could not have mellowed, and which rasped the nerves of those within reach of its nasal, unmusical, Siamese twang.

Seated tailor fashion on a square of cocoa matting, with several attendants arranged in semicircle behind him, Ram spent the greater part of the night of our arrival unfolding the extensive plans he had made for my hunting. Between disclosures he consumed betel-nut; and as it was my first intimacy with a betel-nut chewing gentleman, the performance interested me greatly. Preparation of the morsel began by the approach of one of

three attendants, who came servilely forward, bent nearly double, and took his place at the right of the chief, where were displayed a bewildering assortment of silver boxes of exquisite workmanship. Having made his obeisance by bending first on knees and then to elbows as he pressed the floor with his forehead at the feet of Ram, the attendant settled cross-legged before the boxes. Taking a green leaf he smeared upon it a dab of lime paste tinted with the juice of the aromatic plant turmeric. Into this he pressed several different seed-like things, one of which I recognized as cardamon, and over all liberally sprinkled pieces of a betel-nut which he had divided into eighths with an iron pair of cutters elaborately inlaid in gold on handles and blade. Then deftly rolling this cone-shape, he offered it on bended knee to Phra Ram, after diligently smiting the floor with his forehead a few times.

During all this process Ram watched his servant carefully, at times crooning in pleasurable anticipation, at times bursting into an impatient loud note of disapproval; and when he had slowly and deliberately placed the tid-bit well back between his molars, the look of peace that came over his countenance would have put a babe to sleep in confidence. Silence would now continue while Ram chewed a few moments in undisturbed ecstasy; but

when a bright red juice began to run from the corners of his mouth his tongue was loosed again. Occasionally, while he talked, an attendant at his left held up for contribution a silver cuspidor-looking affair; and Ram was a liberal contributor.

Betel-nut chewing is the national diversion of the Siamese. Every one, from high to low, is addicted to the habit, and preparation of the quid for those too poor to own ingredients and boxes is, in every town, quite a business of itself; in the smallest settlements one sees peddlers squatting before their trays of little boxes holding lime and seeds and tobacco, and packages of syrah, or green betel leaves. The betel tree is among the most common in Siam, sending up a trunk sometimes full sixty feet, always, like the cocoanut, limbless except for its bush of a top where, again like the cocoa, the nuts grow in closely attached bunches, to harden and redden before gathered. Adding the cardamon-seed, or clove, to the preparation, is an extra of the well-to-do, and especially of the women; the common habit among men of the country being to add a pinch of tobacco after first rubbing it over their gums. The bright red saliva from chewing is, in the town house, carefully deposited in a handsome silver receptacle; in the up-country house spaces between the open bamboo flooring obviate the necessity for such niceties.

But always on formal occasions, even in the jungle edge, the betel-nut chewer carries his box for the freely flowing juice that stains the teeth a deep red, which, among the better class, with care and attention becomes a highly polished black. And this is true even of Siam's most enlightened classes, whom contact with the outside world appears not to win from the betel-nut and discolored teeth. In Bangkok I talked with one of royal blood and his wife, both of whom had lived several years in England, yet the teeth of each were black as ebony, and the woman frankly expressed her disgust at the white teeth of foreigners. Dogs and other four footed animals she declared have white teeth. Blessed is contentment!

The betel-nut boxes are to the Siamese what toilet articles are to the Occidental—a necessity made ornamental; for just as one of us may take pride in the pattern and workmanship of the dressing table equipment, so the Siamese search for the unusual in design and quality, and possess with frank pleasure the series of little boxes which may range from plain brass to handsomely carved silver, or even to gold. And you can learn the Siamese social scale by a study of these boxes. As the Mexican will unhesitatingly put his last dollar into a wondrously and valuably ornamented bridle or saddle, or hat, so the betel-nut boxes of the Sia-

mese may represent the sum total of his worldly wealth. Frequently I saw a native who kept body and soul together with difficulty on the fish that he caught and the fruit that he plucked, bring forth with much pride a betel-nut set which represented money enough to maintain him in luxury and in idleness for a year. I am sure the Siamese would cling to the betel-nut if he had to choose between it and food. In fact, such incidents came under my personal observation. Often I stopped at a native house where, although the larder was empty, they still had betel-nut to chew, and to offer to the traveller; for the betel-nut is the token of hospitality here as the cup of tea is in the Far North.

During the few days following my arrival Phra Ram was the busiest man you ever beheld getting his men and carts together; and, as each new problem necessitated a period of consultation—and betel-nut chewing—and as the latter periods were prolonged by the constant arrival of new counsellors, the decision of problems rated as about one to the half day. Meanwhile I made acquaintance with Ratburi, and took little journeys up and down the river. Ratburi was soon explored without results for, despite its local halo as the one time residence of the king, it is none the less an unkempt, dirty, little town, full of Chinese shops and filthy, mangy dogs that skulk at your heels or peer out

fearsomely from behind house corners as you pass: the king showed excellent taste indeed in moving elsewhere. But the river journeys were productive. Once I came up with a picturesque group of yellow-robed priests resting in a mosquito netting camp on their pilgrimage to the far-famed Wat Prabat, where the faithful may view Buddha's sacred footprint. Another time I sought refuge in one of the rest houses, which, at intervals of about a day's journey, are scattered along well defined routes for the free use of pilgrims to the many wats around Bangkok, and other travellers less religiously inclined. These houses, which are built at the expense of the king or the Government or of some private individual as a merit-making enterprise, consist of a raised floor covered by a roof supported at its four corners by plain teak wood posts and open on all four sides. As the average journeying priest or Siamese wayfarer is none too clean, it is well, if you use the rest house, to be provided with a brand of insect destroyer of unfailing killing power. If you are thus well armed, you may have a piece of the wooden floor to yourself, and pick up a fruit and fish breakfast from the peddlers who make the rest house a first call on their early route.

The day of our departure was heralded far and wide and all Ratburi, with its sisters, cousins and

male relatives gathered to behold our expedition set forth. And no doubt, with Phra Ram afoot leading the procession, closely attended by his group of body servants, we were a sight for the gallery, as we wound our way through the town; for it must not be supposed that the chief missed such an opportunity of impressing the natives.

We came out of the town at the end of the main street, and under the king's deserted palace high on the hill we paused while I photographed the outfit. Then for the couple of days it required to reach the jungle edge country, our road wound through padi fields where water stood one or two feet deep. Of our eleven carts, three were devoted to Phra Ram's personal luggage, one to a wife of his, and the remainder carried provisions and the personal luggage of my interpreter, Nai Kawn, and myself. The carts were truly primitive, with long, narrow, high body (about a foot and a half wide, by two feet high and six feet long) and a wheel hub full two feet deep. The bullocks were small, having withers raised, like all Asiatic draught cattle, into a well developed hump, and of no great strength; quite appropriate indeed to the cart they hauled. Attached to the nose of each was a small rope on which their drivers laid hold as occasion needed; but that was not often, for the temperament of the cattle and of the natives

seemed fittingly harmonious, and mostly commands were given by word of mouth. There were two drivers to every yoke and they by turn talked almost continuously to the bullocks. Now they would beseech faster gait by such earnest, direct appeal, as "your father left word with me that you were to go on this journey"; again they would threaten to expose the sluggard to the cow mother and all the bullocks of Ratburi district; and often there came a singsong of entreaty in a peculiar, whining tone which even Nai Kawn could not interpret. Rarely did a driver lose patience and upbraid his cattle; and I do not recall an instance of beating. But nothing quickened their steps.

On the third day we came into a more or less open section lying between the lowland and the jungle edge, and then for ten days journeyed in the most attractive country I saw at any time. Here I had the only pleasing, outdoor camp life of my Far Eastern experience. The country was wooded, but neither densely, except in patches, nor with large trees. Intervals were filled with bamboo clumps and bushes of various kinds—most of the latter more beautiful to view than to touch. And there was scarcely an hour when we were out of the sound of cooing doves. I never saw so many doves in my life, and my reputation as a mighty hunter suffered seriously with my party, because

I would not shoot into the large and close coveys upon which we were repeatedly coming. There were quantities, also, of small, brilliantly plumaged paroquets, which zigzagged around us as rapidly as swallows. Also there were vultures, and an ugly appearing kind of hawk. It was entirely delightful to tramp along with scent of the fragrant, pulsing earth and of the moist forest ascending to your nostrils, while bird voices sounded high and low. Everywhere were patent evidences of refreshment, and all nature united in rejoicing and in thanksgiving for the rain that had quenched its thirst. Of birds there were many and strange; birds with sombre plumage and voices melodious as our thrush or meadow lark; birds of beautiful plumage and no voice, like one little canary kind of creature with wondrous golden-red feathers. Daily I listened to the curiously fascinating, liquid tones of the poot-poot bird, with its natural and flat notes sounded simultaneously, for all the world like a xylophone. Another bird trilled long on a single high note, with lowering and ascending cadence. And perhaps most frequent and certainly most familiar of all was the caw of the crow. A large woodpecker, black gray and golden nearly overcame my scruples against shooting out of mere desire for possession, so attractive was it; but there was another, long-legged

and about the size of the dove, against which murderous thoughts ever arose on sight. It had a brown body and wings spotted with black, black and white striped head, with a white ring about its neck, red bill and red eyebrows. 'Twas not its appearance that disturbed, but its voice and its habit. In the jungle whenever we came upon fresh game tracks, we were almost sure immediately after to hear this bird set up its distracting, incessant cry. Like the teru tero of South America it is commonly called the sentinel of the jungle; and an alert sentinel it is that sounds its warning note on the slightest suggestion of man's approach. Luckily it does not penetrate deep into the jungle. Occasionally we came upon a yellow morning-glory-shaped flower with black centre; and now and then in open grassy spots I nearly stepped on a tiny, blue and white thing growing close to the ground and resembling the forget-me-not. Immediately about us at all times, butterflies of exquisite and varied coloring fluttered irregularly, uncertainly, everywhere. Strangely, in this land of tropical extravagance as to foliage, birds and butterflies, there should be no handsome varieties of wild grass. Variety in bushes, however, is not lacking in Siam; they grow in all sizes and shapes, bearing every kind of thorns, differing in pattern perhaps, but all fashioned to hold whatever has

been secured. There are straight and curved thorns of different lengths; some curve forward, some curve back; and one of the back-curving class has a barb-like addition somewhat like a fish hook. When this double-thorned, unholy thought breeder fastens upon you, do not try to yank yourself free, but stop, return smilingly with the limb to the parent bush and there sit you down with a contrite heart and a patient hand to untiringly follow the back track of the tenacious thorn. And keep your eye open lest it further entrap you. Once as I sat thus engaged—and thinking things—other barbed thorned branches reached out while I worked in happy industry, and embraced me by the shoulders, at the collar, at the skirt of my coat, in the pockets, so that when I finally arose I stood in my shirt sleeves. The largest tree we saw, sometimes attained to a diameter of two feet, though half that was usually its average; always its light gray trunk was smooth and bore no branches until at its very top, which stood against the early morning sky grotesquely.

Mostly the jungle edge is noiseless. Just at the first light of day when the stars are beginning to fade and the darkness is losing some of its density, birds begin to twitter: one with a voice like the meadow lark; one, a cross between a bobolink and a canary; another, with a single note, first slow

and at deliberate intervals, gradually increasing in volume and rapidity; one chirping like a robin; a second like a lost chick; a third like a catbird. Then a burst of melody as day breaks, and the gray sky grows lighter and lighter until it is blue. From out of the southeast, where the sun is soon to shed his rays, a rosier hue shows; and the rakish tree tops, and palms and festooning canes lighted by a gray-blue sky make an early morning picture of brilliant beauty. As the sun rises, bird notes grow fewer and when the heat of the day has fully developed, the quiet of the grave again settles upon the country; a quiet that reigns always in the interior of the dense jungle, where one does not see the sun or hear a single bird note.

At night, as dusk closes upon the jungle edge there comes the catlike, distressful call of the peacock, as it speeds swiftly to its roosting place in the very top of the highest tree it can find.

Through the more or less open country approaching the jungle edge, the heat increased during the day until it became close and sultry, though seldom the thermometer registered above 94° (and this was December) but the nights were comfortably cool and insect life comparatively less disturbing. Though mosquitoes were plentiful and persistent, of the small kind requiring a fine mesh of netting, yet the real insect pest was red

ants that took hold of one with no tentative grip and held on. But as to attendants, it was the most luxurious camping that ever I had, for, with our thirty men, there was a servant if you did but raise your hand. Phra Ram had been directed by the king's minister to make this journey in fitting style —at my expense—and he was not leaving anything undone to add to my comfort or to increase the importance of his pilgrimage. Usually we started at daylight and pursued our lumbering way, at the rate of about two and one-half miles the hour until sundown, with a two-hour stop during the fierce heat of midday for the benefit of the bullocks, which were not up to much and were being pretty well worked by the heavy roads. The night camp, made after much loud direction on the part of Ram and equally much misdirected energy on the part of the natives, was always picturesquely located in a clearing in the jungle; and while the men ate, the bullocks wandered in and out and around and over like so many dogs, the natives occasionally chiding them for too abrupt friendliness.

Occasionally a bullock made his way to where we pitched our tent just outside the circle of carts; but invariably fled discomfited by the contempt with which my servant reminded it of being "but a slave that had tried to play the gentleman." Bullocks never stray far from camp, however. At

dark they are driven in to form scattering groups within the circle of carts. Each driver ties his own cattle around him and builds a little fire, which every now and again during the night he awakes with a start to replenish as the bullock plunges on the tie rope in an agony of timorous fancy, suspecting every noise in the surrounding jungle to be a prey-seeking tiger. If wood is scarce, a lantern is kept lighted. The bullocks are quite as fearful of the night jungle as the Siamese themselves; which is saying much—for the low caste are cowardly, beyond any people I ever fell among. Poor, simple souls, they are so superstitious that supplication and merit making occupy most of their waking hours.

A bedraggled young Siamese who came exhausted into our camp one night, reported having seen the wet tracks of a tiger and of spending his night building a merit making shrine in appeal to his mightiness " the animal " that he be allowed to pass safely to the camp of Phra Ram for whom he carried a letter announcing the illness of his head wife; news which Ram and his accompanying wife discussed with obvious interest. Wherever natives journey these crude little altars are erected. Sometimes the supplicant offers in tribute articles of comparative value, such as their bamboo ornaments, or a piece of the cloth of which a turban-

like head covering is fashioned; sometimes it may be only a handful of leaves gathered nearby; sometimes fruit. I never saw betel-nut offered. The low caste Siamese of the jungle have few wants, and live like animals, eating chiefly wild fruits and rice, which they raise in small, cleared spots, wherever they happen to settle temporarily. Like the Karens, the jungle people of Burma, they are always on the move, and in common with all mixed-caste Siamese are petty thieves of an incurable propensity. Yet they are obedient, servile to an unpleasant degree from the Westerner's viewpoint. They manufacture nothing save crudest domestic household necessities and personal ornaments from bamboo. Clothes are of slight consequence. On the jungle edge they go uncovered, men and women, above the waist, the panung reaching within four inches of the knee; but deep in the jungle they are practically naked. Their single implement is a long-bladed, butcher-like knife used as path maker, as weapon (together with a wood spear), and industrially, in fashioning out of the ubiquitous bamboo their ornaments, their buckets, their rope, their string, their houses and the food receptacles which take the place of pots and pans and plates. Nearly all of the jungle folk on both sides the Siam-Burma line tattoo the thigh, sometimes from knee to hip, more often

from the knee to only six inches above. The design may be a turtle, or the much dreaded tiger done elaborately, but the one most frequently seen, and the simplest, is a sort of a lace or fringe pattern in the middle of the thigh, or just below the knee, like a garter. The women do not tattoo, believing in beauty unadorned; heaven knows they need adornment as my photograph of an average looking jungle lady will bear me witness.

Before we had travelled many days together my doubts concerning the efficiency of the men of our expedition as hunters, became convictions. When we had passed through the comparatively open, park-like country and got well into the jungle, the attractive, natural settings and the pleasing bird notes were replaced by dense timber and bush growths, which shut out the sun, and an appalling silence that was broken only by the sounds we ourselves made in pushing through the forest which so hedged us in that a clear view of fifty yards was unusual. For a few days after reaching the jungle proper we occasionally heard the choking, startling cry of a big, blackish, gray ape—but even that lone disturber of the solitude soon ceased his uneven efforts. We were now in what Phra Ram was pleased to term the hunting country, and I have forgotten just how many he declared my bag

should be of buffalo (the animal I particularly sought), of gnuadang (the wild red ox) and of kating (the local name for the Indian gaur and the Malayan seladang).

At least the chief appeared to have full confidence in his assurances for he hunted diligently. In the open country he went forth regularly with sundown to jack rabbits, while in the jungle he sat up many a night on a platform over a tied-up bullock in the hope of getting a shot at tiger. To see—and to hear—Ram and his servant escort departing for and returning from these platforms was perhaps the most impressive event of the pilgrimage. He always set out for the platform before dark and returned at daybreak. Long after he passed out of sight as he went, and long before we could see him on the return, we would hear his strident voice reaching up out of the wilderness about us, and the smashing and slashing of brush as his servants cleared his way—and incidentally announced his approach to all the jungle four-footed folk in the province. In the morning, as the chief emerged from the jungle with trailing servants, bearing his gun, hat, tea-making set, cigarettes, knives, slippers, wraps, lantern, he would make direct for my tent, where he saluted and then recounted to Nai Kawn in voice so loud as to be distinguishable at the farthest corner of our camp

every thought he had owned and every sound he had heard since the previous afternoon. He always told his experience with great gusto and much good humor, while the servants squatted around him nodding energetic affirmation of the thrilling recital; for there was sure to be something thrilling.

Ram's servants were a picture in themselves. One aged chap carried over his shoulder a pole with native bamboo-made bird cage inclosing Ram's pet dove, swinging from one end, while at the other hung a Chinese paper umbrella, which was held over Ram's head when he ventured from under his covered cart during the strong noon heat. A second servant carried in his arms a rooster which he invariably tethered by a short string to the first convenient bush whenever a halt was made. Why Ram included this rooster in his retinue I never could learn, but it stayed with us the entire trip to enliven the monotonous silence of the early jungle morning by lusty crowing. A third servant carried Ram's armory of kris and gun. A fourth and fifth shared his personal luggage. A sixth and seventh divided the betel-nut chewing paraphernalia. The eighth, Si, really came very near to eclipsing the glory of Ram himself; not in raiment, however, for of that there was not enough to mention. Si wore long hair, an unceasing smile

PHRA RAM AND HIS BODY SERVANTS.

and a G-string, and enjoyed wide distinction among his fellows as being the man who had erected the king's tent throughout the latter's up-country pilgrimage. The honor appeared to have put him in perpetual good humor with himself and the world. He was always laughing or cutting some kind of monkey shine, and in fact was the cap and bells of the expedition. He seemed to prefer my camp-fire to that of his own, and he and our busy little Chinese cook, who never worked without a fan in one hand, which he alternately devoted to himself and to the fire, were constantly falling foul of one another, for Si was ever playing practical pranks on the Chinaman. The gem of Si's earthly possessions was a short, white jacket, which he informed us had been given him by the king and which as his sole clothing he wore on his body only on very special occasions. At all other times he wore the jacket on his head fashioned into a kind of turban. One day, as he tormented the Chinese cook, the latter grabbed the coat-turban and cut off a half of one of its sleeves before Si could come to the rescue. And that was the end of Si's jollity; for the remainder of the trip he was content to follow demurely last of the train of Ram's personal followers.

The chief was not permitting this pilgrimage to ancestral lands to move unheralded, and probably

there was not a man, woman or child on the hither side the Burma line who had not heard of our proposed invasion before we left Ratburi. At every camp they came flocking to swell the expedition and to reduce our provisions, until the thirty men of our original party had increased to about seventy-five. Some of these had guns, and many of them professed to be hunters, so on my suggestion, Phra Ram sent a dozen or two or three of them scouring the country for tracks. Usually they reported either none or old ones. Sometimes they brought tales of fresh tracks and excellent prospects. As a result of these hopeful stories I made a number of side hunting excursions of several hard days' duration after buffalo and kating; but without luck, for though the tracks at times were rather fresh and success seemed imminent, yet after eight or ten hours' tramping the Siamese usually decided the game had passed into another section and was too far to reach for " that day." The day never seemed long enough for us to reach game. There was plenty of the little muntjac deer, with its reddish coat, white marked breast and rump and dog-like tenor bark. The natives call this deer by blowing a leaf, making a bleating noise somewhat like that caused by blowing on a blade of grass between the hands. But it is a skulker and not so easy to kill, though many opportunities

offered, of which I did not avail myself, having already one head as a trophy. Several times I saw a red-necked jungle fowl, about the size of a small hen, and counted myself very lucky in the sight, for it is shy; and three times a splendid shot offered at the dark brown Far Eastern sambar deer, which is about the size of our Virginia deer, and carries two to four upstanding, branchless spikes varying from eight to twelve inches in length. After several of these excursions the Siamese showed a disinclination for further jungle searching, complaining to Nai Kawn that I walked too long and too far, but a little tea, judiciously doled out reawakened their interest and the daily hunting trips continued.

Within two weeks I had seen and had opportunity to shoot about everything in the jungle, including elephant, except the buffalo which was the only quarry I wanted, but as we approached the Burmese border we developed into an itinerant police court with calendar so full and interesting that no Siamese could be induced to forego any of its sessions. Apparently the jungle folk had not for some time before been given the chance of telling their tales of woe. And they were mostly domestic tales, unsavory and shamelessly personal and frankly recited. Ram always held court at noon in the most open spot to be found in the

jungle where we might be, and here under the shade of a tree with his servants on either hand, he would sit in judgment upon the cases brought for his consideration. Squatting in humble attitude, in the immediate foreground, were the plaintiff and defendant, and behind them in a semi-circle, reaching back as far as the clear spot would permit, squatted the entire expedition and the visiting spectators. Whether it was a man seeking to cast off one of his wives who had ceased to delight him, or a woman wishing freedom from a cruel husband, or a case of theft, the chief read the law without fear of contradiction, and to the apparent satisfaction of all concerned. And when court adjourned Ram's servants gathered up the presents laid before " his honor " in open evidence that the jungle folk knew it wise to humor any man on a pilgrimage to the home of his ancestors, especially when that man happened to be a personage so intimately connected with their state as Phra Ram, chief of the border line, and possessor of many wives. Always these proceedings were followed by a love feast in which curry and rice and fowl served to bring harmony even to the recent disputants. In time I came to share local homage, because from having given quinine and cathartic pills to some of the men of our party it got noised about that I was a medical wizard. At

every camp I became the object of adoration and petition by individuals, families and groups, ailing from one thing or another, who approached me on bended knee, begging drugs. At times I was practically mobbed. It mattered not what the ailment, or whether it was fancied or real; they had heard of my medicine and would not be denied. In the thought of ridding myself of their embarrassing entreaties, I one day gave out some pills—the bitterest things ever compounded; but the "patients," to my utter consternation, *chewed* them greedily. The more distasteful the stuff, in fact, the more convinced they seemed to be of its medicinal properties. In a foolish moment at one camp, I painted some grotesque figures in iodine on a woman's swollen breast which had been offered for treatment; and within three days every similarly affected woman dogged my footsteps until I had to appeal to the chief for deliverance from their importunities. Citronelle, too, which I had brought in the delusion of its sparing me from mosquitoes, proved a great favorite with the gentle sex.

Personally, I used very little medicine. Although advised by doctors in town to take five grains of quinine daily, it seemed to me that such a course would get my system so accustomed to the drug that it would not respond when there was

really need to dose. Days did come when I needed it pretty badly, yet never so badly that I could not travel, and on such occasions I took from fifteen to twenty-five grains to knock out the fever I could feel coming on. And the knockout generally followed, for though I got into some notoriously unhealthful country here and elsewhere in the Far East, I escaped serious attacks. I always took the precaution to first boil water before drinking it, and, in the most noxious parts of the swampy jungle where we had many times to camp, to keep a fire going all night with the smoke blowing across me; yet I did not wholly escape. Another plan I pursued and which I believe in a large measure answered for my good health, was to have my servant bring me at daylight a full, large cup of strong, milkless, sugarless coffee, which I drank to fortify my stomach against the early morning miasma. It may have been fancy, but it served me well. Dysentery, which may run into fatal cholera, is the most dreaded of lurking jungle dangers, but though attacked several times chlorodyne safeguarded me promptly and effectually.

Ram continued to hold court day after day and to assure me between sittings of my getting the buffalo I sought; but by this time I knew that until the chief of the Burmese line had completed his

SOME OF MY HUNTERS.

Who assumed the clothing of civilization in an effort to protect their bodies against the briars.

CAMPING ON THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE, SIAM.

pilgrimage and reached the Karens on the border I was not likely to get much game. The Karens I had heard were accustomed to hunting and were experienced in the jungle, whereas the Siamese we had, and were rapidly acquiring, knew nothing of the jungle beyond the beaten paths or the sections immediately near their settlements. So I made a virtue of necessity and became reconciled, abiding the time we should reach the Karens. Meanwhile, during the closing days of the court's circuit, the best sport I had was with peacock, which, as I learned, is a mighty difficult bird to get. I had fancied it easy until I tried. Seldom do you see the bird during the day, for it is wary and very rarely takes to wing, relying upon its hearing and legs; and in confidence as it well may, for it runs swiftly where you make way slowly and with much labor. Therefore you listen for the catlike call with which the cock invariably announces his flight to the roosting tree at dusk. He is too high, as he soars swiftly, to reach on wing with a shot gun, even if you see him in flight, and too indistinct a mark in the gathering darkness for the rifle; so you watch where he alights, if you can, or you guess it if you have not seen, as most likely you have not, and then you quietly camp under that tree until dawn. The chances are that you are under the wrong tree, and that while you are trying to locate the bird in

the morning, he will suddenly spring from a nearby treetop and go away so rapidly that you have only time to glimpse his long, trailing tail. He must be located with certainty, for with the very first break of day he leaves his roost with a rush. Many an unrewarded, long night I spent before being favored.

It was with great relief that I sighted the Karen settlement and felt Phra Ram's pilgrimage to be finally at an end; yet the trip had provided me with needed experience and, now qualified to distinguish the jungle man from the town loafer, I set about engaging men for my buffalo hunt on the Burmese border.

CHAPTER IV

HUNTING WITH THE KARENS.

WHEN we left the Karen village, we left behind also the assortment of Siamese whom we had been collecting all along the route of Phra Ram's pilgrimage, though it required some strategy to get clear of them, for they were unwilling to allow so well-provisioned an outfit to escape. But the Karens we gathered were little better than the Siamese we abandoned; it came near to being a case of jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. I had no difficulty whatever in securing Karens to join our expedition; but alas, the hope, which had buoyed me during the pilgrimage, of getting efficient men among these people, was rudely shattered. Real hunters, men who knew the jungle and the wilderness folk—were few and far between. In fact there was not a man of my party, nor could I find one, who had ever seen a buffalo, the game I particularly sought. One chap was presented with much flourish as being the son of a man who at one time had made his way into the interior of Burma and killed buffalo and other game; but the son, though he had hunted the wild red cattle a great deal, had never

killed buffalo. On the Burma side the Karens are more at home in the jungle, but those of the border line are more like the Siamese, who never venture into jungle not known to some of their people.

The little village where I picked up my men was the temporary abode of a small tribe, with its about one dozen houses standing on bamboo poles eight feet above the ground, and straggling along a small stream for several miles. Here they had made a clearing and were cultivating rice which, together with a kind of pumpkin (gourd), wild-growing bananas, some jungle vegetables, and chickens constitute their food. The houses were placed to command the rice fields, over which constant guard is maintained by a system of scarecrows and crudely constructed noise-making implements. For example: running from the house to the padi fields, sometimes as much as one hundred yards away, were lines of bamboo poles every one with a hole in its top. Through these holes a native-made rope was attached at the padi field end to a very large, thoroughly dried, hollow bamboo placed upon another of the same kind at an angle of forty-five degrees. Always someone is on watch at the house end of this line. When birds or animals steal upon the padi field, the rope is pulled and let go quickly and repeatedly, which alternately lifts and drops one hollow bamboo upon

the other, making a booming you can hear for a good mile in the jungle. And all this clearing and building is repeated annually, for the Karens are a nomadic people, so constantly changing their abodes that the same piece of ground is not often planted a second time. If during the planting or the ripening of the crop someone should fall ill of smallpox, the afflicted, the house and the rice fields are immediately deserted, because the Karens are deadly afraid of it and fly for their lives on its appearance, setting up sharp sticks on all roads leading to the settlement to intercept the demon of disease.

Like the Siamese, the Karen women are not good to look upon, and do not improve their appearance any by the style of ornaments they affect. When very young their ears are pierced to admit a small, round stick which is gradually increased in diameter, until by the time the little girls have become women their ears easily accommodate a two-inch disc of blackened bamboo. This stretches the ears hideously, as may be imagined; and when the ornament is laid aside temporarily!—well—picture the thin strips of pendant ear lobe! As a rule the Karen women wear their hair long, but, like the Siamese, some cut it short, and others again keep it cropped close, except on top of the head, where it is allowed to grow to its natural length, which

does not add to their by-no-means over abundance of good looks. Sometimes the unmarried woman wears a breast cloth, but for the most part men and women wear a loin girdle, and sometimes even that is set aside in hot weather.

To appreciate thoroughly the Japanese women one should begin the Far Eastern trip at the Malay Peninsula, journeying thence through Siam, Anam, Cambodia and China—though I confess to preferring a good looking Chinese girl to the alleged Japanese beauty.

Bracelets and necklaces of bamboo are the other usual ornaments, except when they can afford a narrow neckband of silver which protects the wearer, so it is believed, against many evils that lurk along life's wayside, even in the jungle. The men also wear this neckband, and bamboo an inch in diameter and about four inches long stuck through their ear lobes. Some of the boys are rather good looking. They wear their hair in a knot, like a horn—on the forehead, or at one side or the other of the head, or on top; and usually a turban crowns the topknot. All in all, the Karens differ not a great deal from the Siamese in physiognomy, but the people in this section of the Far East shade into one another rather easily.

Whatever the Karens know of hunting is acquired from sitting on platforms in the dry season

watching waterholes for the drinking beasts; and they do not much of this for they are not a meat-eating people.

In a word, the new men engaged were of mighty little service to me except as burden bearers; and so far as increasing the efficiency of my party, I was no better off after my visit to the Karen village than before. My immediate "hunting" force continued unchanged, and consisted of the Siamese, Thee, Nuam and Wan, who had been secured by Phra Ram as the best three in all the country. And that was true enough, for although a long ways from being good hunters, they were really about the only natives I met in Siam who pretended to have any jungle hunting experience; and, except for Wan, even their knowledge went no farther than chance gossip. Thee's chief occupation was courting the ladies of the jungle and of the villages; the moment we crossed the trail of the eternal feminine Thee was lost to our party. I always hoped he was more capable, not to say successful, in this field than he was in the one where I paid for his experience. All three carried muzzle-loading guns which had been presented to them at Ratburi by the chief; but only Wan possessed any markmanship whatever. Phra Ram had in fact laid in a stock of such guns for distribution to the distinguished among the jungle stragglers

whom we met on the pilgrimage, and they were appropriated with frank pleasure, and carried with much ostentation. But Ram got no thanks from me for his generosity. The natives fired at every living thing which crossed our path, making such a fusilade that hunting was simply out of the question. When I took Ram to task he solemnly assured me that the men would not dare venture into the jungle without the guns; and when I told him I could get along better without both men and guns he protested that the king would cut off his head if he allowed the "distinguished foreign hunter," who had been intrusted to his care, to venture unprotected into the jungle. So I proceeded to take the law into my own hands by getting possession of the small supply of caps and deliberately exploding every one of then on Wan's gun, which I borrowed for the purpose. Mutiny followed, but none of the gun owners left I am sorry to say—we had too much good grub. While we stopped at the Karen village reports innumerable came to us of game, especially of elephants, of which the jungles were said to be full, as indeed it seemed after we got started. Leaving the little village at daybreak, we had not walked more than a couple of hours before we found broad, defined tracks, and later a wallowing pool. Whether or not you are hunting elephant, it is a

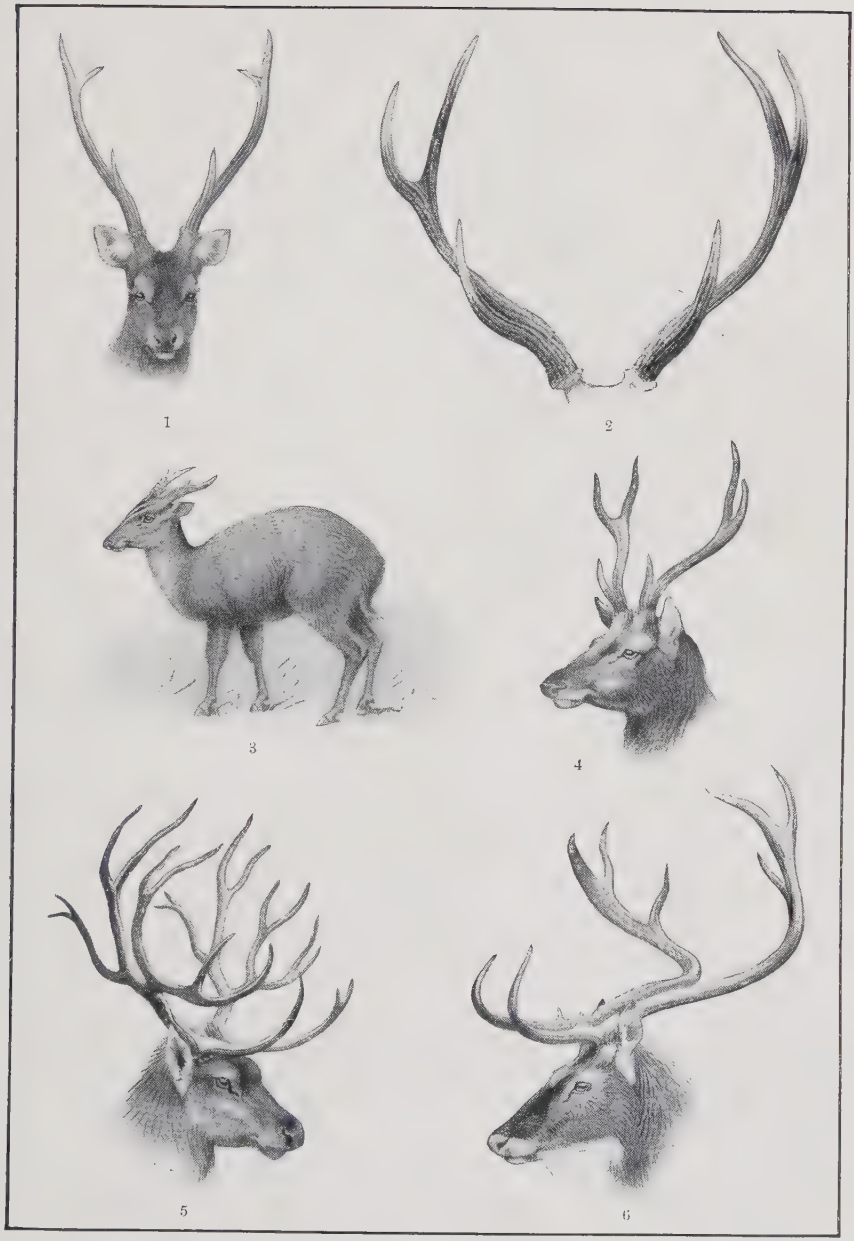
joy to come upon their tracks, for they make a path easily traversed through jungle of clinging vine and thorn bushes, through which ordinarily you could make way laboriously only by constant use of the knife. Though I was not hunting elephant, the ready-made pathway was quite as acceptable.

After a while we came upon buffalo and red cattle tracks in a thickly wooded country of small trees, where the coarse grass grew higher than one's head. Between these stretches were occasional swamps without timber, covered with the lalang common to all Malaya—and as wet. Not a stitch remained dry after going through one of these places. Picking up the buffalo tracks, for they alone interested me, we followed them uninterruptedly all that first day, coming again to mudholes in which the roiled water showed plainly their recent passing. Later we got into denser jungle and found fresher tracks. It seemed as though we must at least get sight of the game; but after eight hours' steady going Thee decided we could not reach it that day. As I have said, Thee was the ladies' man, yet Phra Ram had made him leader of the hunters. I understood later that his people had certain agricultural interests near Ratburi which gave him importance in the eyes of a chief interested in the local rivel toll.

The experience of the first day was the experience of the following two weeks, during which we travelled over the country and across its frequent streams, making our way towards one particular section, which all united in declaring was sure to yield us buffalo if we were not earlier successful. There was scarcely a day in those two weeks that we did not cross elephant tracks, and the tracks of deer, and the Siamese variety of the guar; several times I had the luck to sight the deer itself.

In the Far East is an interesting and exclusive Oriental group of deer (*Rusine*), which includes the sambar of India, Burma and Siam, with its numerous Malayan varieties; and several closely allied similar forms through Malaya and the Philippine Islands. Most important but least numerous is Schomburger's deer (*Cervus schomburgki*), standing about four feet at the shoulder, and carrying a good-sized head, entirely unique in the whole world of deer for its many-pointed antlers. This was the only deer at which I should have risked a shot while in the buffalo section; but, unhappily, I never saw one, as it is very scarce except in the far northern parts of Siam, and not plentiful even there. In fact, good heads are rare.

Also in Siam is the little barking (*Cervulus muntjac*) or ribfaced deer, about twenty inches



THE FAR EASTERN DEER.

1. Hog deer of Indian plains, *Cervus porcinus.* Ranges through Burma. 2½ ft. at shoulder.
2. Sambar, common, *Cervus unicolor.* This is more like the Indian type. 4 to 5 ft. at shoulder.
3. Ribbed faced deer, barking deer, *Cervulus muntjac.* 20 to 22 in. high.
4. Celebes, *Cervus moluccensis.* 3 ft. high.
5. Northern Siam, *Cervus Schomburgki.* 3 ft. 5 in. high.
6. Thameng, *Cervus eldi.* Burma.

shoulder height, and known to almost all sections of the Far East. This I saw frequently, though it is a solitary wanderer and passes most of its time in thick cover, coming out to graze in the early morning and at sunset. Its longest antlers (of antelope-like form) do not exceed four inches, and the head is carried very low, so that it has an ungainly, somewhat sheep-like gait, though of considerable speed. One is constantly hearing its somewhat dog-like, somewhat fox-like yelp.

The other deer most commonly seen is the sambar (*Cervus unicolor*), ranging from four to five feet at the shoulder, an Oriental species which, with its numerous sub-species, is common to Burma, Malay, Siam and several of the East Indian islands, the most attractive head being carried by the Celebes variety, although the deer itself is smaller than the Indian or Malayan type.

Then there are the hog deer (*Cervus porcinus*) of India, two and one-half feet at the shoulder, which ranges through Burma, although not plentifully; and the strictly Burmese variety called the themeng (*Cervus eldi*), about the size of a big antelope, with its Barren Ground caribou-like antlers. Except for the Schomburger, the antlers of all these deer are of simpler type than those of the European or American groups; as a rule, they have a single brow-tine, with the beam rising

nearly straight and terminating usually in a simple fork. The sambar is quite the largest of the Oriental group, and a fine deer it is, of powerful build, standing nearly five feet in height at the shoulder in the hills where it is most abundant. At the other side of the world, in Argentine and in Chili, South America, I found another deer, locally known as the huemul, which carries antlers quite similar to those of the sambar.

There are some parts of the Malay Peninsula where the Sakais kill the muntjac, and even the sambar, with poisoned darts from their blow gun; but none of these Oriental peoples are hunters of deer except by the method of watching from a platform erected near a drinking hole in the dry season. During the rainy season no attempt is made to get deer, and therefore they know nothing whatever of the science of hunting. Truth to tell, hunting craft, wood craft, is of little service in these dense Far Eastern jungles, because there is no such thing as following game up wind except by chance, or of calculating its probable range and crossing upon it, or nine times out of ten of circumventing it in any legitimate manner. If ever the hunter gets the game at a disadvantage it is entirely luck; for there is no other way of hunting in these dense jungles than by following tracks wherever they may lead. Thus it will happen that

you may be travelling down wind or up wind. If when you come within striking distance you are going up wind, a lucky star indeed shines over you. If down wind—disappointment, as you hear but never catch sight of the fleeing game. Nowhere in the world I have hunted is successful stalking more difficult than in this piece of Siam-Burma. A tangle of hanging things overhead, of creeping things underfoot, and of thorn bushes on every side; all ready to hold or to prick or to sound instant alarm to the wild folk. Stalking through such going means travelling as a cat approaching a mouse—picking up one's feet with utmost care and placing them with equal caution, the while using your long knife industriously, silently, to ease your passage.

For a few days after leaving the village, Ram's habit was to send forth every morning as preliminary to the day's hunting, twenty or twenty-five Karens to scour the country for tracks; but they made so much noise I insisted that the practice be abandoned and that the Karens remain in camp well away from the region I intended hunting. The only real use I got out of these men was in crossing streams, as we did with more or less frequency. Because of our weakling bullocks, we almost never crossed a stream without getting stuck; and on such occasions the " hunters " came in handy to

push and haul the carts out to the bank. One day we came to a river that was too deep to ford, and the Karens saved the situation by swimming the bullocks across, after floating over the carts. Then, wading chin deep, they portaged on their heads all the stuff that had been taken out of the carts, shouting and laughing and playing all the time like a lot of boys in the old swimming hole. We were two days at this place, and the Karens had the time of their lives. Meanwhile Phra Ram stood on the bank adding his unmusical voice to the general hubbub during intervals of betel-nut chewing.

After this crossing we travelled through some fairly open, grassy country, where I saw several varieties of handsomely plumaged birds, notably a woodpecker, of a glorious golden red. Here we had our first view ahead of the "mountains," a range of small hills in Burma which looked very blue, and of course densely wooded. Soon, however, we entered a swampy, noisome section where both Nai Kawn and I fought dysentery which the drinking water gave us, although we boiled and limited to a cup a day. The nights were cool enough to make sleeping under a light rug comfortable, but very damp; the tent was wringing wet each morning, and our rifles had to be well greased every night to keep them free of rust.

The bullocks here made very slow time, not over

FORDING A JUNGLE RIVER IN SIAM.

two miles an hour, the men plugging along single file. A week of this, with nothing to cheer the outlook, and even the usually lighthearted Karens fell into silence. Then one day we came upon firmer soil, and within forty-eight hours we sighted a settlement of three houses. I was in the lead of the advance group of my party, and besides discovering the village, also learned a lesson in native hospitality. When we arrived all the little group with me except Wan left and went into one of the houses, where they sat, eating bananas and bamboo cane (like sugarcane), none of the residents either inviting me into the house or offering me anything to eat. Wan was indignant and after a little while went to the house where our men sat eating, and I could hear the high notes of his complaining voice coming fast and furious. Shortly a Karen came to me with presents of sugarcane and cocoanut powder, for which in return I made him a present of the seed beads they prize highly. Exchange of presents is the only means of barter with these jungle people, who carry all their belongings, including betel-nut, the most important, tied into a pouch at the end of their loin cloth and hung about their middle.

We had another siege of Ram's court holding at this place, and he had to pass judgment on some of the most unlovely specimens of the human race

that I ever beheld. Something of the frank nature of these courts may be judged when I say that a woman, who complained that her husband had left her for a younger one, was asked by Ram if she had any disease, at which the entire gathering yelled with great delight, the woman herself and the court (Phra Ram) joining in. In fact Ram always got a lot of enjoyment out of these sittings, joking plaintiff and defendant impartially, and having, obviously, a thoroughly good time. I noticed, too, that the presents were always more numerous where Ram was in good form; and you may be sure that did not escape the chief, to whom the delay here and the further opportunity it afforded for court holding and present receiving were by no means distasteful.

Ram told me we were to await the arrival of some men who were really hunters of buffalo; and I groaned, for my daily prayer had become that I might lose those we already had. But we tarried. Meanwhile, Wan and I went out into the surrounding jungle, chiefly with the idea, as far as I was concerned, of getting away from the unending importunities of the dirty people among whom we camped. The country immediately surrounding these houses was a little bit more open than that which we had come through and we saw no buffalo tracks but did see a tiger—rather an unusual expe-

rience, and the only tiger I saw in Siam. We were in a very dense bamboo thicket and I was seated, smoking, with my rifle standing against a nearby bamboo clump. As I sat, a something about twenty yards on my right moved, and looking quickly, I just got a fleeting glimpse of a tiger slinking silently, swiftly out of the bamboo into the jungle. I jumped to my feet, but before I could seize my rifle it had disappeared. I followed the tracks as long as I could see them, but never got another sight of the royal beast.

After three days the arrival of the "buffalo hunters" was the signal for a pow-wow that lasted well into the night before Ram's tent. Such incessant jabbering I have never heard, and everybody in the neighborhood gathered to hear and to take part in the conference. I fancy everyone enjoyed it but me. To my repeated question of Ram if the newcomers knew anything of buffalo, the chief would as repeatedly reply they had not got to that yet. For most part of the time their talk was the gossip of the jungle, usually of the character commonly exploited in Ram's open court. Thus half the night passed. Finally, however, it developed that these men, who had been searched out at a neighboring settlement, and for whom we had waited three days, had not hunted buffalo, but knew another who had killed one!

Ram suggested waiting for the friend; but by this time I was bored about all I could hold without explosion, and I demanded a start the next morning. So next day we moved on, headed for the especial section where buffalo were said to be fairly plentiful. And now in a few days more we came to the real jungle, where it was impossible to take the carts, which were sent along to a settlement where we were to join them later. I took good care to send off with the carts every last man that could be spared, keeping with me only those actually required as porters, and my Siamese hunters, Thee, Nuam and Wan.

I now entered upon two weeks of the hardest, most persistent hunting I have ever done. The jungle everywhere was of the same dense, matted, thorn-filled character, but that was of slight consequence if only buffalo materialized, as seemed likely by the tracks. There was no doubt of the game being here.

The Indian buffalo (*Bos bubalos*) in its perfectly wild state appears to be restricted to India and to up-country sections of the great Indian peninsula, including that elevated section where Burma and Siam join. So-called wild buffalo are found in other parts of the Far East which are, however, probably descendants of domesticated individuals; for in the Philippines and on the

Chinese and occasionally on the Malayan coast, the buffalo serves as patiently as the bullock, and with greater strength. Perhaps, next to the rhino, the buffalo in its entirely wild state, is the most difficult beast to find because, like the rhino, its favorite haunts are the densest jungles, especially in the neighborhood of swamps, where patches of thick, towering grass provide covered runways, in which they are completely concealed. You might pass within a dozen feet and not see them.

In India buffalo are more apt to be in herds than in the Siam-Burma section, and in both places they are fond of passing the day in the marshes. They are related to the Cape buffalo (*Bos caffer*), but distinguished from them by the length and sweep of their horns and the wide separation at their base; as well as by the less thickly fringed ears and the more elongated and narrow head. Besides, they are bigger, standing from five to six feet at the shoulder, while the Cape species averages from four and one-half to five feet. As to horns, those of the Indian will average a full ten inches longer with an incomparably wider spread. The record outside length of an Indian is 77 inches, that of the African 49; but the average of the former is from 56 to 60, and of the latter 44 to 47 inches.

A breed is maintained by the Rajahs of India for

fighting whose horns have not the sweep of the Indian buffalo, but the shape of the African, with a short curve turning downward over the eye. They are tremendously more massive, however, having a diameter at the base of twenty-six inches.

Perhaps a day taken straight from my diary will best suggest the kind of hunting I had after this Indian buffalo on the Siam-Burma frontier.

" Started at five o'clock in the morning, my three hunters, Thee, Nuam and Wan, and with us a Karen, the only one of the Karen crowd supposed to know this country. Speedily found tracks, which we followed for some little time, the Karen going carelessly and noisily, rushing ahead, apparently bent only on seeing the track without thought of the hunters behind him. Within a couple of hours of this kind of going we jumped a buffalo; could hear him crashing through the jungle not over twenty yards ahead of us. The Karen, in much excited state of mind, claimed he had seen it; but I did not and I was close behind. This experience, however, made me determined to keep the Karen back, so I ordered him to the rear and put Wan in front of me with the jungle knife, as it was necessary to cut our way continuously. Much annoyed by the bungling Karen, I tried to make him understand my feelings. Ugh—it is to laugh. Went ahead again, but the Karen came

crashing up the line, jumping in ahead of Wan. Then I smote him—hard and recurringly. While I thus bade him be good another something, which we discovered later to be a red ox, jumped up and away, crashing and smashing, into the jungle. With the Karen again in the rear we went on, and soon were on the buffalo tracks. For three hours we followed these through dense jungle, finally over a hill, and practically all the time moving down wind. Suddenly again the buffalo; he got our wind and bolted. Could not have been over fifteen or twenty yards off, though we could not see ten. Three hours later, after hard, patient tracking, with Wan in the lead using his parang very carefully, we again started the buffalo. Again he got our wind. At none of these times could we see the beast, although so close to him. To get that near to the same buffalo four times in one day may have reflected creditably upon our tracking, but was extremely disappointing, none the less. Such conditions made scoring impossible; you may not take advantage of the wind; you must simply follow the tracks and circle round and round or straight away wherever they lead you. You make, of course, very little headway, consuming a lot of time in you patient plodding, for you must literally cut your way. Without the experience one can scarcely imagine the strain of

this kind of stalking, not to mention the irritation of having around you such blundering hunters. The difficulties of getting buffalo are many, but especially because they lie up in the dense clumps during the day; and it is literally impossible to skirt around under cover, as one might do in more open country."

Thus day after day I hunted buffalo, setting out in the morning by sunrise and keeping at it without cessation until dark. I often took the precaution of moving camp several miles from where we found or stopped on tracks. And in such manner I went over every bit of that buffalo section. There were days when I did not start buffalo, days when I did not get even on their tracks, but for the most part I started game every day of hunting. One day, for example, after setting out at daylight and walking six miles to tracks, I started nothing until late in the afternoon, about four o'clock. Another day I found no fresh spoor until shortly before sunset, and then I came upon four, a bull, two cows and a calf. I was about one hour behind them and the tracks were getting fresher as I proceeded. The fact that they were leading to a piece of jungle a little less dense than usual made me hopeful, and I followed as rapidly as I could make my way noiselessly, urging Wan to go swiftly, but silently; and Wan did his work well. The tracks

kept getting fresher and fresher. Suddenly I could hear the chopping of bamboo, and shortly afterward the tracks indicated that the buffalo had begun running. Soon we came almost at our camp. The buffalo had got the wind of our camp which, together with the noise of bamboo cutting, had frightened them out of leisurely travel. The men in camp said they had seen the buffalo cross just below, running at full speed.

Next morning at daybreak I picked up these tracks again and followed them for eight hours through thick jungle swamp, but early in the afternoon they led to hard ground and soon we lost them.

It was several days before I found other tracks and late, just about dark. So we picked them up the next morning and followed all day until nearly dark; again through the dense jungle among curious clumps of bamboo, raised mound-like as a huge ant hill, and occasional trees, looking like three or four trees stuck together, having a gross diameter of eight to ten feet. We left the tracks when it grew too dark to see them, but I determined to follow them up in the morning and to go on alone with Wan. In fact, my party had by now dwindled to Thee, Nuam and Wan, for the others, walked to a standstill, had returned to the main camp. And indeed I was glad to be rid of them.

With the first light of day in the morning we found the tracks, but nothing developed until about three o'clock when, hearing a little noise, we stopped in our stalking and listened. I tried to learn the direction of the wind, but it was impossible to say if there was wind, and if so, what its direction. Yet again the noise, and we stood so still on those very fresh tracks with the noise of the moving buffalo sounding in our ears, that I could hear my heart beat. It happened that where we stood was about the densest of dense jungle; we were literally encircled with twining rotan, bushes and cane and thorn vines. I was fearful of moving, but move we must in order to approach the buffalo. I took the jungle knife away from Wan and gave him my gun, for I wanted to be sure no noise was made in cutting our path. Soon I discarded the jungle knife and drew the smaller one I always carry in my belt for eating and general utility. We made our way a few feet at a time, bending low in the effort to get a sight ahead and locate the buffalo which we could now plainly hear moving. It seemed not over ten or fifteen yards off. The suspense was intense. The most agonizing thoughts chased through my head—that Wan would drag my rifle, that I would drop my knife, or stumble, or something would happen to scare off our quarry, or that I might sight it run-

MY THREE SIAMESE HUNTERS DRESSED TO MEET THE THORNS OF THE JUNGLE

Thee Nyam Wan

ning before I could get my rifle; yet I dared not let Wan do the cutting for, good man as he proved, I was afraid of a slip; so afraid. I could not talk to him, could not impress upon him the importance of quiet; but I think my attitude and my gestures made him think that something very serious was about to happen.

Foot by foot I got a little nearer. Then there came a noise as though the buffalo had started, and my heart sank to my boots; yet, listening, it appeared he had not moved farther away. Then again we began our slow, painfully slow approach, all the time dreading that the buffalo might move off, even if we did not scare him away, because our catlike approach was consuming time. I prayed for an open piece of jungle, but it remained as dense as at first. Almost crawling on my stomach so as to minimize the cutting and to give me a better opportunity of seeing in front, I worked ahead, hearkening for every sound, and reassured by the noise, such as cattle make, when resting, of feet stamping and tail switching.

Finally I thought I could catch sight of the tail as it switched, not over ten yards away. I worked a little way farther and then reached back and took my rifle from Wan, determined now to squirm ahead, if it was humanly possible to do so without cutting; keeping my rifle at a ready. But it was

utterly impossible to go ahead, and I was making noise. I feared I could get no closer in that thicket, yet the effort had to be made; so keeping the animal's tail in my eye, I forced forward. The noise was startling: the tail stopped switching; it seemed to me I could see the outline of the hocks stiffen as the buffalo prepared to jump. It was a case of sheer desperation; making a rough guess as to where its shoulder might be, I fired, realizing that only by an extraordinarily lucky chance could I score. Instantly there was a tremendous racket. When we got to where the buffalo had stood we saw a little blood on the bushes—about rump high.

We followed the buffalo for the rest of the day—for half of the moonlight night—uselessly, for the tracks grew dim and the shifting clouds and heavy foliage made it quite impossible to see. It was a mad chase, and Wan was indulgent enough to remain with me uncomplainingly.

We lay down in the jungle to rest until daylight without going to camp, which was far away, and then again—the tracks; but we never saw that buffalo, and I hope no other hunter ever did; for I should like now to think that my bullet made only a flesh wound which never embarrassed the buffalo's progress, rather than that the beast wandered, at the mercy of the jungle great cats, to fall finally an easy victim, or to die the lingering death of the seriously wounded.

CHAPTER V

HUMAN TREE-DWELLERS

FOR two days, through the jungle tangle of interior Malay, I had been on fresh rhinoceros tracks. Originally I had found some in Perak, only to lose them, and now I found myself on others approaching the limits of the up-country section. Perak is the most important, as it is the most northerly, of the four Federated (British protected) States of the Malay Peninsula. It is also the most mountainous—and the wettest. They told me at Telok Anson, where the coasting steamer dropped me, that Perak has no true rainy season; but some months are wetter than others, and I had chosen the wettest, it seemed.

Approaching from the west coast, Perak offers an entrancing view—the irregular clearings hacked for settlement out of the jungle, their dark tropical edging, the hills in the immediate background, and farther away the Tongkal Range, which helps to give Malay its mountainous backbone—all wooded to the very top. The State has half a dozen peaks over 5,000 feet high, and I had left one of these, Gunong (Mount) Lalang, on the west, as I bore northeasterly across the head waters of

the Perak River and over the range, laboriously journeying toward Kelantan, a native state which pushes into Patani, which again reaches northward into Lower Siam.

I had set out, in the first instance, for a rhino that differs from known Malayan varieties in having fringes of hair on its ears—the Malayan itself being the smallest of the single-horned species—and which was said, on occasion, to wander down from Siam into the northern border of Malay. But my hunting had been unrewarded, and by now I was not particular whether my rhino had hair on its ears or on its tail. So I was making my way toward the Telubin River, which runs down to the China Sea on the east, and where, I had been told at Singapore, rhino were reported to be plentiful. We had left roads, and the pack elephants, half way down on the other side of the range, and were pushing forward through the jungle with five Malay packers, a Chinese cook, and a Tamil—eight of us all told.

It was my first experience packing elephants, and their agility and handiness, and the intelligence with which they accepted and overcame unusual conditions in travelling, amazed and interested me. Without seeing it I would not have believed that so large and apparently clumsy an animal could be so nimble, even shifty, on its feet,

on the trying trails we encountered all through the valleys and up and down the mountains. I was greatly interested, often amused, at the extreme carefulness they exercised. Where the path was at all uncertain the trunk explored every step before the huge feet were placed, with almost mathematical precision. And never for an instant was their vigilance relaxed; always the trunk felt the way, sounding the road, the bridge, the depth of the pool or stream. But perhaps their climbing up steep ascents, and over ground so slippery that I, with hobnailed shoes, could scarcely secure foothold, impressed me most. One instance of their resourcefulness especially surprised me. We came to a sharp, clayey incline, at the top of which the bank had broken away, leaving an absolutely sheer place about eight feet in height. I wondered how the elephants would manage this, but it did not bother them as much as it had me, for the leader simply put his trunk over the top of the bank, raised himself up until he got his forefeet on top of it, and then with trunk and forelegs dragged his great body over the edge until his hind legs were under him.

The elephant is not a fast traveller, though he is sure and of enormous strength. I never saw one slip, and they kept going even when sunk belly deep in the swamp. Three miles the hour was

our average, which fell to two in the hilly country, and in the mountains I doubt if we made over one mile an hour. Each elephant carried six to seven hundred pounds on fair roads, as a good load, which was reduced to four hundred pounds when they began climbing.

I was without an interpreter. The one I had engaged for the trip died of cholera before we got beyond the settlement, and as the rainy season is the most unhealthful period for a venture into the jungle, I was unable to replace him. My Tamil servant knew a few English words—knew them so imperfectly as to put to confusion every attempt at mutual understanding.

After the first couple of days winding into the hills past tin mines, the most valued deposit in the State, our trail through Perak led across swamps, over mountains, and up and down valleys —and always in mud—sometimes up to knees, always over ankles. Once we had got deep into the jungle, a view ahead was never possible, even on top of the mountains, because of the density of the great forest. And such a dismal jungle! Not even a bird note; not a sound of any kind, save that made by the squashing of our own feet in the oozy going.

The interior of Malay is covered with a primeval forest of upstanding trees, limbless to their very

tops, where, umbrella-like, they open into great knobs of foliage, and form a huge canopy so thick that not a ray of sunlight may break through. Beneath is the most luxuriant and wettest vegetation to be found on earth. Palms, bamboos, ferns, and plants of rankest and endless variety, hide the ground and rise to form yet another forest of smaller though thicker growth; while rattans and vines and creeping things stretch from tree to tree, to make a continuous series of giant festoons.

And the malarial smell everywhere.

It required a heavy rain to come steadily through that close canopy; but it arrived. Nor was the rain needed to complete our drenching; except for the footing there was little appreciable difference wading the chin-deep streams, or plowing through the dripping jungle under that leaky canopy. Indeed, the stream wading was much to be preferred, for only at such times we escaped the leeches.

Leeches and lizards and centipedes and numberless other varieties of crawling unpleasantness were, in fact, the only living things I had seen thus far. And of leeches there were literally myriads. They fastened upon you actually from crown to foot, as you worked your way through the ferns and grasses, which reach high above your head. Notwithstanding carefully adjusted puttees and a closely tied handkerchief, it was impossible to keep

leeches from getting in at the ankle and at the neck. Every now and again, we halted to pick off those we could reach; and then you could see them on all sides making slow but persistent way toward you, in alternate stretchings and humpings.

This was not ideal country for camping, as may be imagined. Dry ground, even a dry log to rest upon, was not to be found; but the shelter the Malays built each night at least protected us from the unceasing rain. These were simply made, serviceable little sheds, constructed of the always at hand bamboo and attap leaves in no longer time than it takes to pitch a tent. Here was the one occasion when the mud seemed a blessing, for it proved a yielding, yet firm setting for the four sticks which served as corner posts and the two longer ones placed at each end to support a ridge pole. Smaller bamboo and, as often as not, rattan, placed at the sides, and bent and secured across the ridge pole, completed the frame, over which were stretched the large and useful leaves of the attap palm. Inside, again, corner posts with slats of bamboo laid lengthways made very comfortable beds; and, with crossway slats, stout benches for our provisions and general camp impedimenta: for, of course it was necessary to raise everything damageable above the mud.

So we travelled on and on, looking for tracks,

THE LARGER AND MORE COMMON TYPE OF SAKAI.

His sole weapon consists of the blow-gun and quiver of poisoned darts, which he shoots with great accuracy.

dragging ourselves for hours, ankle-deep in mud, along stretches of swamp, where the rhino feed appeared particularly tempting (although rhino generally feed early in the morning and at dusk), or, crouched until walking was all but impossible, sneaking into every more than usually dense bit of cover which suggested a pool or a rhino bed. It was wet, cheerless work; and what gets wet in that jungle stays wet. Except for the water you have wrung out of them, the soaked clothes you hang at night on a bamboo stake driven deep into the mud are equally as soaked when you try to put them on again in the morning bright-light.

My men did not appear to take much interest in the search for rhino; indeed, they pursued the journey with great reluctance, for at best the Malay is not a hunter; stalking game does not appeal to him. He never, by choice, hunts in the rainy season, but takes the more sensible method of sitting up over an animal's drinking hole in the dry period, or over a bait. Besides, they stand much in awe of the rhino, which they rarely hunt, notwithstanding its blood and horn being worth almost their weight in gold at the Chinese chemists', who use them in mystical medical concoctions. Once we found plain tracks that in due course led down the mountain to a rushing, roaring stream, which we could not cross, although the

tracks showed that the rhino had at least made the attempt, and nowhere for a mile down stream could we find signs on our side that he had not succeeded. This experience came near to stopping the expedition, for the Malays seemed determined to turn back, and as I was without even the first aid to communication which my Tamil servant (before I sent him back ill with fever) furnished, I had recourse to looking pleasant and offering gifts. Finally we did go on, though the Malays had no liking for it, and were sullen.

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There had been days of this kind of experience, so that when I actually came on fresh tracks, my thankfulness was both deep and sincere. At first the tracks were distinct, and I had no difficulty in following them, particularly where, for a considerable distance, they led through what may be called a jungle runway, which is a passage forced through the heaviest underbrush by the rhino, and of such density that, were you standing within a half dozen feet, the beast might go through unseen, though not of course unheard. But on this, the second day, the tracks led up hill from the swampy land of the valley. The rain was falling unusually hard, and the water flowed down the hillside almost in streams, making it, of course, very difficult to

THE SMALLER AND LESS COMMON TYPE OF SAKAI.

A father and his two sons. They carry the poisonous darts in their hair, and very closely resemble the Negritos of the Philippines.

follow the tracks—sometimes entirely obliterating them. Hence I worked forward slowly. I had ceased to depend upon my men, though I kept two up with me, leaving the others to come more leisurely with the packs, so that at nightfall we camped where we happened to be—which was about as good a plan as any other, for there was no choice of camping ground in that country.

All morning I followed the tracks with extreme difficulty, but in the early afternoon they led to drier ground, which as it approached the hilltop became more open, and, far in advance of my two men, I pushed my way along more rapidly, with all attention focussed upon the tracks, and every hunter's sense tingling in exquisite alertness. Suddenly and noiselessly, a something seemed to dodge behind a tree; then another, and yet another —and still a fourth—all in front and to right and left of me. I saw no definite shape—merely caught the glimpse of a moving object as the eye will, without actually seeing it. I knew it could not be a rhino. As I stood, I caught sight of a black-topped head looking furtively at me from behind a tree, but it popped back instantly on my discovery. Then another head from behind another tree, and again a third, and so on until it became a game of hide and seek with some times several heads poked out, turtle fashion, from be-

hind the concealing trees. I could get but the merest glance, but that told me the heads did not belong on Malay shoulders, and yet I knew not what they were, nor was I prepared to see human beings of any kind in this country, friendly or unfriendly, although I had heard tales of half-wild people, Sakais, that roamed the northern section of Malay. I am a believer in preparedness, however, especially when the atmosphere is unfriendly, as my sullen party suggested it might be, so I backed against a tree, with cocked rifle, and in addition to the full half-magazine, took four cartridges out of my belt that I might have them in hand did the necessity arise. Thus I stood ready for whatever emergency might come. There was no movement on the part of my hidden watchers, however, other than that the heads continued popping out and back, and from many new quarters, keeping me busily watchful. It was the most acute case of rubber-neck I have ever developed. Thus I stood waiting for something to happen, and impatient to exasperation after ten minutes of this rubbering game that nothing did happen.

At last came my two Malays. The heads now all popped out and stayed out, but nobody followed from behind the trees. As he took in the situation, Pari, my head man, pointed energetically at the heads and repeated over and again " Sakai "—

by which I learned I had indeed fallen in with the tree-dwelling aborigines of Malaya.

Some long-range conversation was now begun between my Malays and the heads, and finally, with evident hesitation, a man stepped from behind one of the trees, and in the course of a few minutes was joined by others, until there were eight of them grouped fifty or sixty feet away, regarding us with very apparent suspicion. Except for a small loin covering they were naked, and some of them were painted in fantastic figures. More long range talk followed, and the strangers' voices sounded curiously high and nasal. Several minutes more of jabber, and my men started toward the Sakais, who immediately darted back in trepidation, and would have fled had not the Malays stopped, and, I judge, shouted friendly messages to them. Back and forth, with long intervals, this shouting continued for fully an hour. Meantime, as it was impossible for me to hold conversation with any one, I, of course, had no actual knowledge of what they were saying; but I surmised that the strangers feared us, and that the Malays were endeavoring to pacify them.

By this time the remainder of my party had arrived, and a general babel ensued. Finally, with one accord, the Sakais disappeared, and one of my men went forward, carrying rice, which he depos-

ited at the base of a tree where the strangers had been standing. Then he returned to us. In ten or fifteen minutes the Sakais came back, their numbers greatly augmented, took away the rice, and replaced it with some roots and other things which looked like vegetables or fruit.

It was early in the afternoon when I had first sighted the Sakais, but what with palaver and exchange of gifts and long-range conversation, dusk came upon us while we tarried. I had not forgotten the rhino, but I had not quite found myself in these new surroundings and thought best to make haste slowly. Moreover, I was sincerely glad for the opportunity of seeing something of these Sakais, because they are a people about whom almost nothing is known, and of whom only one white man—an Italian—Captain G. B. Cerruti, has made a study.

They seemed to be very curious, and quite desirous of watching us, but were shy of our approaching them. They hung on the edge of our camp, maintaining a constant jabber with my Malays. With a thought of getting better acquainted, I went toward them, but they fled precipitately, and although I walked after them, they never permitted me to get near. It occurred to me that my rifle, perhaps, might be a bar to closer acquaintance, so I went back to camp and laid it

THE SAKAI GROUNDS HOUSE.

down—taking the precaution to unload it and keep on my cartridge belt—the Sakais curiously following like a flock of birds, all reappearing at a distance of forty or fifty feet, in open sight, so soon as I reached camp. But I got no nearer them without the rifle than with it. Always, so soon as I started toward them, they disappeared, evidently keeping close watch of me, because as I retraced my steps they were visible again.

Determined to stop in the vicinity until I should learn a little more of these people, I moved up the hill to get out of the mudhole in which we had camped, and discovered a tree with what at first sight appeared a strange new growth, but, on close inspection, developed into a rude tiny house, with a small head and beady eyes peering at me from its platform. Farther on was another tree-house, and near it several others. I motioned my Malays to stop here, but our camping preparations raised such a commotion among the Sakais hovering on our van that in order to mollify them we moved on.

These houses are built in forked trees, from eight to twelve feet above the ground, and are reached by bamboo ladders, which are hoisted at will. The house itself is very much of the kind of shack we put up for each night's shelter, except that the flooring is lashed together piece by piece and bound securely to the tree limbs with rattan—the sides

and top covered with attap. Unfortunately, the continuous rain and semi-dusk of the jungle made it impossible for me to secure photographs of these houses.

I spent a couple of days in the vicinity, even climbed the frail bamboo ladder into one of their houses, keeping my rifle slung over my shoulder, however, lest some of the Sakais opposed my intrusion with the blow-guns many carried. But I never got nearer than twenty feet or so of an individual, though I had the opportunity of examining their blow-guns and darts, and their various bamboo ornaments, which through signs and gifts, I got them to deposit on the ground for my inspection—they always retreating as I drew near. They grew increasingly generous in their presents in return for my gifts to them; yet, always the same method of presentation had to be followed. I never could get within arm's reach of them.

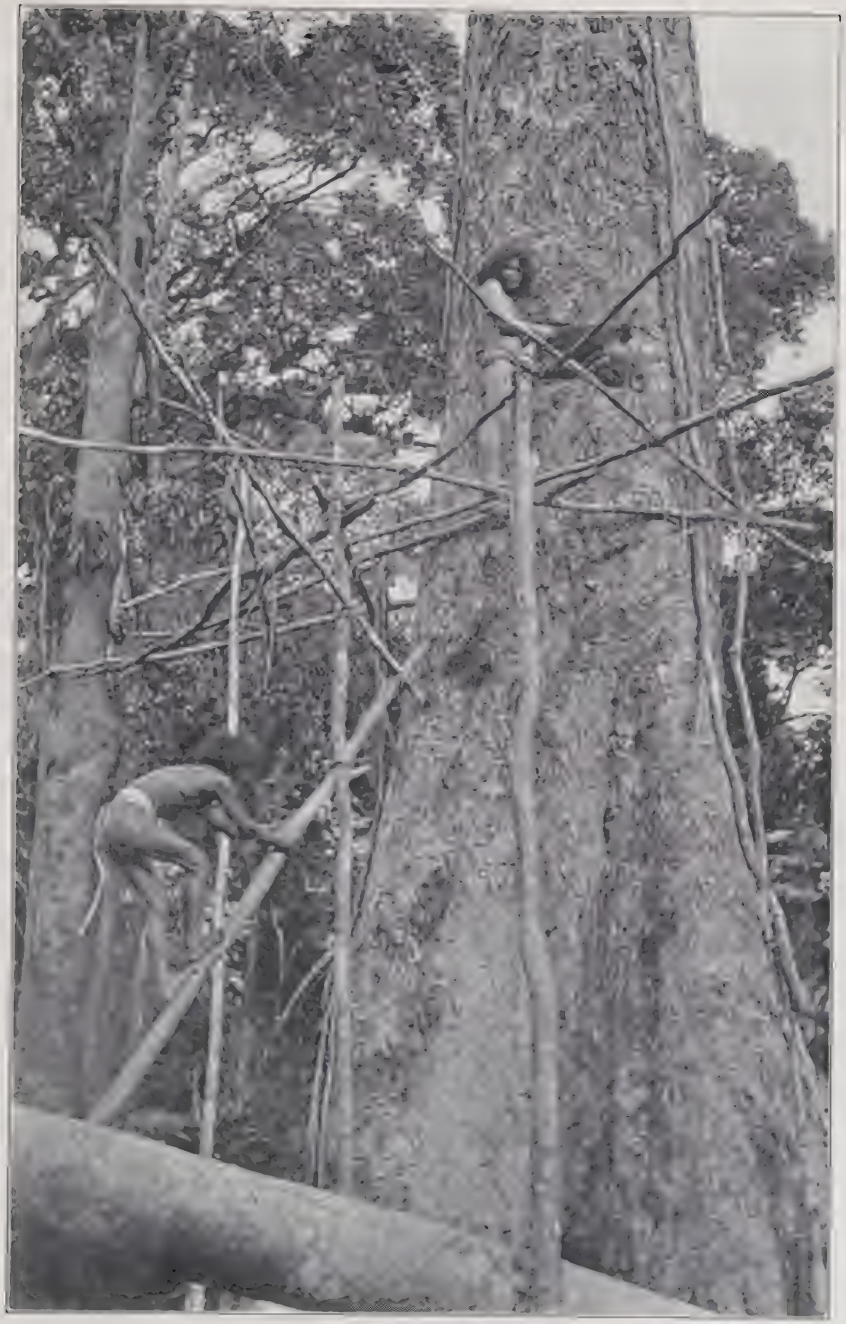
These men of the woods (Orang-utang) or Sakais, as more commonly they are known, are the aborigines of Malaya, and to be found in greatest numbers in the northern part of Perak, east of the river of that name—the Sakai population is estimated, I believe, at about five thousand. They are a smallish people, though not dwarfish or so small as the Negritos of the Philippine Islands, of lighter complexion than the Malays, though not

nearly so pleasing to the eye. Indeed, they are far from comely. They have no idols, no priests, no places or things of worship, no written language, and their speech is a corrupted form of Malay. They live in small settlements, invariably in trees if in the jungle, with no tribal head. But though an altogether uncivilized people, by no means are they savage. It is a simple, unwarlike race, so raided by the Malays, in times mostly gone now that British influence has spread throughout the Peninsula, that they are exceedingly shy of all strangers: and particularly fearful of chance Malays in the forests. There are, however, groups of Sakais living on the outskirts of Malayan settlements that have lost a considerable amount of their timidity, and these have adopted the Malayan *sarong* (skirt); but in the jungle their full dress costume consists of a small piece of cloth, pounded out of tree bark, wrapped about the loins of the adult men and women, while young men and women and the children pursue the course of their untrammelled way clothed only in nose-sticks, earrings, armlets, and hair combs. The women, in fact, are much given to adorning themselves with these things, and employ a lighter quality of bark, which they decorate in black dots and lines, to bind their hair. I marvelled at the number of combs one woman would use, but the reason is the very

unromantic one that many combs they believe to be disease preventive.

Both men and women decorate their faces, and sometimes their bodies, mostly in red, yellow or black, with flower and line or zigzag patterns. Sometimes they stripe themselves after the manner of zebra markings; again in spots like the leopard. They seek to make their appearance as terrifying as possible to embolden them on their journeys against the wind, to which they attribute every ill that befalls them. Lightning, thunder, rainbows —all such heavenly phenomena are regarded as the messengers of the " bad ghost " of the wind, from whom they tremblingly implore deliverance. They are excessively superstitious, and on occasions of fright the women offer lighted coals and bundles of their children's hair, while the men shoot poisoned darts from their blow-guns in the general endeavor to propitiate the evil gods. As a rule they are honest in word and deed, and a moral people in their own way.

Here, deep in the jungle of Malay, did I, at last in the Far East, find a people for whom the legend " Made in Germany " had no significance; all their articles of ornament (save the necklace, which is composed of seeds and animals' teeth) and utility are constructed entirely of the ubiquitous bamboo, as is the blow-gun, called sumpitan. This " gun "



SAKAIS CUTTING DOWN A TREE. PHOTO BY CAPTAIN CERRUTTI.

The man cutting is about 30 feet from the ground and the tree is 200 feet high and 6 feet in diameter. They build the scaffolding and fell the tree in one day, using only the small crude axe such as that seen in the topmost man's hand.

is a pipe about an inch and one-half in diameter and six and one-half feet in length; the bore, drilled most accurately, is quarter inch, and the darts nine inches in length, about the circumference of a heavy darning needle, are sharpened at one end, and poisoned. With these they secure all the meat they eat in the jungle: birds, monkeys, snakes, lizards. They also have knives made of bamboo, with which they cut roots, herbs, and fruits. I was amazed at the marksmanship of the Sakais with these blow-guns; frequently I saw them hit with precision and repeated accuracy small targets full sixty feet distant; and they appeared able to drive a dart into the crawling flesh of lizard as far as it could be seen. I did not see them gunning for leeches; from any visible sign to the contrary, the leeches did not seem to bother them. At the same time I observed that they were cautious about drinking the stagnant jungle water, and that they would go far to fill their buckets, which were hollow bamboo about three feet long and four inches in diameter, from the valley streams. They seemed fond of music, if continuous effort may be accepted as indication of a musical soul, and the girls twanged a not unpleasantly queer tune on a crude, two-stringed hollow instrument. Once I saw a man with a kind of flute, which he blew shrilly with his nose.

The woman, who is very fond of children, has the entire management of the domestic economy, and is placed at the head of the man's establishment without other ceremony than climbing the ladder leading to his castle in the air. But the preliminary courtship is unique; the girl (she is usually twelve to fourteen) is decorated in patterns of red, yellow and black flowers, and is then prepared for the struggle with her wooer, somewhat after the manner of the "Bundlers"—only the Sakais girl is without the help of raiment to aid in her defense. I am not familiar with the details of the Bundlers' custom, but the well-chaperoned Sakais maiden is supposed to successfully resist the "man of the woods" for a good twelve hours; after which period she submits, and in due course climbs his bamboo ladder.

And always, so far as my observations went, men and women appeared to share toil and fruits of the chase in common. They are, in truth, the only genuine socialists that I have yet discovered. They divide their blessings and share one another's sorrows. Apropos of which latter I am not likely soon to forget the funeral I witnessed of a Sakais who died the morning I broke camp to move from their midst. Every one belonging to the little band of twenty gathered around the lamented, who lay stretched out with bark cloth under him and

a variety of lizards chasing one another under and over him. The mourners, all bepainted in fantastic and grotesque designs, constantly moved around the dead and the lizards, as though performing a dance, and yet their movements were without enough uniformity to suggest dancing. Certainly, it was a very crude and weird ceremony, weird to a degree in the gloom and the rain of the jungle, especially the moaning and wailing. I never heard such direful sounds from human throat; and I have heard some startling exhibitions by American Indians.

The body did not long remain in state. When it was lashed to a tree limb, together with blow-gun and fishing tackle, the wailing ceased; and I went on my way.

CHAPTER VI

THE TROTTING RHINO OF KELANTAN

IT all came about through my quest of that hairy-eared rhino of Chittagong, which is said to wander down from lower Siam into upper Malay, and which already, for one laborious period in mud and rain, I had chased through eastern Perak. But a two-horned variety of the Indian species, as this Chittagong type is claimed to be, was unusual enough to stir any hunter's blood, and to send me forth, time after time, into the dense, wet and leech-filled jungle.

Writing broadly, the rhinoceros is divided into the African, which invariably wears a smooth skin and carries two horns; and the Indian, with skin in heavy folds and one horn.

Among diligent collectors for scientific institutions and uninformed hunters, there appears to be a tendency to subdivide the rhino with a patronage as reckless as that visited upon the caribou. F. C. Selous, who, in my opinion, has more real practical knowledge about African big game, and especially about the rhino, than any man living—says there are but two species of the African rhino: the squared-lipped one, the " white " so-called (*R.*

simus), averaging over six feet in height, which feeds on grass, and is therefore seen more in the open; and the prehensile-lipped or black (*R. bicornis*), averaging five feet, which frequents thickets or brush covered hills, and feeds on twigs, roots and brush. Except for the varying length of their horns, the African do not differ among themselves so much as the Asiatic; nor does wide divergence in length of horn suggest structural differences any more in this animal than spread of antlers and number of points do in moose, wapiti, or other American deer. Yet the horns of African rhinos show great variation. The lower or first horn may be any length from one foot and a half to four feet, though this extreme is not often seen these days, three feet being about the limit; the upper or second horn may be from three or four inches up to two feet. At times the two horns are about equal and then the length is medium; by some this is declared a sub-species called "ketloa": more often, however, the lower horn is considerably longer than the upper. As between horns of the African and the Asiatic, those of the former have, as a rule, more curve and run quicker to a point; and in length the Asiatic are insignificant by comparison—fifteen inches being unusual, and eight more nearly the average of the Indian proper, while three or four inches would be the length of the other Asiatic

species. Occasionally the lower horn of the African is straight, the white variety usually furnishing the individual; and specimens have been reported among the black variety in which the lower horn even curved forwards. And in all instances these horns may be powerful weapons of defence; powerful enough to instil unconcealed dread among elephants.

Opinion among hunters differs as to just the rank of the rhino as dangerous game; Selous places it fourth after lion, elephant, buffalo. I am expecting this year to have my first lion hunting experience, but the royal tiger has never given me so much the feeling of danger as has the elephant; or the Malayan seladang* (gaur) or the rhino; and no jungle in this world places the hunter at so great a disadvantage as in Malaya, where the dense matted cover necessitates shooting game at close quarters. I have always fully realized that the tiger, if he got to me, could and would do me more damage in less time perhaps than any one of the others; but also I always felt more confidence in being able to stop him. The disturbing element in hunting elephant or seladang or rhino, has been always, to me at least, the feeling of uncertainty as to whether or no I could stop the animal if I

* Local name for wild cattle.

wounded it and it charged me, as it did on an average of once in three times. Based on my experience, therefore, I should place the elephant first and the rhino third after the seladang, which is fully as formidable as the Cape buffalo, and is miscalled the bison all over India.

Each of these animals is dangerous on different grounds; the elephant though less likely to charge than any of the others, is terrifying because of his enormous strength, which stops at no obstacle, and the extreme difficulty of reaching a vital spot, especially if, with trunk tightly coiled, he is coming your way. I know of no sensation more awesome than standing ankle deep in clinging mud, in dense cover, with the jungle crashing around you as though the entire forest was toppling, as the elephant you have wounded comes smashing his way in your direction. The seladang is dangerous, partly because of the thick jungle he seeks when wounded, but more especially because of his tremendous vitality and his usual, though not invariable, habit of awaiting the hunter on his tracks and charging suddenly, swiftly, and viciously. It requires close and hard shooting to bring down one of these six-foot specimens of Oriental cattle.

The danger of the tiger and of the lion is in their lightning activity and ferocious strength; but you have the shoulder, in addition to the head shot, if

broadside; or, if coming on, the chest, all sure to stop if well placed. The reason the rhino is so formidable is because its vulnerable spots are so hard to reach. Its brain is as small in proportion as that of the elephant, and may be reached through the eye if head on, or about three inches below and just in front or just behind the base of the ear, according to your position for a side shot. Now a charging rhino presents only the eye as the vulnerable point, and to put a bullet into the small eye of a rhino is pretty fine shooting; but that is the only fatal shot to be had from the front: and if you miss, your only recourse is quick dodging to one side as the rhino reaches you, and dropping it with a shot at the base of the ear or back of the shoulder. In the smooth-skinned rhino the shoulder shot is a possibility, but to strike the shoulder blade you must aim from six to eight inches to one foot below the highest middle point of the hump, the danger being in getting too low and striking the massive bones of the upper forearm. The junction of a cross line drawn from the ear to another line at right angles running down from the highest part of hump is the place to put your bullet. It is no mark for light rifles. Directly back of the shoulder is another alternative; but with the Indian you must shoot for the fold, which again is fine shooting, and in all of

the species you must take the shot when the fore-leg is forward. In any event, it is difficult to score, for the rhino's body is powerfully made and closely ribbed. There is also the neck shot for the spine —not easy to locate. Of course, every hunter of real experience has made easy kills of dangerous game, and it is only the ignorant who draw conclusions from half experience by themselves or of others. Like elephants, rhino sleep during the heat of the day, hidden in dense cover, and feed during the cool of the early morning and evening, and during the night. Their sight is poor, but their sense of smell and hearing very acute. Though sullen and vicious, I doubt if a rhino intends charging home every time he starts up wind on the strange scent which has come to him. Often it is, I have grown to believe, merely his means of investigating, in the absence of good eyesight. I have seen him turn aside on such a "charge" when not hit, and other hunters report similar observations. At the same time the rhino's ill temper makes him an uncertain creature to deal with and an unsafe one with his swift trot to allow too close for purely experimental purposes.

The government-protected, square-lipped, African rhino, of which very few are remaining, is the largest—specimens nearly seven feet high at the shoulders have been reported—and next to this

is the single horn Indian proper (*R. unicornis*), with its skin in great deep folds behind and across the shoulders and across the thighs, which averages about six feet in height at the shoulders. The Malayan division of the Asiatic includes the Javanese, with fewer folds than the Indian, and one horn; and the Sumatran, with no skin folds and usually two horns, which averages about four feet and ranges over Sumatra, Burma and the Malay Peninsula. Besides this is a smaller species in the Peninsular, sometimes called the swamp rhino, with a smooth skin and a single horn. Then there is also the mythical (so far as experience of mine goes), hairy-eared rhino hailing from Chittagong. The second or upper horn of the Sumatran rhino is not very prominent, often it is a mere knob; it was nothing more than that on the one I killed, which measured four feet one inch shoulder height—and the swamp one often has no horn at all.

And so, because of the rarity of the hairy-eared variety, I went forth again to seek it. None could give me helpful information; there were only the vague rumors of its range, drawn mostly from jungle natives coming occasionally out to the settlements. And I had already made one hard and fruitless trip in the Peninsula, largely as the result of mis-direction from local white residents, who

meant well enough by me, and talked large and vaguely of game in the mountains, but knew nothing by experience. One fine sportsman-like chap had killed several tigers and had no interest in anything else. The fact is, the country I sought to enter was almost entirely a closed book to the handful of town-living Englishmen; and the natives hunt only by necessity. However, this is all part of the enjoyment of the great game of wilderness hunting.

Hence, despite several failures that had attended previous hunting in the Peninsula, I found myself preparing for another try at Kuala Muda, a little kampong (settlement) on the upper waters of the Perak, which I had reached from Penang via Taiping by gharry* and bridle path and canoe. Like most kampongs, Kuala Muda was substantially a collection of attap-covered bamboo houses of one room each with wide covered veranda, standing about six feet above ground, on or near the water, and supporting a mingled population of Malays, Tamils, Klings† and Chinese, living together in the peaceful pursuit of their vocations without interference; for the divisions of labor in the Peninsula appear to be thoroughly understood and accepted.

* A one-horse two-wheel cart commonly used for road travel in the Peninsula.

† Tamils and Klings, natives of India.

As in Siam, so also in Malay, John Chinaman is the industrial backbone of his adopted home. In the country, he controls the farms; in town, he owns all the pawn shops (which outnumber those of any other one kind), monopolizes the opium and the kerosene trade, is the sampan and jinrikisha coolie, and supplies the labor for the tin mines and the coffee plantations. Of Singapore's about 200,000 inhabitants, two-thirds are Chinamen; and in that two-thirds is owned local steamship lines, a considerable share of the wholesale trade, over half the retail trade: it also furnishes the city with practically all its carpenters, bricklayers, tailors, shoemakers, market gardeners, fishermen, and many of its clerks, for banks, offices and shops. In fact, Singapore could not exist prosperously, nor the Peninsula either, for that matter, without the Chinamen.

The Tamils and the Klings are boatmen and general day laborers; especially trainmen and railway employes; the Sikhs, England's fine and dependable native Indian soldiers, are always railway gate keepers; also they are the policemen of Malay. And how they do bullyrag the natives, especially poor John! The Malays supply the boys about the clubs, houses, stables and boats, where no constant hard work is required. They are the syces (drivers) and canoemen of the country.

For me the Malay has an attractive personality. Wherever I found him, from Singapore to Keda, on my several trips at intervals into the Peninsula, he was very rarely the bloodthirsty, sullen, silent creature of which we have had so often the pen picture. He is, to be sure, thriftless, indolent, unambitious; but he is polite, good-natured, contented; and I am not so sure that those last three qualities do not make the more human and lovable fellow being. Above all else, and the quality which appealed most strongly to me—the Malay is intensely self-respecting; he is absolutely sure of himself and at ease always whatever the company. He is reserved, self-contained, and never by any chance falls a victim to the contempt bred of familiarity. He resents insult so strongly that bloodshed may result; but between themselves much serious trouble usually is due to jealousy, though for Mohammedans they allow their women much liberty.

Like our American Redman, the Malay is deliberate of speech and circuitous in introducing the subjects which perhaps may be uppermost in his mind; and he is not demonstrative. He walks erect, and he looks you in the eye—a very pleasing quality when you have had to deal with the cringing inhabitants of Far Eastern countries. Though he offers no obstacle, yet the Malay holds in con-

tempt his compatriot who falls into the ways of the white man or becomes a convert to the white man's doctrines; the comparatively rare Malay policeman, for instance, becomes a thing apart to be treated with elaborate and chilling courtesy. He is a fatalist, and views imprisonment as a misfortune to be classed with the catching of fever; purely a matter of caprice, which, together with the jail where he may lodge with comparative comfort, he accepts with composure.

Nor is the Malay strong intellectually; they have practically no literature and are without apparent desire to acquire knowledge. Yet despite the insignificant part taken in the industrial development of the Peninsula, his speech is the lingua of the country—the Italian of the East. The nature of the Malay is poetical; to him the sun is *mata-hari*—eye of day; the brook is *anak sungei*—son of a river. Midnight is the noon of the night in his tongue; and when he wishes to tell you that he is sorrowful or angry, he says he is *sakit hati*—sick at heart. He likens a pretty young bride unto "a sarong not yet unfolded." And, as may be supposed, he is very superstitious with good and bad luck signs of many kinds, one of which proclaims it ill luck to start on a journey in the rain, because rain signifies tears, a superstition more honored in the breach than in the observance, how-

ever, for if rain prevented trips in the Malay Peninsula, there would not be much travelling. Another curious superstition I came across at the very edge of the jungle warns a talking visitor from leaning against the steps of a dwelling lest a funeral come to that house.

Of the Malay social life much of good could be said; it is enough here to say that there are no old maids in the Malay Peninsula and fewer public women proportionately than, I dare say, in any other country in the world. The Malay is allowed four wives, but he is too wise to take the limit simultaneously or to be on with the new before he is off with the old; and though he may divorce and replace without very much difficulty, the women also have privileges, which, in the better classes, means settlements, division of property and the children provided for by law. Families are small. The girls marry young, and marriage in the Peninsula apparently is a success, for little is heard of drunken husbands or mischief-making women. It is true that the Malay is sometimes a law unto himself, that when he wants a thing it is difficult for him, in the jungle, to recognize other tenets than the one that might makes right; yet he is amenable at the last. The present peaceful, prosperous and happy condition of the Malay Peninsula, which in 1873 was astir with rebellion, is

notable testimony to the eminent success of British rule. There are lessons here for American Congressmen if they but have sense to take them, that will serve us well in the Philippines.

My few days in the little kampong were interesting and peaceful. No mangy intrusive dogs sniffed at my heels, and nearby mothers kept soothing care of their babies. Room was made for me in one of the largest and newest appearing houses and every possible attention shown. Particularly the absence of curiosity on the part of my host and family and their consideration and respect for my solitary position impressed me. It was in striking contrast to experiences elsewhere, in my own country as well as in other foreign lands. They studiously avoided intruding and allowed no crowds of wide-eyed and open-mouthed stragglers to stand gaping at me or fingering my belongings. I was not, in other words, a subject of idle curiosity for either the residents or the native travellers that were passing by. I was not on exhibition, as I had often been when placed in similar positions in my wilderness wanderings. Really I was having a very comfortable time. During the day I explored nearby streams and wandered in the jungle trying to get a look at some of the birds; and at night I was always abundantly entertained by the delightful native music, which tuned up after the

MALAYAN DANCERS.

Some dances are full of graceful though monotonous movement; at times the performers paint their faces fantastically.

evening meal had been finished and the people gathered at an open shed-like building under some large trees.

Before I left the kampong there came a feast day with festivities lasting from late in the afternoon until near dawn of the following morning, and comprising almost continuous music—without, by the way, a single change in any of the musicians—and several dances in which both women and men performed, some of the latter having their faces made up grotesquely. One dance engaged three young girls, whose performance consisted of gracefully slow movements accompanied by the familiar Malayan posturing, in which arms and hands and shoulders figure prominently. They were quite as skilled as any I had ever seen, and in addition were more attractively costumed. They wore short little jackets of red and yellow silk falling just below the breasts, while fastened upon their sarongs at the waist were the old Malayan silver buckles of exquisite workmanship, now so rare. Some of the men and women among the spectators had jackets and scarfs, but mostly they wore simply the skirt-like sarong of the country, which on the men is held at the waist and on the women is carried up to the breast.

I had come unheralded into the settlement, passed from an English-speaking Kling gharry

driver to the Malay who on horse and by canoe had brought me finally to the kampong. In a general way the kampong knew what I wanted, but it was not easy to organize a party for the trip I wished to make toward the eastern coast, as the Malays care little for hunting and rarely go of their own volition, except where a tiger has perhaps become a menace to a settlement, in which case they set up a spring gun or wait for him at his drinking hole or set boys up the trees to drop spears on him. Yet this spirit of indifference is a question of distaste for vigorous bodily effort and not one of cowardice, for really the Malay regards life lightly, as his history proves. But he does not care for sport that requires hard work, though he is very fond of horse racing and occasionally organizes animal fights. He does a little fencing with that favorite and somewhat famous weapon of his, the kris, though it was always a crude art and rarely is seen nowadays. There was also another fencing game in which the tumbuk lada—the Malayan dagger, with narrow eight-inch blade and much decorated handle—plays a part; but neither showed much skill and the fencers' energy was spent chiefly in jumping about and in posturing. Nothing of this kind of play would be relied upon, I fancy, for serious work with either weapon. The Malay also does little canoe racing.

Yet where his heart is in it, he does not hesitate at any amount of physical exertion; the energy expended in the all-night dancing and playing during the few days I spent at the kampong would have lasted out an ordinary hunting trip.

I was lucky enough on my first day to fall in with a smart young Malay named Nagh Awang, who in addition to being very good looking, could also speak a few broken words of English, and within two days he had agreed to come with me as general factotum. It took time and patience and much sign talk for us to get on common ground, but when we had attained to a thorough understanding, Nagh was of great service, and after a few days I succeeded in getting together my party, which consisted of five Malays beside Nagh, a Chinese cook and two Tamils. None had guns but myself, but all had parangs—the long bladed jungle knife which every Malay carries. Three of my Malays were from Sumatra, and the Chinaman, who proved one of the most faithful of the lot before the long trip was at an end, was known by the rather mirth-provoking name of Bun Bin Sum. Nagh, though born on the Peninsula, was also of Sumatra, his people being, in fact, of the war-like Achinese, which in earlier years had raided the Peninsula; and after we became better acquainted he told me, with amusing gusto, that

his brother had been killed a few months before while in the sanguinary midst of a spectacular period of amok* which had extended over two days and resulted in the death of two men, three women and two children.

Nagh held to the Sumatran style of Malayan costume, wearing trousers with a sarong wound about his waist and a handkerchief bound about his head. He never went forth without a handsomely carved ivory handled tumbuk lada stuck in his sarong at the waist, and a Chinese oiled-paper red parasol, with which he protected his head from the sun. He was something of a swell in his own circle and quite one of the prominent young men of the kampong, if not of the district. He lived with his old and rather distinguished looking father, who was the Dâtoh—as the head man of the settlement is called—and indulged in the luxury of a personal servant—who, by the way, he took along on the trip, and who, also by the way, really became my servant as well, for Nagh did no work for me that he could pass over to his own servant.

* Amuck is a corruption of the Malay word amok, as is also rattan a corruption of the Malay word rotan. Amok is a species of temporary insanity, which takes form in a homicidal mania. The development and attack are sudden and simultaneous, the deranged at once assaults with whatever weapon may be in reach whoever is in sight, regardless of age or sex, friends or strangers, and keeps up the attack until overpowered.

It is somewhat indicative of the primitive needs and exigencies of the unattended traveller in an unknown land with whose speech he is not familiar, to reprint from my note book the stock of Malay words with which I set out from this kampong. These were: *jalan,* go on; *nanti dahula,* wait a little; *banyak chukup,* too much; *pulang,* get away; *berapa batu,* how far? *berhenti,* stop; *lekàs,* fast; *perlahan, perlahan,* slow; *ballé,* go back; *charrie,* look for. Association with Nagh improved both his English and my Malay.

My plan included going up the river a little distance to another small settlement—where we could secure packing baskets and two or three Sakais carriers, who knew the jungle trails—and then to work our way through the jungle across into Trengganu to one of the head-water branches of the Kelantan River. If we chanced on a worth while trail we intended to cross into the top of Pahang, and finally follow down the valley between the Kelantan and the mountains to the west, and so to the river's mouth on the east coast of the Peninsula, where dense forest, mostly uninhabited, and a sandy shore bordering the China Sea made it very different and easier going than on the muddy fore shore and tangled jungle of the west coast. Kelantan and Trengganu, together with Keda and Patani are the " unprotected " or native

States and form the upper part of the Malay Peninsula between lower Siam and the protected States. There were no roads for us to follow, and off the rivers no other way of penetrating the Malayan jungle, the densest on earth, than over the narrow footpaths used by the natives. And it must be a great saving of distance when the Malay takes to the jungle, for he much prefers to paddle.

We made pretty fair time along the rivers, but in the jungle we averaged not much more than two miles an hour. The footing was muddy and slippery, though the carriers had not more than about sixty pounds each in the long packing basket which, strapped on their backs, extended from above their heads quite to their hips. I took no tent, and our supplies consisted chiefly of rice and maize and roasted leaves of the coffee bush, from which a kind of tea is made that the Malayans use often in preference to the berry; and we lived on yams, maize, rice, and a very toothsome curry made from the tender shoots of the bamboo. The Malays also ate several kinds of roots and leaves which they gathered in the jungle; some of which I must say were really palatable. Now and then we had fish. In trying to get one trophy with good tusks, I shot several wild pigs, and you should have seen the eyes of Bun Bin Sum moisten in

anticipation of the feast he and I were to have—for of course my Islam party would have none of it, would not in fact stay in its presence. Anticipation really constituted the feast, however, for the pig was rather stringy and without the usual delicate porcine flavor. Bun relished the heads which he roasted and devoured amid gurgles of supreme content. Whenever we came to a settlement, as we did several times along the rivers, we stopped for sociability sake and to learn of rhino or seladang, or gather any information that might be serviceable. But we heard only of deer and pigs and the only things we saw while on the rivers that might be considered in the light of game were several crocodiles and a large water lizard. We heard no tales of villages raided or men carried off or knocked out of their canoes by crocodiles, and though they are dangerous and will carry off a small child or a dog if caught unawares, or will attack a woman on occasion, yet many of the stories told of this hideous amphibian are greatly overdrawn. I noted that the Malays were always cautious in approaching the densely covered edges of the stream, but they appeared to have no fear of sitting in their canoes or of their camp being invaded.

Making our way across the country we often came upon comparatively open stretches, where

wild flowers in reds and yellows grew in profusion. It seems more than a coincidence that, so far as my experience goes, very generally throughout the Far East the wild flowers run mostly to reds and yellows; that the brilliant bird plumage is chiefly yellows and reds and blues; and that in the colors of their sarongs, in their ornaments and in their wearing apparel, the natives affect almost exclusively blues and yellows and reds. It is a fitting harmony.

Very often we heard the little deer (*C. muntjac*), plentiful throughout the Far East, which when started barks much like a small dog and skulks along with hind quarters higher than its shoulders. I already had a head, so did not shoot on any of the many opportunities offered. But I did bring down a sambar, the common deer of all India and the Malay Peninsula, which measured three feet eight inches at the shoulders and had a nice head with six long points. Three times we found seladang tracks, and as many times followed them without success. And whenever we returned from a hunt, successful or otherwise, Nagh had a rather pleasing habit of placing a wild flower over one ear, the flower facing front, where he wore it until he sought his bed. He told me it was an old custom of Sumatra.

One day when we had halted at a small river

THE MALAYAN WOMAN OF THE COUNTRY.

Who wears the same skirt-like garment, called sarong, as the men, only she folds it above her breasts.

kampong Nagh brought into my presence an oldish Malay, who he said had marked down a rhino —'twas not specified whether its ears were tasselated or no—which, the old Malay assured me, I could certainly get if I would sit up on a platform near by a drinking hole where the rhino visited every night. I took no stock in the scheme, because, as hardly a day passed without rain, my hunter's, if not my common, sense told me that water must be too plentiful in the country to necessitate regular or even occasional visits to a water hole by a rhino or any other animal. Also I fancied Nagh perhaps wanted a holiday at the little settlement of a few houses where I had observed a couple of good-looking Malay girls. But as the plan offered a new experience in rhino hunting, and as I am always seeking to acquire experience —and knowledge—I went off with the old man some five miles into the jungle, where about twenty feet from a mud hole, which obviously was a rhino wallow and drinking pool in dry weather, we erected a bamboo structure with its platform eight feet above the ground.

I have put in more uncomfortable nights than that one; but not many. I had not brought a mosquito netting, of course, and without it the pests were almost unendurable. And they seemed to like the citronella oil with which I smeared every

inch of exposed skin in the delusion that it would drive them away. The night was as dark as pitch; I could not see the end of my rifle—could scarcely see my hand before my face. Had a herd of rhinos visited the hole I could only have shot at the noise. And there we sat, stiff and silent, with ears alert and eyes staring into the surrounding blackness until they ached. The only real excitement of the night came when the corner of my end of the platform gave way and dumped me on my back in the mud below somewhat to my amazement, and to the terror of the old man, whom I could hear in the darkness above muttering Malay, of which I only understood the anguished tone. Perhaps, really, he was cursing me; which was wasted effort, too, for I had left little undone in that direction myself.

No rhino came, of course; equally, of course, no sitting up on platforms should ever be done on a starless night. However, it was an experience, and an interesting one, for unless you have sat with awakened ears all night in the jungle you can never know of the myriads of creeping, crawling things the earth supports. Returning in the morning to the kampong I saw and killed a reddish snake, about the size of my finger and nearly four feet long, as it ran on the top of the coarse grass at a level with my shoulder. It is a rather

curious fact, by the way, that although there are nine varieties of poisonous and about twelve varieties of non-poisonous snakes in Malaya, I saw but two during months of hunting—the red one just mentioned and a python I killed in Sumatra, which measured over twelve feet in length. Snakes are abundant enough, only they get out of your way in the thick, dank jungle-cover; where the undergrowth is dry and less dense, as in some parts of India, the snake may not so readily escape unnoticed; and the danger of being struck is correspondingly greater, for the attack of a serpent is more frequently defensive than offensive. I should advise the wearing of heavy leather leggins in dry, snake-infested countries; and remember that always a snake strikes downwards, and therefore only a very large one, which would be seen, could land on you above the knee. If ever you are struck the force of the blow will surprise you; at least that was my sensation when for the first time a rattler hit me just above the ankle; it was like the sharp, quick blow of the hand.

In the hilly country encountered crossing into Trengganu we made even slower travel, on account of the mud and rain, but barring leeches and mosquitoes the nights were comfortable enough, for the camps we built of bamboo and attap leaves and palms were rain proof and comparatively dry.

Such are the sole materials of which most Malay houses are inexpensively and durably constructed. One kind of attap lasts only three or four years, but there is another good for ten, and a kind of palm is frequently used which has a stalk of two or three feet in height and a leaf from six to ten feet in length, and three to four feet wide at its broadest. All of it is to be had everywhere for the cutting. Often I have seen native huts made almost entirely of three or four of these leaves, and they are very largely used by the Sakais and the Semangs, who, living on the south and north of the Perak River, respectively, are all that remain of the aborigines of the Malay Peninsula. One tree in the jungle of unfailing interest to me had its but standing high above the ground, sometimes as much as six feet, more frequently half that, supported by its roots, which formed a kind of fantastic pedestal before touching the earth, where they stretched in all directions over and into the surrounding soil. It was as though a giant hand had pulled up the tree and stood it upon its roots; at times the roots near the tree base grew into great flat buttresses. A very doleful sound in this hill country was the monotonous cry of a bird, called, at Singapore, the night jar, which began at dusk and lasted almost without cessation until dawn, when the insect buzz opened. The

awakening of beetle and general insect life in the hill country of the tropics is a startling first experience. It begins with one particularly loose jointed, crackling beetle, followed by the creaking tree and the squeaking bush and ground insects until there arises a buzzing, and a humming, and a vibrant, confusing whole, not unlike the song of the looms and the shuttles of a cotton mill.

Yet this was altogether the most pleasing country I had seen in Malaya up to that time. Here and there the forest was comparatively free of the progress-checking thorn-covered bushes, and stretches of more or less open country accentuated the jungle edges, where one tree sent its umbrella-like top far above its surrounding neighbors. Always and everywhere was a rank growth of grass, called lalang, at its coarsest. And in such places animal and bird life abounded, comparatively speaking, of course, for nothing living really "abounds" in the Malayan jungle except leeches. There were no birds of especially brilliant plumage or a song note which impressed me; I did have the luck to see a white-winged jay and several opportunities of which I did not avail myself of again shooting the larger sambar deer; and scarcely a day passed that we did not hear the barking deer.

One noon after we had crossed the mountains and were skirting the jungle hills which make

through southern Trenggana toward Pahang, Nagh sighted three seladangs in the lalang of a little gully that ran into the hill range along which we were travelling, and brought the news half a mile back to where I sat among our camp paraphernalia mending a shirt, that had been torn almost completely off my back by an encounter with a thorn bush. Following Nagh's back track we came to where I could see the cattle in the lalang, but the grass was so high that it left only a few inches of the top shoulder of the one nearest me as a very indifferent target. There was no way of improving my position, however; in fact, I had the best one possible, and being happy to have any view of these animals whose trails I had so often followed without success, I placed two lead-pointed balls from my 50 calibre, the only rifle I had with me, as rapidly as I could fire—though the seladangs were off with the first shot and my second was at the scarcely visible shoulder going from me in the swaying grass.

I was not sure if I had wounded one, or, if so, whether it had gone with the others; so I took care to discover that none lurked in the lalang, for I knew its reputation and its trick, like that of the Cape (African) buffalo, of lying in wait for the hunter, and I had no thought of being added to the list of Malay sportsmen killed by a charging

and wounded seladang. Reconnoitring the grass, therefore, with caution and thoroughness, I found the tracks, where they led up the hillside into the jungle, and took up the single one which I assumed to be that of the bull's that I proposed to follow whether I had hit him or another. I moved forward cautiously, for the seladang is as uncertain as he is dangerous; sometimes he will go straight away from the man-scent or when wounded; again he will await the hunter within a mile of where he has winded him. When I had gained the hilltop where the tracks took me, I stopped and listened long and attentively; then following along the ridge on the seladang spoor, I thoroughly surveyed every piece of thick cover in front and at the sides, meanwhile taking up a position not far from a good-sized tree. For a couple of hours I followed up the tracks without hearing a sound, and then a barking deer, which jumped up within a few yards on my right, sent the rifle to shoulder in a hurry—but it came down as instantly as the yelp of a muntjac revealed the disturber.

Another hour and the tracks took down hill, over another and finally into a glade of lalang and cane and brush. Approaching the glade I made a painstaking stalk entirely around it. The seladang was within. I did not dare to follow straight up his tracks, because there were no trees in the

glade, and my rifle was too light to be depended on in case he charged, and I had no time or opportunity to pick my shot as one must in order, in these close quarters, to score on such formidable game with any weapon less than a double ten or eight bore. While I maintained my vigil at the lalang edge, I sent Nagh up a tree to locate, if possible, the quarry; but as he signed me a "no," I signalled him with my hands to remain up the tree to watch and listen. Then I completed another slow circle of the glade, at about the gait and much after the manner of a cat approaching a mouse. The seladang was still there. And by this time the afternoon was more than half spent. Then I heard a movement among the canes in the glade; it sounded to me about in the middle of the place, and Nagh's signal indorsed my thought; but it lasted only a few seconds. Evidently the beast had no immediate intention of coming out; and I was beginning to want that seladang very badly. So as a preliminary to venturing into the glade, I went up a tree to learn the direction of the wind, if there was any, and to discover what I could about the character and shape of the glade. I found almost no air, and that little blowing in my face; also I saw a thick clump of cane standing up around a small tree about fifty feet from my edge of the glade, which altogether did not appear to be over a couple

THE MALAY BAND.

The violin seen here ordinarily has no place in the native orchestra.

of hundred feet across. On the ground again I prepared for a stalk into the glade toward the cane clump, by stripping off cartridge belt, knife, field glasses, brandy flask, chocolate and quinine pouch —which together with compass, watch and water-tight match box, each attached to thongs, constitutes my usual and entire personal field equipment compactly arranged in leather accoutrements.

Then I removed my shoes; and with four cartridges in my rifle and as many more in my trouser pocket, began my stalk. I never made one so noiselessly; and I did not allow myself to think of my chances if the seladang broke towards me before I reached the cane clump. It seemed a fearful distance to that clump, but finally its outline was discernible; and soon I was behind it with head close to the mud—the better to see through the brush—looking for the seladang. He was about forty or fifty feet beyond in a somewhat thinnish part of the glade; at first I could only make out his bulk, but shortly I could see, fairly distinctly, him standing, facing obliquely, his head lowered, ears moving forward and back, his attitude that of the sullen, alert and determined fugitive. Obviously he had neither heard nor scented me. I could not shoot from behind the cane clump, so I crawled to the side, and then I looked long over the barrel to discover if any cane chanced in the

range to deflect my bullets. I did not quite know what was going to happen when I pulled trigger, but I intended to shoot as close as I knew how, and to keep on shooting. The shoulder shot was my best one, for his position rather protected the heart. I took the cartridges out of my pocket and placed them carefully at my side to have them within instant reach. With my first shot he jumped, which gave me opportunity to get one in behind the shoulder and to put in another in the same place before he disappeared in the glade and went smashing his way up the hill opposite.

As Nagh had no gun I directed him to go back to the noon camp and bring up the party, and then follow on my tracks, as I intended to go after the seladang and camp on its trail if I did not get it before. Nagh returned and I went on cautiously —even more so than before, because now there was blood spoor—up one hill and down another, sometimes around a hill, when I redoubled my caution, if possible, for a circling trail usually means rest or fight. Thus I went on, without again hearing the seladang, until it became too dark to track, when I camped. Nagh and my party did not turn up, so I made an attap and cane lean-to, a cane couch to raise me off the mud, ate some chocolate and turned in. Nor did any of the party put in appearance in the morning, but I heard a faint hail

and answered it, and then took up the seladang tracks, knowing Nagh would come up with me, for they could trail me as fast as I was going. It was well into the forenoon, however, before they caught up; they had been delayed by two of the carriers having dysentery, which necessitated stopping, repacking and final camping as night set in; they had shouted they said, but had probably been shut in between hills and did not know enough to get up on high ground.

It was not an hour after Nagh joined me on the wounded seladang tracks that, as I wormed my way through the jungle on the hillside, I suddenly discovered the beast standing stern on not more than sixty feet ahead of me. Working from tree to tree I had come finally almost ahead of him and little over thirty feet away, when on a sudden he seemed aware of my presence and direction and made a rush at me. My bullet struck just at the top of his high frontal bone, between the horns, tearing the skull without reaching the brain; but he swung off, giving me a near side-head shot; and this time I reached the brain. He was a good, though not a big, specimen, measuring five feet ten and one-half inches shoulder height. It had taken seven bullets to bring him down; one had pierced the lungs and two the shoulder blade, one went through the shoulder muscles, and one ranged

alongside the heart. And altogether fortune favored me, for no one has license to venture after seladang with a comparatively light weapon. The head made a burdensome trophy, so we cached it in a tree, a few days later, to send back for when we had reached the Kelantan.

Luck seemed to be coming my way with this, for three days after I had bagged the seladang we came into the country leading down to the Kelantan and upon rhino tracks, apparently very fresh, though in the mud and heat it was impossible to tell to an hour. We camped on these the first night and picked them up at daylight on the second day, determined to follow faster, as the rhino was trotting; always trotting, apparently.

I told Nagh to let the camp outfit follow on leisurely, but I wanted him and another to come with me, as I intended to move more rapidly in an endeavor to get near the rhino. So we kept at as fast a gait as we could under the circumstances, which was about twice the pace we had pursued at any other time on our journey. But the tracks appeared to grow no fresher, nor the rhino to slacken or increase its pace; always it trotted.

Early in the afternoon Nagh told me that we were not very far from the Kelantan and were moving in the direction of that river, and not an hour later, still on the rhino tracks, we came out

on the river bank itself. What was my dismay to see our rhino swimming the river, and nearly across. The top of its head, including its ear, showed, and I made the base of the latter my mark for three shots. Whether I scored or not I can not say, for the rhino was going almost straightaway—a little quartering—which gave me as good as no mark, for of course it was waste of lead to shoot into its big back. As the rhino got out on the bank it quartered a bit more as it trotted into the jungle, and before it disappeared I put two more 50-calibre hardened bullets behind the shoulder, ranging forward. But the rhino kept on trotting; and, for all my rain of lead did to stop him, he is trotting yet.

I did not note if his ears were fringed.

CHAPTER VII

IN THE SWAMPS

IT is full seventy miles from Tanjong Rambah to Tanjong Tor facing the Strait of Malacca, and every coastwise mile of it is mangrove swamp with the tide in and mud flat with the tide out. Long-necked, long-legged birds perch solemnly, grotesquely expectant, upon the scarcely submerged mangrove roots during high water, and range industriously for stranded fish and other smelling garbage things so generously exhibited at low water as to make profitable hunting for thousands upon thousands of winged scavengers. Behind this shimmering, bird-dotted mess, noisome banks of clinging mire run flatly away for one hundred yards or so until lost in the densely overgrown swamp of the jungle. Little creeks, little rivers, come winding out from the jungle through the swamps and the mud flats, making their way to the sea along shallow channels that are as one with the surroundings at high tide, but show bare and ugly when the tide is low. It is not a pleasing spectacle at best; but when the glistening, shivering muck stands revealed in all its nakedness, it is the most uninspiring bit of landscape eye ever rested

upon. Yet one creature finds this foul place congenial. Back from tidewater, along streams with low, closely covered mud banks, breeds the hideous crocodile in numbers perhaps not excelled elsewhere in the Far East. And in the sea-washed bottom between the haunts of the crocodile and the last mangroves, the Malay fisherman, knee deep, explores for mussels daily; and nightly as well, for it is in the "noon of the night," as the Malays poetically call midnight, when the tide is high and the moon is full, that he likes best to venture upon his coast waters. It is then, too, that as he paddles his canoe to the sea, he must keep a sharp lookout, for crocodiles lurk in dark turnings under the low banks.

Malay coast villages offer little architectural variation, but a divergence in human types such as may not be seen elsewhere on earth. Kuala Maur, where I disembarked, bears no especial distinction in this respect; but as I started from the town with Cheeta, my Tamil servant, on a ten-mile drive to Aboo Din, it seemed as if never outside of Singapore had I beheld so many nationalities in a single community. It was kaleidoscopic; it is the daily scene. Here lumbers a great, complaining two-wheeled cart drawn by sluggish-moving, humped-shouldered bullocks; there goes a narrow, high-bodied wagon pulled by a single water buffalo that

moons along, switching flies from its flanks and chewing its cud with equal unemotion. High on the cart seat, perhaps on the buffalo's back, rides the all but unclothed Kling driver; or perhaps a group of them lounge under wayside shade trees, smoking or dozing or gambling. A Tamil woman carrying erect her well-formed partially draped figure passes silently, gracefully, laden with the ornaments of her class. In the side of her nose is fixed a silver stud as large as a nickel five-cent piece, from which swings a two-inch loop bearing several small ornaments, while from the top of her ear hangs another ring, twice two inches in diameter, weighted with dangling pendants. On one ankle jangle a collection of large, hollow silver bangles, and on one toe is a silver ring. Straddling her hip at the side, and held there by the mother's arm, sits a babe wearing only a necklace of tiny stone beads. Amid much shouting and good-humored confusion among the wayfarers, here comes a Malay syce, now whipping his gharry pony, now lashing out at some unoffending passing Chinese coolie who, under load big enough for two, has perhaps staggered in the way. Ever and anon groups of half-breed Chinese-Malay women hurry by in all the colors of the rainbow, chattering, laughing, or stand before an open shop discussing in high key some bit of silk or jewelry with the Ar-

menian tradesman. Here are a party of Klings, half of them digging dirt which the other half gather in baskets that they carry twenty or thirty feet to a waiting cart. There is a jungle Malay, bearing a packing basket that reaches from the top of his head to below his waist line, who has come to town with cocoanuts to exchange at the Chinese shops for silver trinkets for his women kind, or maybe a sarong of finer weave than his home loom can make. Always the Chinese shops; and occasionally the travelling restaurant made up of one small box carrying charcoal fire, a second whose half dozen drawers contain the menu, and both borne on the Chinaman's shoulder, hanging from the ends of a bamboo pole. Dressed in European clothes, idly gossiping, lounges the Eurasian, son of a white father and an Asiatic mother, who, somewhat raised out of his mother's sphere, is rarely qualified by temperament or character to fit into that of his father, and thus, as a rule, languishes unhealthily,—a hybrid of discontented mind and vitiated blood.

Next to the Chinaman the most conspicuous element of the cosmopolitan gathering is the Indian chitty, or money-lender. He seems always to be thin and tall, his height accentuated by the caste costume of whitish gauze wound around his body and hanging somewhere between belt and knee line.

The standing of these men is nothing less than remarkable. Their word is literally as good as their bond. They borrow from banking institutions without security; and if they fail honestly the chitty caste make good to their creditors; if their affairs are irregular they are driven from the caste and disgraced for life.

It was while I was studying the chitties that I engaged Cheeta, altogether the most remarkable and the most useful servant I ever employed. Apparently there was no office, from body servant to dhobi (washerman), which he had not filled, and filled creditably, regardless of caste traditions and restrictions. He was really in disrepute among his own people for having professed Christianity; but this, he informed me, did not disturb him, as his dearest ambition was to save his earnings and finally become a money-lender himself. I had originally picked him up in front of the Chitty Temple on Tank Road, Singapore—there is a temple for every trade or caste in the town—which Cheeta haunted with a view to picking up jobs from visiting foreigners, and, no doubt, in the thought of fraternizing with the caste to which he aspired; though how Cheeta proposed breaking all the traditions of his people by going from one caste to another I can not say: the workings of the Oriental mind are much too intricate

CHEETA, MY FAITHFUL TAMIL, A SERVITOR OF ONE CASTE BUT MANY FIELDS OF USEFULNESS.

to be fathomed by the simple Occidental student. Whatever Cheeta's ambitions, however, they by no means unfavorably influenced the discharge of present duty, or loyalty to his master. Indeed, too faithful attention to my interests was the only complaint I had ever to lodge against him.

In the Far East servants are carried free on steamers, and for a very small fare on the railroad; so it is customary on a journey to take your own servants, who guard your luggage and serve you on shipboard or at the hotel. Now Oriental servants as a rule are notorious thieves, and in no way can one show his efficiency so well as by successfully guarding his master's belongings against the predatory assaults of fellow-servants, that sleep always with one eye open for loot. On the first trip Cheeta made he served me so signally as to put me in dread of arrest for harboring stolen property. We had disembarked at Kuala Selangor, and after the night camp was made Cheeta, with an obvious air of complacence, led me to where our belongings were stored, pointing pridefully to the ensemble. As an old campaigner, my kit is invariably reduced to a simple and practical working basis, without auxiliary pots or pans, or fancy culinary accessories. I was, therefore, somewhat surprised to view several strange, luxurious appearing camp things, not to mention a

small collection of common or garden paraphernalia, which considerably enlarged my equipment. My first thought considered accidental mixing of dunnage during the voyage, my next, that Cheeta had been making purchases; but there was a too self-satisfied air about Cheeta to be explained by aggrandizement of such conventional character. To my direct question, "Are they ours?" he replied "Yes," and then "No" to my further inquiries of "Did you buy them? were they given us?" Finally, nonplussed, I asked point blank where he did get them; and then he let me understand, in his subtle way, that he had outwitted the other master's servants, who had tried to steal from my kit all the way from Singapore.

The dressing down I gave him appeared absolutely incomprehensible to Cheeta, the only impression remaining with him being of my ingratitude in return for his ever alert efforts on my behalf. This was the beginning of a faithful service that kept me in almost constant terror lest he steal something and not tell me. He was the most inveterate and most successful thief I ever encountered, yet never stole from me; though continuously bringing me things he had stolen from other masters, under the very eyes of their servants, which he exhibited with unmistakable pride in his cleverness, calling my attention at the same

time to our own full equipment, from which none of the other servants had been or ever were shrewd enough to steal while he was on guard. Invariably he presented a most aggrieved picture when, after he had brought a stolen article to me, I threatened him with a whipping unless he told from whom he had stolen it, and set up a doleful wail always when I made him put it back. I never cured him, though I must say I punished him severely at times: he did not appear to care to keep the things he stole; his pleasure was in outwitting the other servants, and having done so could not resist showing me the evidence, even though it entailed a thrashing. But I never had so competent a servant, and it was with genuine regret I had eventually to leave him in a hospital ill of a fever he had contracted with me in the swamps, and from which he never recovered.

The road we travelled upon was an excellent one, as all roads in English Protected Malay are, and led us in three hours to a little fishing village where lived Aboo Din, to whom I had been recommended, and who extended to me the hospitality of his roof, much to my surprise; for the Malay is a Mohammedan, and a Mohammedan is not usually pleased to have a stranger within his gates. But the surprise was an agreeable one to me, for although the Malay presents the not always comforting anom-

aly of dirty houses and clean persons, yet the invitation offered an exceptional opportunity for nearby study of the native, and I rejoiced to have it.

Din was good-looking, short and stocky, well put together, with thick nose and lips, and straight black hair. He had been to Singapore a number of times, counted white men among his friends, spoke English fairly well, and was altogether an enlightened Malay. His ménage was a very simple yet a very interesting one, and though there were only four rooms I heard scarcely a sound, and never saw anyone but Din and two children—a son of seven or eight and a daughter of fifteen or sixteen. I question if there is a more attractive human thing on earth than a handsome Malay boy. And they remain so through their boyhood, or until their young manhood, at which time for a few lively years of pleasure-seeking they constitute the local *jeunesse dorée*. The Malay species of this engaging genus of adolescence is about the swiftest of which I know. The little girls are not so handsome as the boys; but Aboo's young miss was almost pretty with her lighter complexion, small hands and feet, and an ill-concealed ever-present wish, constantly suppressed, to laugh and be gay. Her eyes were those of her brother, only not so luminous, but the arch of her eyebrow was

patrician. I came to be good friends with these children before I left them; and they brought others until my group of little acquaintances grew to half a dozen; and never, I declare, have I met such lovable children, not even in South America.

The girl, by the way, was instrumental in letting me into the secrets of sarong-making; for one day she took me to an aged relative, who was weaving one of silk, with threads of gold and silver running through it, that was to be the child's gala garment at a festival soon coming. The old woman said it took a month to complete such a garment, and about twenty days to make the less elaborate ones. They are all woven of cotton or silk, or cotton and silk mixed, invariably a check of gay colors, and there is almost no house outside of the towns that has not its hand loom. Over the sarong the well-to-do women wear a looser garment, extending below the knees and not so low as the sarong, that is fastened at the front with an oval-shaped silver buckle four inches deep by six long. Although all of the same style—an oblong cloth from two to four feet in width and about six feet in length, sewn together at the ends like a bag with the bottom out—yet an ingenious twist at the waist, or other touch of the eternal feminine gives the sarong individual distinction.

Aboo Din seemed thoroughly to enjoy the frank

pleasure I took in his children and told me much of child life, of folklore, and of the many Malay superstitions. He was a good talker, as most Malays are, and in common with his countrymen loved to gossip; there was not much of the social history of that little settlement I did not hear before we set out for the swamps in the jungle. Being well-to-do he indulged himself in fads, two—cock-fighting and highly ornamented krises. Also he had some fine pieces—betel-nut boxes chiefly—of old Malay silver exquisitely carved, and now so hard to get. He organized several cock fights while I was with him, and although his collection was small it was not lacking in quality. He had also just bought a race pony, which he was training with a view to entering the holiday races at Singapore; for, next to his betel-nut and his women, the Malay dearly loves the speculative opportunities of a horse race.

But the up-country Malay of the old school cherishes most his kris, as the dagger with wavy or straight twelve-inch blade is called. There was a day, not so long gone, when the kris bore no value until baptism in human blood made it worthy to pass on to succeeding generations with its story enshrined in family tradition. To-day, with all Malay at peace, it has lost such significance, though remaining a much prized possession and heirloom,

according to its intrinsic value. It may have a wood or buffalo horn handle, plain, or carved in the fanciful designs of which Malay workmen are past masters; or the handle may be of ivory, of silver, or even of gold, chased and studded with jewels. Etiquette prescribes that the kris be worn at the left side, unobtrusively sheathed in the sarong, with the handle pointing in to the body; the turning out of the handle and the exposure of the kris indicates unfriendliness. Whatever the composition of its handle, however, the blade of the first-class kris is only of one and the best quality, fashioned of splendid Celebes iron, tempered ceremoniously and decorated punctiliously with water lines. These lines, which give the impression of inlaid silver, are the result of a process said to be secret; but Din told me they were made by leaving the blade, covered by a thin coating of wax, for several days in a mixture of sulphur and salt, and then cleaning it with arsenic and lime-juice. How near this is to the truth I know not; I give it only as Aboo Din gave it to me.

The sheath of the kris is frequently as elaborate as the handle, made of a native mottled wood that takes a very high polish, and is often additionally mounted in highly ornamented brass. Sometimes the sheath is also decorated with gold and silver trimmings. In the old days the famous maker of

blades attained to wide celebrity; now he is passing, almost passed indeed, and his art, like all the splendid native arts the world over, is being replaced by unpleasing, if practical, articles of civilization—civilization, destroyer of the picturesque and of the natural art instinct in the individual.

When Din learned that the real object of my coming into his country was to hunt wild pig, all his good humor vanished, for, to the Mohammedan, pig is an animal abhorrent. We had already made several successful deer hunts, for which purpose he kept an assortment of dogs and enjoyed quite a local reputation; but he would have nothing whatever to do with my proposed hunt for boar; he would not even hire me his dogs. At least such was his attitude at first, but after a day or so his natural good humor and the lessons of Singapore asserted themselves, and he showed a more receptive mind to my proposition. At just this psychological moment word came from a neighboring kampong of crocodiles terrorizing the people; and it was not very long before I had closed a bargain with Aboo Din that, if I would go with him into the swamps and help slaughter crocodiles for his people, he, in return, would organize my pig hunt. So with that mutual understanding we started off next morning with twenty men and a dozen dogs.

Curiously, the Malay is no hunter of the croco-

A MALAY VILLAGE.

The houses in a Malayan village are always upon the water, if possible, and invariably raised on piles above the ground from six to eight feet.

dile, and it is only when one has carried off a child or a dog, or takes up its abode too near a village for the comfort of the inhabitants, that he organizes to kill. 'Twas on such an occasion that I happened now. For six or seven miles we skirted the jungle, across the mangrove swamps and the mud flats, before we came to a small collection of houses elevated upon piles along the banks of a sluggish stream. Here we pitched camp.

Shooting crocodiles is no sport; you sit in the bow of a canoe, rifle at hand, while two men paddle silently forward until you sight a dark, olive green, loglike thing on the mud. The " thing " is not so inanimate as it looks. Perhaps you have momentary sight of a yellowish patch, the under side of its throat, as it moves off; and then you fire and paddle with all speed to where the creature was; *was,* I repeat, for nine times out of ten past tense is the proper one. You may see a few spots of blood to indicate you have scored, but rarely is a crocodile killed instantly, and otherwise it is not secured. No matter how severely wounded, it finds its way into the river to die and sink, or to fall prey to other crocodiles. Of about a dozen I wounded to the death, I secured only one, and that because I was able to approach within ten yards, and, with my lead-pointed ball mushrooming, drilled the disgusting reptile through and through.

The Malays had a more certain way of securing the quarry. Their means was a bamboo raft, two and a half feet square which carried an upright two-foot pole flying a small bit of rag. To the under side of the raft was attached about fifteen to twenty yards of stout line, ending in three feet of chain, a couple of feet of wire, and a stout barbed hook, to which was made fast a live fowl and a small section of hollow bamboo to counterbalance the weight of the chain and float the bait. Set adrift in the river, it was not long, as a rule, before a squawk and a splash announced the bait taken. Violent agitation of the raft followed upon the disappearance of the fowl; sometimes it momentarily disappeared from view as the hooked amphibian went ahead full steam, but always the little flag came bedraggled to the surface, and after a while remained stationary as the crocodile stayed his progress in an effort to disentangle himself from the bait. By this time the hook had taken firm hold, and it became simply a question of putting a boy on the bank or on a canoe to watch the flag on the raft. By and by at their leisure the Malays would haul the crocodile ashore and murder it. Aboo Din seemed an artist in this method of catching crocodile, and always two or three of his flags fluttered on the river. Except for the satisfaction of killing the dangerous things, I can

not say I enjoyed the game; there is no sport in shooting lead into something you do not get, and when you do get it the reptile is so repulsive as to destroy all the joy of its pursuit. Therefore I was well content when Aboo Din announced that crocodiles had been butchered in sufficient numbers to quiet the fears of the residents and he was ready to take me inland for wild pig.

Per contra, no sport in the world is more thoroughly enjoyable than boar-hunting, or pig-sticking as it is done in India; for this is the pluckiest brute on earth. No beast has more courage than he; in fact, an old wild boar knows no fear; not even of a tiger. The wild boar never loses his head—or his heart; such bravery I have never beheld in any four-footed creature. He has all the cunning commonly accredited to the devil, and in his rage is a demon that will charge anything of any size. I have seen a small boar work his way through a pack of dogs; and his smaller brother, the peccary, in Brazil, send a man up a tree and keep him there. The boar looks ungainly, but the Indian species is fleet as a horse for about three quarters of a mile. He begins with flight, shifts to cunning, and finally stands to the fight with magnificent valor, facing any odds. As, riding upon him, you are about to plant your spear, he will dart—" jink," as they call it in India—to one

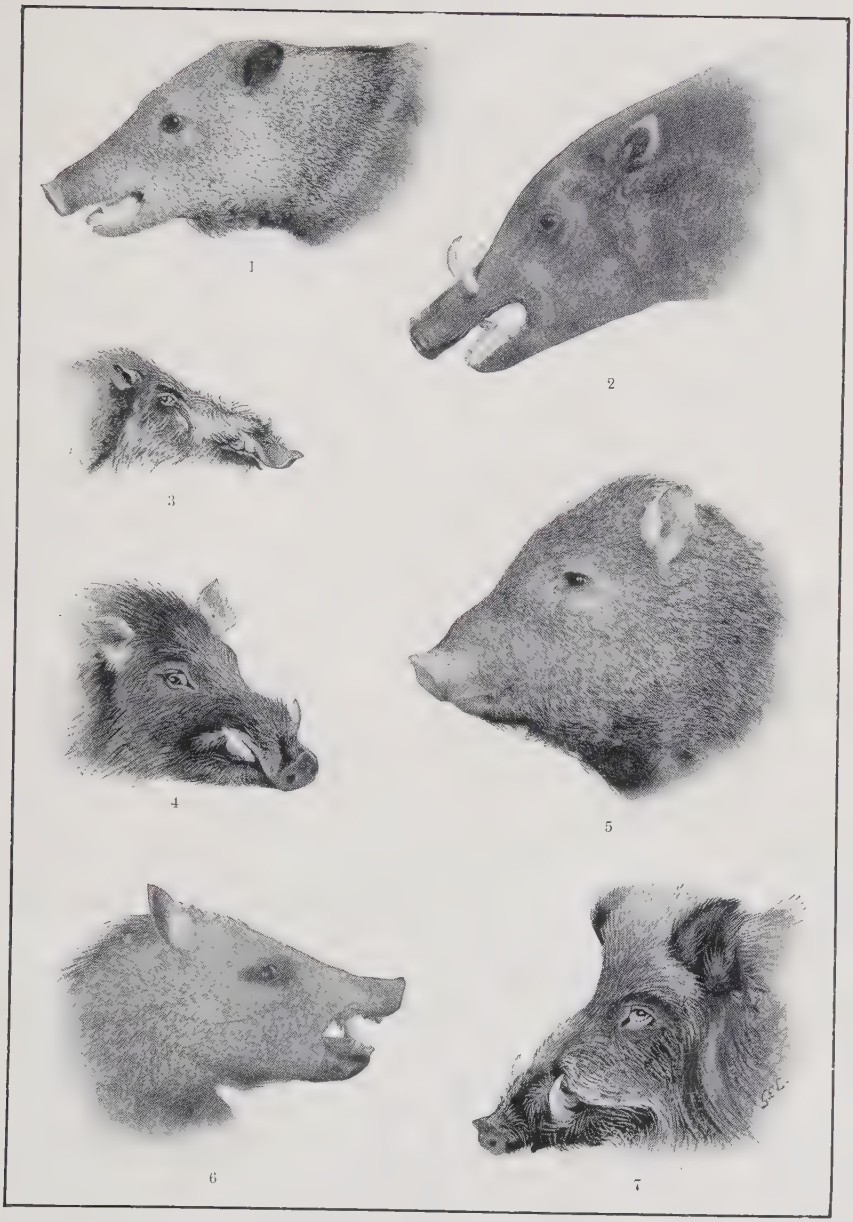
side, repeating the performance several times, until he finds he can not shake you, when, turning suddenly with ears cocked and eyes glittering, he will charge furiously. If not squarely met with a well aimed and firmly held spear, he will upset both horse and rider. Hurling himself again and again against the surrounding spears, he will keep up his charge until killed, when he dies without a groan. There is no animal like him; and truly is he entitled to the honors of the chase in Indian and in European countries where he abounds. The true home of the wild boar (*Sus cristatus* and *S. scrofa*) is India and Europe—France, Germany, Russia, Spain, Austria. Smaller and less formidable species of him are found in Hawaii, in the South Sea and in the East Indian Islands; and in South America, Mexico and Texas, where he is much smaller and known as the peccary. The average shoulder height of a good specimen of Indian boar is twenty-nine to thirty-two inches, the tusk length four to six inches, and the weight two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds; although in the Tent Club I heard of boars killed that had tipped the scales at six hundred—but that story came late in the evening. The other East Indian varieties, the babirusa excepted, will not average within one hundred pounds of the Indian, and the peccaries are even smaller, probably fifty

pounds lighter. Boar-hunting as sport attains to its highest excellence in India, where it is as bad form to shoot a boar as, in England, it is to shoot a fox; in fact it is the law of the land that none may be shot within forty miles of ridable ground. Elsewhere, because of unridable country, or from tradition, the boar is shot, and, having experience of both, I can say that boar-shooting is to pig-sticking as pot is to flight bird shooting. The peccaries differ little; the Mexican, called "javalinas," have the more pig-like head; the Texan are the smallest. Some sport is to be had chasing peccaries in Texas, where, in small herds, they keep ahead of the horses and dogs for a short exhilarating burst of a couple of hundred yards, when they tire and come to bay. But Texas peccary hunting is not more serious than good fun, although the pig is pugnacious and valiant. A strong fighting dog can alone kill a peccary; and there never was a dog which, single-handed, could live through a finish fight with an Indian boar. The Brazilian peccaries are the heaviest, travel in herds of considerable numbers, and have more endurance and more fighting blood.

Beating pigs up on foot to shoot them as they rush from one patch of jungle into another has its exciting moments, and its risks are of no trivial order if you are called on to sustain a charge. I

found this method in Brazil more sport than riding after them behind dogs in Mexico or in Texas, but it was much better still in Malay, where the pigs are larger and the cover dense and variously occupied. Indeed a fascinating feature of pig-hunting in Malay entirely peculiar to the Peninsula is the uncertainty of what kind of animal may burst from the jungle ahead of the beaters. It may be anything from a mouse deer to a tiger.

Pig-sticking would be impossible in Malay. Primeval forest of great, smooth tree trunks rise straight into the air fifty or sixty feet before sending out their canopy tops that scarcely permit sunlight to sift through. Far below grows a tangled mass of palms, ferns and small trees bound together by rattan, cane and climbing vines of such strength and profusion that the adventurer may advance only by frequent use of the knife. Water-soaked by the shoulder-high, dripping, coarse grass and torn by multitudinous thorn-armed bushes, he cuts his way slowly, even painfully. Needless to say such country is not ridable. Where agriculture has made its demand this jungle has been cleared, and tapioca, coffee, rice, pine-apples and every tropical thing flourishes in luxuriant abundance; and when, as happens, land has been abandoned, a secondary growth of shrubs and small trees, and high coarse grass, lalang, speedily



THE WILD BOAR AND HIS PUGNACIOUS COUSINS.

1. Texas Peccary.
2. Babarussa.
3. Wild pig of Borneo, *Sus barbatus*.
4. Indian pig, Malay, *Sus cristatus*.
5. Mexican Peccary.
6. Collared Peccary.
7. Wild boar, *Sus scrofa*.

covers all signs of attempted reclamation. On the edges of such country are favorite ranges for wild pig, which, after feeding at night, find here the thick scrub near soft ground, where they can wallow and lie up during the day. Thus in Malay hunting boar becomes a matter of beating them out of these thick jungle patches, and the native dogs, though serviceable after deer for which the Malays train them, lack the courage needed to dislodge a stubborn or pugnacious boar. English residents have experimented quite a bit in breeding for a good dog; but nothing very notable has evolved, and the most dependable one seems to be got by crossing a pariah (mongrel) bitch with an imported harrier.

As a collection of mongrels, the dogs Aboo Din got together for our pig hunt were unbeatable; as a pig pack they were untrained and fickle, though not useless—for running deer, however, they had quite a reputation.

For a greater part of four days' travel inland from the coast we moved through ankle-deep swamp and multitudes of sago and cocoanut palms, seeing now and then on higher, dryer ground the traveller, most beautiful of all the smaller palms. Insects were troublesome, not to mention the omnipresent leech, and the heat very oppressive, especially in the close-growing lalang; yet the sur-

roundings of the swamp land were different from any I had seen elsewhere on the Peninsula, and therefore extremely interesting. We were wringing wet most of the time, for nearly always, as we made way through the swamp to reach higher ground beyond, we walked through the densest of dripping jungle. Once and again we passed a deserted plantation, the last signs of agricultural activity fast disappearing under the engulfing jungle growth; and on the sixth day, at noon, we came to a large tapioca farm, where I lunched deliciously on the refreshing milk of a freshly gathered cocoanut and the roasted sweet-potato-like roots of the tapioca, with bananas and papayas plucked near by. Here was our pig-hunting ground and here we remained a week, averaging about two drives a day.

Although it was bunglingly done, I enjoyed no hunting experience in Malay more than this. We were always ready for our first drive about six o'clock in the morning. The beaters and the dogs, making a wide detour around a patch of jungle previously agreed upon, would enter it from the far side, while I took position on the opposite side in the open places where the pigs were likely to come out —though they did not always perform as expected, sometimes running around and around within the jungle patch, in defiance of both dogs and men.

The jungle patches were never of great size, so I could hear the beaters almost from their first shout on entering the cover. Such a racket and such a crew! for the beaters were as motley as the dogs. They included Chinamen, Klings, Tamils, Japanese, a few Malays, all of them naked except for a small breech-clout. Every man had a parang (jungle knife) swung at his waist; half of them had empty, five-gallon kerosene cans, with which Aboo Din had provided them on the coast. From the moment they entered the far side of the cover until they emerged on my side they hammered these cans incessantly, shouting and yelling and at the same time threshing the jungle on all sides with bamboo sticks. Such a confusion of shrieking man and crashing cans and yelping dogs I never heard. As they came closer the noise became an indescribable babel. There was never a day that did not result in pigs; they *had* to flee before that bedlam, though none had tusks longer than a couple of inches. It was a question of snap shooting as they popped out of one patch of jungle into another; and was, I must say, rather good fun, especially when the charge of two wounded ones rather stirred things up a bit.

But Aboo Din all the time maintained a dignified aloofness.

CHAPTER VIII

IN THE EYE OF DAY

The Lost Seladang of Noa Anak.

NOT in many places on the globe is early morning so entrancing as in up-country Malay. The coolish, faintly stirring air, the dark, fragrant forests, the rakishly topped cocoanut palm, and the gracefully disheveled bamboo silhouetted against a grayish sky, compose a picture of beauty and of inspiration as rare to the tropics as it is fleeting—for with sunup comes sultry heat, enervating everywhere, but on the plains intolerable. Always there is the eternal green of the hills and the shifting, moisture-laden clouds that pour daily benefaction upon the respondent, luxuriant growth below. And in all Malay nowhere are the mornings so attractive as in Jelebu town, with its natural setting choice as that of an Oriental gem. Jelebu district is jungle and primeval forest running up hill and down dale over to the higher ground, locally called "mountains," which divide the State of Negri Sembilan from Selangor. But Jelebu town is valleys of heavily laden, brilliantly colored, padi fields, and isolated hillocks,

thickly timbered to their very tops, that make the settlement a checker-board of mounts and vales, and blues and greens. On top one of these hills, its foundation hacked out of the enveloping jungle, was the bungalow of Walter Scott, overlooking the valleys and the little group of town houses, and the firm reddish road connecting Jelebu with the outside world. Scott was the British Resident, as the local governing official is called, at the time of my visit, and a fine specimen of that clear-eyed, upstanding, intelligent class of young men whose common sense and uncorrupted rule have been the upbuilding of British Malaya. It is worth a journey around the Peninsula, if only to see the type of young men whom England calls out to help her solve Malay problems; and to see the type is to understand why England's colonial government is so eminently successful. Scattered throughout the British protected States of the Peninsula, a few to each State, in residence widely separated, these young Englishmen stand for the best interests of their country and the fair treatment of the natives.

I had met Scott at Seramban, just at the foot of the hill from the range which runs north through the State, after a journey from the coast through coffee and tapioca plantations; and we joined forces for the gharry drive to Jelebu. The gharry is the travelling cart of Malay. It is a

nondescript, two-wheeled, uncomfortable kind of vehicle, with scarcely room enough for two, and a seat placed so low as to cramp one's legs most uncomfortably. The ponies are small but tough, and for the greater number are brought from Java, whence also comes the professional syce, as the driver is called; the best of these syces come from Boyan, an island off Java, where, curiously enough, there are no horses. In action the syce sits on the gharry floor with legs dangling over the shaft, from which point of vantage he maintains a constant drubbing of the pony. For the larger share of the day's hours the pony merits vigorous attention; for the rest he accepts the driver's devotion to strenuous duty with indifference. Like the cayuse that has become accustomed to the drumming heels of its Mexican rider, the Malay pony views the unflagging lash as a settled habit of his syce, to be humored or ignored according to the quality of the road. Yet it is surprising what loads these little beasts will drag and the miles they will cover in a day, because of their own sturdy legs and, to no inconsiderable extent, on account of the fine, hard, well kept, terra cotta colored road which winds through the jungle, up hill and down, connecting the chief settlements of the protected States of Malay. The roadways are not numerous, but their quality is unexcelled.

For two days Scott and I travelled over such a road, winding around hills, through vistas of tropical scenery soft and indescribably beautiful; along avenues of palms (most impressive being the travellers' palm with its eighteen inch wide blade); under the full power of the sun, whose blazing glory awoke to iridescence the multitude of varying green which reached to the horizon on every hand. We were travelling in the open eye of day, and the natural beauty of Malay, so often shrouded in rain, stood revealed to me as never before. It was a scene to enrapture the most blasé traveller. Only occasionally are the wonderful and ravishing mysteries of the jungle exposed by Nature's search light, and the human eye must be swift and retentive, for a glimpse of such tropical beauty is rare and evanescent.

Amid this tropical gorgeousness and with three relays of ponies, for the grade of the road was severe and our load heavy, we came in the night of the second day to Jelebu—typical of the smaller British residencies. Besides Scott, there were exactly two other white men within a day's journey of his bungalow, yet Jelebu had its club, and its bulletin board on which every day was posted the most important cable news of the world. Here at the very jungle's edge might one keep pace with the fluctuations of the stock market or learn the

most recent rumor concerning Russia's Indian ambitions.

Jelebu is the governmental centre for all that part of Negri Sembilan lying above north latitude 3° where it touches the States of Pahang and Selangor on the west. In common with all the Peninsular federated or protected States, it has a native sultan acting under the advice and suggestion of the British Resident, who, in Jelebu, is paid five hundred silver dollars a month; which is a good bit more than the Resident receives. What the Sultan is given by the government and what the Sultan saves for his own personal net income, however, are two different and widely separated amounts. The dependents of a Malay chieftain are many, and he must maintain himself and his household of women in liberal style as to retinue and entertainment; to do this in accordance with native tradition leaves the Sultan no over bountiful remainder of his seemingly large honorarium. Were his income, however, twice the really liberal fee now given him by the government for serving as figure head, the net result would be no greater; the Malay is no economist. The Resident is a kind of paternal chief justice, magistrate and legal adviser combined; he is well taken care of by his government, and thoroughly respected, sometimes even liked, by the natives. Ordinarily his official

life runs smoothly day by day along its monotonous course; for Malay is at peace and industrious. But as the durian ripens his days grow strenuous with throbbing life; the padi field is neglected, peace is broken, and the Resident becomes a peripatetic Lord High Chancellor, whose waking hours are filled with civil suits, and whose nights are made sleepless by the howlings of quarrelling men. For be it known that the durian is the wondrous fruit that brings great joy or the madness of conflict upon those that taste of its passion-stirring flavor. Had the original apple been a durian, Eve never would have saved a bite for Adam—and man been spared the time-honored and sneering accusation of laying the blame for his fall upon tempting woman.

My introduction to the durian was characteristic. It came early in the morning after my arrival at Jelebu. Strolling contentedly around Scott's hilltop, enjoying the view and the fragrance of foliage under the first sun rays, I was startled by hair raising shrieks as though the victim were being boiled in oil or undergoing torture equally agonizing. Hastening to the scene of commotion I came upon an enlivening fight that had been waged all over a padi field but, at the moment of my approach, was being finished at a corner fence, through which the vanquished com-

batant, uttering his blood-curdling yells, sought to escape the fury of blows that the other rained upon him with a club of male bamboo big enough and stout enough to fell a bullock. Pieces of durian scattered over the battle-ground told the cause of the fight; the clubbed had stolen the fruit from the clubbee and been caught, and, in the terms of local popular approval, been " reprimanded "—so thoroughly reprimanded, in fact, that he was carried home and did not emerge again from his house for several weeks. Meanwhile the victor who had come out of the affray pretty severely marked also, received the congratulations of his friends and an increased sale for his durians.

It was at the height of the durian season, when all animal kind in Malay, two-legged and four-legged, is animated by an insatiable lust for the fruit itself, and quick to fill with savage anger against whatever stands in the way of satisfying its appetite; for not the least remarkable quality of this remarkable fruit is the amatory effect it has upon those who consume it. All durian-eating Malays—man and beast—are aflame with erotic fire. The jungle resounds with the fighting of love-lorn brutes, and the towns awaken to courtship and indulgence.

The durian is about the size of a pineapple, with a similarly rough, outside covering armed with

half-inch spikes which are tough and sharp. It grows on trees fully sixty feet in height whose trunks are bare of limbs except at the very top, and when the fruit ripens it drops to the ground. So, as the season approaches, natives erect small huts under the tree or nearby, from which they watch for the falling fruit. Those who are fortunate enough to have such trees growing on their own land, practically live on the income derived from the sale of the durian, for in the Peninsular market it brings the highest price of any Eastern fruit. In the jungle edge, where these trees have no ownership, the race to build the first hut, and thus establish proprietary interest in the falling fruit, is equal in intensity to an Oklahoma land rush; and in the jungle the natives must compete also with the wild beasts that share man's fondness for this extraordinary fruit. Once, in the jungle, as I sat smoking, puzzling out some lost seladang tracks, a falling durian attracted my attention; the nearby trees seemed alive with monkeys racing to reach the ground first. One monkey, that had been left at the post, so to say, deliberately dove from the top of the tree where he sat, fully forty feet into the top of a smaller tree below, whence he swung to the ground; but, though he beat out the others the durian had disappeared. A small leopard-like creature had sneaked off the fruit,

and I was too much absorbed in watching the aerial flight of the monkey to get more than a glimpse of the thief. The troop of monkeys that instantly foregathered discussed the situation loudly and in very obvious anger.

In order to keep away the birds and the beasts which search out this intoxicating fruit, the natives, in the jungle near the durian trees, erect large wooden clappers and other noise-making instruments, which they operate by rope from their watch-houses, sometimes elevated on high poles. This rope is also a jungle product and amazingly strong and durable. Braided into varying sizes, from string to hawser, it is made of a black fibre which grows around the trunk of a certain kind of plentiful palm that blossoms once in a lifetime and then dies. I have seen this fibre rope serving as anchor cables on small Malayan coastwise steamers.

No world fruit is coveted so inordinately, or consumed with such greed as this durian; nor is there any to compare with its extraordinary flavor and odor. A small cartload of durians will announce themselves long before seen, and, in hand, its odor, at least to white nostrils, at first is peculiarly offensive. I have never heard or read an adequate description of either flavor or odor.

As in the case of the rattle of the rattlesnake, it is impossible to find fitting words for it.

Although the shell is very tough, yet the fruit opens easily from the stem to disclose its centre divided into orange-like sections or pods, each having several seeds about the size of a marble. Around these seeds is the fruit, a cream-colored, cream-like substance, of a flavor which simply baffles description. If the meat of a banana were squashed and mixed with an equal quantity of rich cream, a smaller quantity of chocolate, and enough garlic to stamp strongly the whole, the result would be, it seems to me, about the nearest approach to the consistency and combination of tastes afforded by the durian. At the same time its flavor is extremely delicate and rich, and its odor powerful. They say the durian is an acquired taste—certainly so for the European; but after overcoming your repugnance to the odor, which is so strong you can literally taste it, you become very fond of the fruit. I survived the odor long enough to eat a portion and tasted it for three days afterwards. Somehow I never tried another.

To me the attraction of Jelebu was not as a centre of durian activity, but its reported nearness to seladang and elephant, and particularly to the seladang, that most formidable member of the great *Bos* family. From the nearly extinct American

bison to the passing Chillingham wild cattle of Europe, on to the buffalo of India and of Africa, and the anoa of Celebes—smallest of buffaloes—the ox family ranges wide and populous. And of this very large family, certainly the Far Eastern members are the most interesting. The gaur, gayal and banting form a group showing common distinctive features of horns more or less flattened, tail reaching only a little below the hock, and a distinct ridge running from shoulders to the middle of the back, where it ends in a sharp drop. In mature males, the color of the short, fine hair is dark brown or blackish, but the young of both sexes, and the female banting of all ages, are reddish brown. The gaur is distinguished by the high arched frontal bone between the borns, which in the gayal is straight and flat; the banting is the smallest, its horns more rounded and the ridge on its back less developed. Of the three, of all Oriental wild cattle in fact, the gaur is the largest and by far the most formidable; is in fact one of the most formidable beasts of the earth which the hunter can stalk, and one that will on occasion supply all the excitement the most intrepid sportsman might desire. They stand higher than any other of the oxen family, and are of heavier bone, though the shoulder blade is small for an animal of such size—another disadvantage for the hunter. The

THE LARGE AND FORMIDABLE ORIENTAL WILD CATTLE FAMILY.

1. The Seladang, *Bos gaurus*.
2. The Anoa of Celebes, *Bos depressicornis*. Connecting link between the ox and the antelope. Height, 3 ft. 3 in.
3. The Yak, *Bos grunniens*. Tibet and Kashmir. 5 ft. 6 in. high.
4. Banting, *Bos sondaicus*. Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Burma. 5 ft. to 5 ft. 9 in.
5. Indian Buffalo, *Bos bubalus*. 5 ft. to 6 ft. at shoulder.
6. Small Buffalo peculiar to the island of Mindoro of the Philippine group, *Bos mindorensis*. Height at shoulder, 3 ft. 6 in.
7. African (Cape) Buffalo, *Bos caffer*. 4 ft. 10 to 5 ft. at shoulder.
8. Gayal, *Bos frontalis*. Burma, Assam. Smaller model of Gaur.
9. Chillingham Bull, half wild cattle of Europe.
10. Gaur, *Bos gaurus*, or Indian Bison, known in Malay as the Seladang. Miscalled Bison—Oriental wild cattle.
11. European Wild Cattle. Extinct aurochs.
12. The Congo Buffalo, *Bos pumilus*.

blade goes well up into the shoulder, its top being within about four inches of the highest point of the back ridge. Therefore a shot should be sent home just over the leg, a little forward rather than back, and within six to eight inches from the top of the shoulder ridge.

Called bison (incorrectly) in India, seladang in Malaya, siang in Burma, and gnudang in Siam, the gaur (*Bos gaurus*) is the largest and fiercest of all the wild cattle, with hoofs small in proportion to its height, and of deer-like, rather than ox-like, character. Its sense of smell is as acute as that of the elephant and its vision much keener. When you seek one of these cattle you need all your hunter's skill and your nerve; for, next to the elephant and bracketed with the Cape buffalo of Africa, I believe its natural temperament and the character of country in which it is found make the seladang in the Malay Peninsula the most formidable quarry on earth. In India, where the range of the gaur is the hilly, wooded districts, they are more apt to be found in herds of some size, and, because of the more open sections, less difficult of approach; less dangerous to the hunter than in the Malay Peninsula, where the jungle is the densest that grows, and almost invariably the quarry has the man at a disadvantage. In Malay it is snap shooting, where the game, on being

wounded, turns hunter, and, concealed, awaits the sportsman, who must approach with infinite caution, with senses always alert and hand ever ready, if he would stop or turn aside the vicious charge. You may never in this jungle survey the field of operations from some vantage point; but in the close growing tangle of vines, and canes, and thorn bushes, and heavy coarse weed or grass-like mass —through which you can never get even dim sight for over twenty yards and most of the time can scarcely see that many feet ahead—you must follow the tracks of the seladang you have wounded, never knowing at what instant the maddened beast may burst from the jungle practically right on top of you. One seladang I was fortunate enough finally to get, was only just the other side of a bamboo clump when he started his charge full at me. This is the dangerous and the unavoidable feature of hunting the beast in Malay. Luckily for the hunter, the seladang, if unsuccessful in its charge, passes on to await him at another point. Never have I heard of one turning instantly to a second charge after missing the hunter on the first rush. But, on the other hand, if the seladang charges home, it remains to gore its victim.

So it is, because of the temper of the seladang and of the kind of the country he roams, that in Malay the heavy rifle is the only safe one. Sela-

dang have been killed with comparative small bore weapons—I was fortunate enough to kill one with a 50 calibre—but it is also true that the late Captain Syres, one of the most experienced sportsmen among English residents of Malay, was killed by the charge of a seladang, after he and his companion had put six .577 balls into the beast. As he lay wounded to the death Captain Syres charged his companion never to go into the Malayan jungle for seladang with any weapon lighter than an 8 bore; and though perhaps that is erring on the safe side, certainly if error is to be made the safe side is the one which wisdom would choose. In a sense this is true of all shooting in the dense jungles of the Far East, which do not afford the more or less open stretches of India or the plains of Africa. Dangerous game is apt to come at you from such near points, and the kind of shooting demanded is so much of the snap work variety, that picking your shot, as a rule, is impossible. You must have a gun that will stop, or at least turn aside, the infuriated charging animal; and in the case of seladang it is your life or his. Therefore you must have smashing, sickening power in your cartridge, not merely penetration. And when you are tracking a wounded seladang, look well that you do not become entangled in the vines and the clinging growths of many descriptions that en-

compass your way. Keep your feet clear, ready for instant movement, and have always a tree in your path and in your eye, for lightning quick shelter in case there is not the time or the opportunity for a shot when the charge comes.

There is record of a seladang killed that stood six feet seven and a half inches at its shoulders; but the average would be from about five feet ten or eleven inches, to six feet. Of four I personally measured the tallest was five feet eleven inches, the smallest five feet eight inches; and the biggest head of which I found any record had horns with a twenty and three-quarter inch base circumference, with a spread of eighteen and three-quarter inches from tip to tip, and forty-three inches as the outside length of horn, and thirty-five and a half inches as the inside length from base to tip. Yet these are unusual and extreme measurements; and sixteen to eighteen inches is more nearly the average base circumference, with a corresponding fewer number of inches on the other measurements.

Before we set out from Jelebu for our hunt, we tried very hard to get Prang Doloh, who lived at the edge of the jungle, and was commonly reported to have, for a Malay, unusual hunting qualifications; but we were obliged to content ourselves with Noa Anak, another native of higher social degree but, as we discovered, less jungle craft.

None the less we set off with considerable enthusiasm, because reports of elephants which I did not want, and of seladang, which I did desire, were arriving plentifully. Every day one or more natives would come in to the official residence with a woful tale of padi destroyed by mischievous elephants; and Noa declared he knew where a small herd of seladang ranged which so often he had seen that now, he assured us, he could find them with his eyes shut for the " eminent Resident and his distinguished friend."

One wants the happy unreasoning confidence of childhood to thoroughly enjoy Malay.

When we set out to find Noa's seladang, our outfit of provisions was sent ahead in the picturesque Malay draught cart, with our party of eight under Noa leading the way, and Scott and I following in a comfortless gharry, which we dismissed at the jungle edge in favor of shank's mare.

As to nationalities, our party was something of a mixture, including Malays, Tamils and Chinamen; but as to quality it was, with a single exception, uniform and useless to an exasperating degree. Indeed it was notable in its very uselessness; to have got together seven men so bootless on a hunting expedition, was in itself an achievement worthy of record. The exception was Lum Yet, a Hokkien Chinaman, who had been engaged as cook, but

who in truth was a jack of all useful trades in camp, and a porter on the road, that trudged patiently and good naturedly under a heavy load whenever we moved camp, as we did frequently.

The only thing Lum and I clashed over was the simplicity of his cooking kit. I am myself something of a Spartan as to camp dunnage; my equipment is never luxurious, being always reduced to a strictly practical working basis; yet mine was an elaborate culinary outfit compared to that which served Lum. So far as ever I could see, it consisted of two pots and a fry pan. He would not use separate pots, making the coffee or a curry in the same one with equal facility, and I must honestly add without any apparent tainting of either dish; but I had to draw the line when I found him one day boiling a kind of a pudding concoction in one end of his loin cloth. And he was the most devout individual of any color I ever knew. There was never an undertaking for which he did not bespeak assistance from his gods; and we never made a camp that he did not raise a crude little altar, nearby in the jungle, as merit making. Lum Yet had a brother whose pig had been carried off by a tiger, and Lum never lost an opportunity, during the entire trip to supplicate the mysterious one of the jungle that his own pig, in a shanty near his brother's, might not suffer a similar fate. He

was always up pottering over his duties when Scott and I turned in at night; and I never opened my eyes in the morning that I did not see Lum already at work, seemingly just where he had been when I closed my eyes the night before. Many and many a morning I lay watching the swift dexterity, the economical use of every trifle, the infinite industry, the mysterious mannerisms and devout supplications.

How little the white man, especially the majority of those of us who go forth as missionaries to "convert the heathen," comprehend the Chinese character! To the student of Chinese institutions and the Chinese themselves, it seems outrageous presumption, for the truth is that the Chinese are without doubt the most religious people on the globe. Their religion is a very part of themselves, accepted without discussion from birth. The veriest pauper, from a worldly point of view, who lives on one of the hundreds of sampans floating before Canton, will deny himself in order that he may perform a particular religious duty. There are no people save the Mohammedans that so completely live up to the faith they profess. China has no divergent churches, no wrangling apostles; there is the one creed, of thousands of years' standing, to which all yield allegiance, and to which all pin a faith that continues unto death incontrovertible.

Now and again we hear of a " converted " China-man; but I never saw one that had really broken from the faith of his fathers who was not the less trustworthy. In a considerable experience with many kinds of natives in the wilderness of their own country, I have invariably found the ones farthest from " civilization " and the " convert-ing " influence of conflicting white man creeds, to be the most honorable and dependable. I mean this as no unkindly reflection upon the Christian faith or upon the zeal, often so ignorantly directed, of many good people.

Nao Anak's spirits underwent a decided change so soon as we had penetrated the edge and got into the real jungle. Up to this he had been blithe and gay—the strutting leader of the party and ob-viously glad of it; now he grew less talkative and appeared depressed. Neither Scott nor I gave him much thought; we presumed he was taking us to the place where so often he had seen the sela-dang, and meanwhile, I, at least, was greatly inter-ested in the country through which we were pass-ing. It was much more open jungle than any I had yet travelled, with many hills and small val-leys or swales in which grew big patches of very coarse lalang as high as our heads, and bearing blades an inch wide. Hence for the first days we were more in the open under the sun, " eye of

day "—as the Malays poetically call it—than had been usual in my previous hunting and, though it was oppressively hot, yet I enjoyed the chance of the closer observation it gave of bird and insect life. Neither, however, on more intimate acquaintance, proved a sufficient reward for the discomforts and heat. Bird life in the Peninsula is not brilliant as to plumage nor entertaining as to song; indeed, it is sombre and curiously silent. Flying insect life also is entirely without the wonderful colorings seen in some tropical countries—Brazil, for example—but it is plentiful, and though it fails to attract the eye at least it salutes the ear, even if not pleasingly. It is vibrant with noise; there is a continuous hum, somewhat lessened during the rain, but swelling into a roar when the sun bursts forth between shifting clouds. Monkeys almost rivalled the insects in number and variety, and one, the wa wa, or singing gibbon, common to most of the East Indies, made noise even more insistent, his wail of a cry reaching high and doleful above all other jungle sounds. About the only bird note of which I seem to have made record is the familiar one of our old friend the poot-poot bird, heard so often in Sumatra and particularly in Siam. But the most interesting sight in the bird line was a black jungle fowl with red markings, though just how marked I can not particu-

larize, for it was but a flash of a glimpse I had, and counted myself fortunate indeed for that much, as the jungle fowl are rarely seen.

By and by when we passed through the more open zone with its life, and had come into the dark and dank interior with only leeches visible, I began to take some account of Noa. There was no doubt of his depression, but to our inquiries concerning the seladang he always replied confidently that we were making towards them and would see "plenty in a few days." To be sure we did see tracks, not so fresh as to suggest quarry at the next rise, but sufficiently so to at least indicate their presence in the neighborhood. Thus we went on day by day, getting wetter and wetter if possible—for once wet in the jungle interior you stay so—but with no fresher signs of the game we sought. One noon we came unexpectedly upon a little open flat, comparatively dry, where we stopped with mutual congratulations on stumbling over a place to dry our clothes. Here during this process we sat nearby, unclothed amidst the torments of myriads of sand flies. We both remarked upon the unusual experience of sand flies in such an environment; but our remarks would scarcely do for publication. Malay holds many surprises for the wilderness hunter.

With an occasional camp from which to scour

THE PARTY WHICH NOA ANAK LED ASTRAY FOR SELADANG.

Lum Yet, the wise. Noa Anak. Scott.

the surrounding country for tracks, we headed for the mountains across the border in Selangor; climbing most of the time, coming every now and then to little flats of lalang, winding around high hills and across small streams, of which there were a number with excellent water. The jungle was thick, yet without the multiplicity of briars and thorned things I had found elsewhere in the Peninsula. We saw plenty of fresh deer and pig tracks, and one day, as we sat on the bank of a stream eating luncheon, a large sambar buck, carrying a fine head, came out at our very side, and, after looking us over an instant, plunged across stream directly in front of us. Our guns were stacked some feet away—but we did not want the deer; meat we carried and each of us had long before secured a head.

There were also elephant tracks; but thus far no seladang tracks fresher than the ones first seen, and even these were becoming fewer. As the country itself grew to interest me less I came to take closer note of Noa Anak, and it was not long before I became convinced that not only was he without knowledge of a seladang range, but he was entirely without bearings as to our own precise location—plainly lost, in other words. Scott doubted this at first, but finally agreed with me, and we then took Noa aside, so the others might

not know and his pride suffer humiliation, and had a heart-to-heart talk with him. He would not acknowledge himself lost, but he did confess that he seemed unable to find the range where he had "heard" of seladang in plenty; thus we learned out in the jungle that he had only heard of the seladang which so definitely and so often he had said in Jelebu that he had "seen."

It was a situation to which mere words would not do justice—days of tramping under the direction of a man who did not know where he was going. Only the purest accident would have brought us to seladang, and such accidents do not often happen. Travelling by the sun, to see which we had at times to climb a tall tree standing above the jungle growth, we turned our steps towards Jelebu—always keeping an eye out for the quarry we sought, but losing no time in reaching a place where our conscience would permit us to point Noa for his home.

We had scarcely a hope now of seeing seladang—and we were not disappointed, for very soon we ran out even of their tracks. Diligent searching brought us no results, and we had finally to return to Scott's bungalow after a fruitless, but interesting, search for Noa's lost seladang.

CHAPTER IX

JIN ABU FINDS AN ELEPHANT

AS the crow flies, it is about two hundred and fifty miles from the mouth of the Siak River, on the east coast of Sumatra, to the low mountain range which runs along the extreme western shore from northwest to southeast. But in Sumatra you do not journey as the crow flies. Until you reach the foothills trans-inland travel is impossible; therefore you follow the rivers, of which there are many, and tortuous. By the time I got to the higher ground where I hunted, I had gone over four hundred miles, and just about boxed the compass *en route.*

Inland fifty miles on the river of the same name is Siak, metropolis of the middle east coast and military headquarters of the Dutch, in whose hands rests the future of this potentially rich, though untravelled and undeveloped East India island. Officially, Siak for one mile covers both banks of the river, but literally there are no more residents than could find easy elbow room in a few acres. Politically, the left bank is Holland, the right Sumatra. On one side are the house of

the Dutch Governor, or Controller, the jail, the barracks for the Dutch local army, which consist largely of native soldiers, and the quarters of the Dutch officers; on the opposite side are the Sultan, the native host, and a few Chinese shops.

Here I disembarked from the *Hong Wan,* a Chinese tramp steamer of low speed and high stench, to be greeted, in bare feet and sarong, by the Controller, who was most hospitable and accommodating. He insisted on taking me to his own house, where his pleasant-faced, good-humored wife made the most toothsome curry I have ever tasted, and promised that on the day following I should be presented to the Sultan, of whom, he assured me, it was necessary to get permission for my visit to the interior. The day of my audience fell also upon the one chosen to celebrate the opening of the palace which the Dutch Government had recently completed for him, and was made the occasion of a public reception and much hilarity through the insinuating influence of a Dutch cordial called "pint"—whatever that may be. The Controller and his staff came in full uniform, but the Sultan received us in the European clothes he always affects on gala occasions, supported by his full standing army (of twenty, officers and men), and a semicircle of brass-tray-bearing natives among whom were distributed the

royal betel-nut box, spittoon, cigarettes, tumbuk lada,* kris and spear. The Sultan was a rotund, pop-eyed little man of about thirty-five, with a mania for bestowing royal favors or orders and a penchant for hanging brass chains upon his waistcoat, and binding diamond-studded decorations about his instep. At his feet, on the floor, sat two coffee-colored sons of eight and ten years —one of whom must have been by a favorite wife, for he was dazzling in purple velvet trimmed with gold braid; and each lad wore bracelets and anklets and was loaded with brass chains and covered by shining medals, which, for the most part suggested dismembered tin cups, teapots, and soda-water bottle stoppers. The photographs I made of the Sultan in all his glory, together with other exposure and hunting trophies, were subsequently lost on one of the several occasions my skilled watermen upset our canoes in descending the up-country rivers.

I was detained in an antechamber while this imposing spectacle arranged itself in the audience hall for my particular amazement; and if I was not amazed—at least I was amused. His August Majesty received me most graciously, as befitted a potentate of his quality; and after offering me a very bad cigarette, generously granted permission

* Small kris, corresponding to dagger.

for me to hunt the interior country, which he influenced not at all, and of which he knew nothing, provided I presented him one tusk of every elephant I shot. Sovereignty over the interior, where none venture, not even the Dutch, is a little pleasantry with which the Controller tickles the *amour propre* of the Sultan and that of the commanding general of his standing army. But the Dutch pay well for their little joke; they give the Sultan $16,000 (silver) a month, which enables his Royal Highness periodically to enrich Singapore shopkeepers; and to hang more brass chains on his waistcoats than he ever dreamed could be found in all the world—before the Dutch came to Siak.

A bundle of red tape enveloped my preparations for the trip. The Dutch do not hunt; no other white man had visited that section; and the natives have neither liking nor skill for the game. So there was a great how-to-do before I got away. First, the pow-wow with the Sultan; then, at his instigation, consultations with many old natives, who had never strayed from the waterway thoroughfares; and finally a formal dinner given by the Controller, that his staff *en masse* might give me the benefit of their advice, which, considering that the most daring among them had never gone fifty miles from the fort towards the interior, was

of course very valuable. The Controller meant well and during my stay treated me with the utmost kindness and consideration—for which he shall always hold a warm spot in my heart—but the sum and substance of the rare information which this two weeks of dining and "pinting" and pow-wowing developed, was that, at the foot of the range over towards the eastern coast, elephants were said to be plentiful, and if I "just followed the rivers" branch by branch in that direction, etc., etc., "until I could get no farther," I should be well on towards the elephant country; simple directions surely.

And so we set out.

My outfit, gathered after days of persuasion and hours of consultation with the Sultan, consisted of a sampan, a beamy type of rowboat common to the Asiatic coast from Yokohama to Calcutta, a six-paddle dug-out, two Chinamen, and four Malays. I had no interpreter—not even the Sultan could lay hands upon one. The provisions (rice, coffee, flour, salt and fish) and the Chinamen were in the sampan; and the four Malays and I were in the dug-out. When it was impossible to camp on the river banks, as most usually it was, four of us slept in the sampan, the other three in the dug-out; and when it rained, as it did for a great share of the time, I rigged a palm-leaf covering over the

sampan and there spent my days as well as my nights.

The Chinamen were of just the ordinary patient, stolid, plodding John type; but the Malays, so I was given to understand, were distinguished gentlemen, chosen by the Sultan, he informed me, as fitted to serve so "distinguished a traveller-hunter." His Majesty possessed the true Oriental tongue. Certainly the Malays looked the part, for they came to me on the morning of departure each attended by a bearer carrying the paraphernalia which goes with betel-nut chewing. Every man of them had at least one kris stuck inside of his sarong at the waist, two in addition had tumbuk ladas, and one carried a spear which bore an elaborately chased six-inch broad silver band bound around the business end of the four-foot shaft. I had no objection to the armory, but drew the line on the servitors; so after an argument which involved us all morning, and dragged the Sultan from across the river, and the Controller from his noon nap—we headed up river with the betel-nut bearers of my high-born servants standing on the bank.

For two weeks, always up stream, we worked our way from river to river, each precisely like the other in its garnet-colored water and palm-studded sides; each narrower and of swifter cur-

rent than the preceding one. The water we boiled, of course, so that it lost some of its blackness, though very little of its unpleasant odor and taste. The stronger current reduced our rate of progress from four to three miles an hour—but we kept at it from sunrise to sunset, much to the disgust of my aristocratic company, and so made good day's travelling of it. At Pakam, where we left the Siak, the river was fully a quarter of a mile in width, but the stream we turned into narrowed to one hundred feet within a few miles, and to seventy-five feet after a couple of days; the next river was not half that width at its mouth, and much less where we abandoned it for another. These rivers were all really wider than they seemed; a species of palm growing a stalk two inches in diameter, and lifting its broad unserrated leaves six to ten feet above the water, flanked the river sides in dense growth and extended from ten to twenty feet in impenetrable array out from the banks. If you wished to get to the river bank you cut your way to it, but being at the bank, you found no footing, for the ground reached back, with creepers and vines and trees and gigantic bushes, coming together in one tangled swamp land. Several times where I found footing I made difficult excursions to the back country. Once I saw and heard the barking deer so common to all this East

Indian land; and again I saw a tiny and perfectly formed miniature of a deer, standing not over twelve to fourteen inches high at the shoulder; the smallest of all the known deer species. Twice I saw and once killed what they call a fish tiger, which is of a grayish brown with black stripes, rather good-looking, and about the size of a small leopard; once too I shot but did not get a villainous-looking crocodile; and on the day following I shot and did get a thirteen-foot python which unblinkingly, and stupidly, it seemed, stared at me from a low limb on which its head and about three feet of body rested. I also at the same time got the shivers with thought of the cold, ugly-looking, baneful thing's caress, had I missed the shot—for in that wilderness of undergrowth, running away was all but impossible.

But for the most part I did not leave the boats—could not in fact—and the only human beings we saw were an occasional glimpse of a native in a dug-out, swiftly, silently stealing out from the lane he had hewn into the palms to reach a fish trap or perhaps some bit of high ground back from the river, where he gathered rattan to sell to the Chinese traders. Usually at every junction of rivers we found a little settlement of three or four houses, either floating at the water's edge or set full six feet high above the ground on stakes driven deep into the mud bank.

The natives we encountered along the rivers were not friendly; nor were they unfriendly to the state of being offensive: they were simply indifferent and left us severely alone; churlish is the more apt adjective, and it so affected my Malays that they grew morose and paddled with little spirit and not much more strength, until by cigarettes and a judiciously small libation of that insinuating "pint" I lifted them above their uncongenial surroundings. So it was, day after day, I kept heart in them by bribery and amusement; one day my camera afforded entertainment; another, my rifles and cartridges served; again my shoes, or my notebook and pencils; my pigskin case of toilet articles was a veritable wonder-box, and served unfailingly when the situation was unusually vexatious. The only members of my company who really found life satisfying were the two Chinamen; they took turns in smoking, and in rowing the sampan; and when we stopped for any cause or for any period however brief, they curled up in the stern and slept peacefully, unconcernedly, while Malay aristocracy jabbered and gesticulated and tottered upon its foundation over failure to trade rice for the rotted fish which scented the air whenever we halted at a settlement.

Always, as we worked our way up stream, monkeys and birds of several varieties were to be seen

and heard; and innumerable butterflies fluttered around the boats when we stopped near the banks. But it was not a cheerful chorus; even the butterflies were sombrely painted. Ever there came to our ears the ascending and descending cry of the monkey, which our scientific friends call the "singing gibbon," but which in its home is known as the wa wa. When this quaint-faced, long-armed creature ceased its plaintive wail, there came always at dusk a single mournful bird note, repeated continually from deep in the jungle, where you felt you must seek it out to stop its madding monotone. Even the hoarse croaking of the herons was a relief. Frequently by day the poot-poot bird, with its chestnut body, wings and tail, and black head and neck, gave voice to joy of being, and now and again I heard the bird of two notes, a high and a low one, which so often I had met while hunting in Siam, and which is commonly credited with warning the jungle Free People of man's approach.

And thus we went along.

One afternoon, as in the gathering dusk I tried to shoot, for examination, one of the great fruit-bats* passing overhead in swiftly moving flocks, we came to the tiny branch river we had been seek-

* *Pteropus medius;* locally called flying fox and common to the East Indies. The adult's body is about twelve inches long.

PACKING THROUGH THE SUMATRAN JUNGLE.

ing these two days; and about one hundred yards from its mouth found quite a little fleet of canoes tied up in front of several houses and a dozen or more natives with spears and krises in hand gathered on the bank in an obvious "state of mind." Paddling toward them, it really looked as if we had a fight on our hands; and I must say I did not much care, for, if the truth be told, I was exasperated by the surly reception we had received all along from the river natives, whom I found the most uncivil of any I ever encountered in any frontier section. We slowed, but kept moving toward the land, and while yet in midstream my Malays sent out a hail to which those on the bank responded; and forthwith followed much and animated conversation between them, which seemed to please my Malays increasingly as it continued. I could not understand what information my Malays imparted to the natives, but I seemed to be the object of increasing curiosity, and, when I went ashore, of marked attention. My guns appeared to create great wonder, and I gathered from my Malays' sign talk that it was the shooting which had caused so much alarm in the settlement, and that the natives wished to see the rifle work. So I brought down a flying fox from out of a nearby tree, and then shot it dead as it lay on the ground with a .38 pocket revolver which I took the

precaution to always carry on my East Indian hunting trips.

The amazement of that community, particularly over the revolver, and the discussion around the dead bat, lasted late into the night; and the more they talked and smoked, the more firmly established became the reputation of the white hunter in that simple community. They cleared out an end in one of the houses, to which I was escorted; and here they brought me fruit and sago; and fish that once upon a time, long past, had been fresh. Evidently I had made a hit, for some reason or other. But I was not to be taken off my guard by blandishments, so I kept my guns in sight and my revolver in my belt; and I did not sleep in the house as my hosts insisted, because I remembered the pleasingly quiet and effective method Malays have of putting out of the way those whom they cease to love. At such a time, in the still of night, they visit the abode of the erstwhile beloved, and, standing beneath his open rattan floor, they prod inquiringly—and strenuously—upward (after the manner of testing a roasting fowl), until the warm blood-trickle down the spear shaft signals that their dear enemy has been found—and stuck.

I had no apprehension of trouble—my attitude was simply the cautious one I always take when

among unknown and not dependably friendly people of untravelled countries. If I am to make mistakes, I much prefer them to be on the side of safety; and then, too, I do not believe in putting temptation in another's way. So I had my belongings in sight, and slept where there was but one avenue of approach, for I never lost sight of the pretty box I should be in if my disgruntled followers together with some of the settlement natives found it easy to desert me and carry off my guns.

But though I would not sleep in the house of my host, I spent the evening under his roof with much interest in the entertainment he offered me, and some amusement at the airs given themselves by my Malays, whose hearts I now made joyous by handing over to them all the "too, too old" fish, and much of the fruit. While I smoked the villainous cigarettes my host offered me, and which out of respect to his feelings I did not refuse, the room filled with gaping natives—men and women. They came silently, squatting instantly and staring intently, the while chewing betel-nut industriously. By and by, as the evening wore on and curiosity wore off, some not unpleasant, weird chant-like singing arose outside, accompanied by drums (two feet long by eight inches in diameter) played upon with the fingers. Now and again there came the long-sounding, not un-

musical boom of the village drum—a hollowed tree trunk, vigorously pounded by an aged person whose office was considered an honored one. Later there came metal gongs and liquid-noted wooden affairs, patterned somewhat after the xylophone. Here, as elsewhere, I always found Malayan music soft, carrying to my ear melodious tones rather than any tune, and always pleasing.

The house of my host, which may answer as a type, was built square of bamboo, raised about eight feet above the ground, and reached by a ladder, pulled up at night. The floor of the single room was made of rattan strung from side to side, leaving open spaces, through which domestic refuse was thrown, and housekeeping thus made easy. In one corner sat a woman making baskets, of which in a few simple patterns they are industrious weavers; in another corner was a kind of box upon which the cooking was done in a brass pot of simple yet most artistic form. Around the room hung the crude, few belongings of the family, with completed baskets and the everlasting and ever-smelling fish swinging from the rafters overhead. In appearance the Sumatra Malays differ but very little from those of the Malay Peninsula; what difference there is, is in their favor. Some of them affect a trouser sarong of pronounced peg-top variety, and others wear rimless hats that ad-

vertise religious pilgrimages, but for the greater part the natives of mainland and island are similar in habit, dress and looks. The food of the Sumatra Malay is rice, half or fully rotted fish, and tapioca, which with gutta percha and rattan constitute the native industries and articles of export—though the business of it is practically in the hands of the Chinese traders. As habitual among uncivilized people, the women do all the work. The men fish, using traps almost entirely, and hunt small game with strategy and desultoriness; chiefly they smoke cigarettes of native tobacco rolled in leaf. The men also chew tobacco and have the unprepossessing habit of pushing the large cud under their upper lip, where it hangs partially exposed as they talk. Both sexes of all ages chew the betel-nut and a few blacken their teeth, although the custom is not prevalent as in Siam, where black teeth are the rule, not to say the fashion. Another trait these peoples share in common is their lack of hospitality to the wayfaring stranger; time and again in both Siam and Sumatra I rested at a native's house without being offered even fruit, of which there was abundance—an experience differing from any had with uncivilized tribes among which I have elsewhere travelled, especially the American Indians, who have always divided their last shred of meat with me.

There were, however, two features of Sumatran life which more than made amends for other shortcomings—(1) absence of vermin on the human kind; and (2) scarcity of dogs at the settlements; and it is difficult to decide which brought the traveller the greater relief. The Sumatrans are rather modest, for Malays, and in some respects well mannered; for example, I observed that my men in nearing a house invariably gave a loud and repeated *ahem* as a signal of some one approaching.

We had now come to the little river having its source in the higher country we sought, and which, though less than ten feet separated the up-standing palms guarding its two banks, was fairly deep as is characteristic of these Sumatran streams. Even had it been wide enough, the current was so strong as to make it impracticable to take on our sampan farther, so here, with its philosophic Chinese crew, we left it; while the four Malays and I and the outfit loaded into the dug-out, which, under the added weight, set so low as to leave only a couple inches of freeboard.

They told us it was about forty miles to the head waters, but our five paddles plied a full ten hours each day of two, and must have sent the easy moving canoe through the water four miles the hour for every one of the twenty, despite the current. Gradually, as we advanced, the palms in the river

grew thinner until they finally disappeared, and the banks, now more or less defined, and heavily laden with undergrowth, drew nearer us. Eventually there seemed to be little or no current as we made our way silently, and swiftly now, through a dense, narrow lane, stretching crooked and dark before us, with arching jungle overhead. Where the lane opened out a bit and the stream's banks grew higher, we came finally to its source; and here we cached the dug-out and distributed its contents among us; for from now we were to be our own pack animals, none but two-legged ones being known to this section.

We had understood from the people at the mouth of this little river that a day's travel from its head waters would bring us to the house of a Malay who was quite a tapioca farmer and to whom, in passing, came frequently other natives from the mountain side of Sumatra. It really proved to be a two and a half days' tramp, but the tiller of the soil was so much more good-natured than those we had been meeting, and gave me such an idea of elephants galore, that it seemed like "getting money from home." While we camped on his place for a half day, journeying natives also told of elephants towards the mountains. So I grew to feel that elephants were to be had for the mere going after them at any hour of the day, and found

myself calculating how I could get all the ivory into that already over-weighted canoe. I had been told at Siak that the interior natives were unfriendly to the coast natives as well as to foreigners, but I never saw evidence of it. True, my Malays and those they met did not fall upon one another's necks, but they were civil to each other; while I personally found the interior natives more approachable and decidedly better mannered than those of the rivers. They did not strew my path with roses, nor put themselves to any especial pains to aid my search for elephant; on the other hand, they added no obstacles to those already gathered. They had not before seen a white man, but they did not stand staring at me for all time; they had lost no elephants, but were willing to enter my employ if I made it worth while—as I did, you may be sure; as I had to, in order to get packers.

Notwithstanding the reports—and reports are one thing and game quite another, in the Far East—as elsewhere—we searched the jungle four days, with the brother of the tapioca farmer as guide, for elephant signs, and found none sufficiently fresh to give encouragement. Except for being not quite so wet, the jungle here is something like that of the Malay Peninsula. In the interior and densest jungles of the Peninsula nearly every tree

is a trunk with limbs and foliage at the top only, while in Sumatra one finds more trees in the jungle with limbs below the very top, though that of the Peninsula is the prevailing type. One rather peculiar jungle freak I observed in Sumatra was a tree supporting midway down its trunk a great clump of earth from which were growing small ferns and palms—a kind of aerial swinging garden. Every tree trunk is loaded, sometimes literally hidden, with creepers and vines, cane and rattan, hanging in great and manifold festoons from tree to tree, so that the entire forest is linked together. There is much less bamboo than in Siam. Under foot is a network of smaller cane, rattan and every kind of tough bush, springing from earth covered with decaying vegetation and sending out its dank fever-making odor; underlying this, a muck into which I often sank to my knees.

Finally, however, there came a day toward the end of a week's travel when we fell on fresh tracks and for six hours followed them into the densest jungle yet encountered. Through a forest of huge fern-like undergrowth, standing fully eight feet high and so thick as to be impenetrable to the eye, we squirmed and twisted; and now there were no bird notes or monkey cries; no sound of any kind save the squashing of our feet in the

thick mud, which appeared to grow deeper and more yielding as we advanced. Nowhere were delicate or beautiful ferns—coarseness on all sides. Our common fern which grows to one and a half feet in height, here I saw attaining to six feet, with a stem over one inch thick. Now and again we came upon thickets of bamboo and cane torn up and broken down and scattered by the elephants, that are prone in sheer wantonness to extensive destruction of this kind. Even when not seeking the tender shoots at the bamboo tree-tops, they will rip them up or ride them down, apparently for pure joy of tearing things. I have seen clumps of bamboo, having individual trees two to four inches in diameter, pulled to pieces, and broken and hurled all over the place, as though they had been straws.

After hours of wilderness tracking such as this, the apparently impossible happened, and the undergrowth got denser and so difficult to get through that knives were in frequent use to cut a path. Darkness overtook us with elephant tracks in view, but without sight or sound of the elephants. There was a disposition in my party to turn back, but I insisted on camping on the tracks; so camp we did.

In the night I was startled from sleep by a crashing in the nearby jungle, which sounded as

if all the trees in Sumatra were being torn up and simultaneously smashed to earth. In the midnight jungle the noise seemed tremendous, as indeed it was, and right at our very ears. I must confess it was nerve-trying to lie quiet with that crashing all around and no surety that the elephants making it might not take a fancy to stalk in upon us, or what minute the fancy might possess them. Nor did it lend peace to the anxiety of the moment to realize that one elephant, much less a herd, is only now and again providentially stopped in his tracks by powder and ball; for at the base of the trunk and through the ear are the only places instantly vulnerable to your rifle bullet; the elephant's brain occupies a cavity not larger than ten by eleven inches. To have an elephant break cover immediately beside you is not so serious a matter on hard open ground, where you may have a good footing, trees, and a possibility of escape by dodging; but in a jungle where you can not make your way except by constant use of knife, and sink over your ankles in muck at every step, it is quite another story, and one full of trouble on occasion.

No charge is more dangerous than that of the wounded or infuriated elephant.

Needless to say, sleep was impossible while the elephants ripped the jungle into pieces, and it was too black to attempt hunting; so we lay nervously,

not to say fearfully, awaiting developments, given now and then an extra start by shrill trumpeting of the elephants, which, shortly before daybreak, suddenly moved away—to leave all quiet once again. If anything is more disconcerting than the bugling of elephants in the still of the jungle night, as they inclose you in a crashing circle, I have yet to experience it.

We were astir at the first streak of dawn, you may be sure, and within two hundred yards of our camp a herd had practically surrounded us. There was evidence in plenty of their visitation, in fact the jungle in their wake looked as if a Kansas hurricane had passed that way; canes were torn up, rattan torn down, clumps of bamboo broken and scattered.

Whether the elephants had got our wind in the still jungle where no moving air was perceptible to me, or whether it was habit, a great broad path led through the jungle, making straight away from where they had been feeding.

On these broad fresh tracks—which marked an easy road, to the hunter's delight, for no undergrowth stays the elephant's huge bulk, and where they go no jungle knife need follow after—we followed for five hours before coming to any sign of cessation in the elephants' travel. Then it seemed that they had stopped for a while and scattered,

ELEPHANTINE PLAYFULNESS—BAMBOO CLUMP BROKEN DOWN AND SCATTERED.

but careful hunting failed to disclose their whereabouts; and then again we came to a many-tracked path where they appeared to have moved on. For two hours more we plodded as hurriedly as our packs would permit—for of course we always carried our outfit with us, that we might camp where we found ourselves. Even I had begun to feel, as we followed on doggedly, that the elephants had gone out of the country—for on occasion they travel far and rapidly when disturbed—when I caught sound as of a branch breaking. Stopping on the instant, we listened intently. There was the stifled breathing of wind-blown men, the sucking mud as one sought to get firmer foothold, and then above all came the sound of tearing branches we had learned to know so well the night before. It is almost impossible to closely estimate distance in the jungle; you can not see, and in the prevailing hush sharp sounds come very near and loud.

There was a slight air stirring and I now moved out from the tracks I had been following, that I might work towards the elephants up wind. But now we needed the jungle knife; from tree to tree we slowly advanced, cutting a way with utmost care, even absurdly holding our breath, lest we warn the huge creatures of our approach. By and by it seemed as though the elephants must be within stone's throw, for the noise was at hand

and had so increased that it was hard to believe fewer than a regiment were at work; but it was impossible to see twenty feet ahead. Going forward now with the care of a cat approaching a mouse I came onto tracks, and taking these crawled on my stomach, that I might move the more cautiously, and at the same time by getting low obtain something of a view ahead, however short. Thus drawing nearer and nearer the elephants, with every nerve alert for the experience of this, to me, new game, I caught my breath as I saw the end of an elephant trunk reach for and then twist off a branch. I could see no more, only about a foot of that trunk; I lay absolutely quiet—not daring to move nearer—as I was at the time not over fifteen to twenty feet away. Pretty soon I made out the middle top of its back; but I lost the trunk and had not yet found the head. With absolute precision and in perfect silence I sought a position which would disclose the head, for that was the shot I wanted. Minutes were consumed in these shifts, for I was making no sound whatever. There came an instant when I glimpsed the bottom of an elephant's ear, and determined at once to make a chance shot at where I might calculate his head to be—for there was no knowing what second they might be off—and with the thought came a crash and a rush as of big bodies

hurtling through brush—and the elephants were gone.

Consternation seized upon my party and they showed inclination to give it up; but although elephants were new to me, hunting game was not, and I knew perseverance to be the power to which finally even ill-luck succumbs. So I started on and the rest followed me. The tracks now were scattered and led through the thickest kind of jungle; most of the time I wallowed in mud nearly up to my knees, unable to get any view ahead. There were no leeches, but the mosquitoes and sand flies and red ants made life miserable enough. Nets were of no avail against the onslaught of the mosquitoes and the flies; while I crawled over the muck, they buzzed about my head in distracting chorus. And the steamy dank heat made travel all but unendurable. It was no child's play; I believe it seemed less endurable than the privations of Arctic hunting. But it is all in the game; and I wanted an elephant.

At last, after interminable wallowing, again I heard the elephants. It was impossible to work to leeward, as no perceptible wind was stirring for guidance. I was carrying my 50-calibre half magazine and had given my double 12-bore to one of my Malays whom I now motioned to follow me. We were still in the densest jungle, sinking over

our ankles in mud at every step. Crawling on hands and knees for several hundred yards, I came finally to where I could dimly distinguish the dark legs of several elephants, which seemed to be standing on higher ground than we; but it was impossible to see clearly enough through the jungle to definitely locate them. My only course was to close in, so I continued crawling, in the hope of getting in position for a shot; but again they moved off. Whether they had got our wind I can not say, though the sense of smell in the elephant is very highly developed. Lying there on my stomach, with head on the mud in an effort to peer through the bushes and ferns, I could hear them moving in the determined, persistent manner which means they are leaving and not feeding; then I saw the bushes give and sway, and the shadow of huge dark objects crossing directly ahead of me. I could distinguish absolutely nothing; only I could see the place where agitated undergrowth told of great bodies pushing a way through the jungle not over twenty feet from me. There wasn't one chance in a hundred of my scoring on the invisible target, but in sheer desperation I determined to take that one, and without looking around I motioned my Malay—whom in my earnest stalk I had not thought of and supposed to be behind me, following—to give me the 12-

bore; on getting no response, I turned my head and found I was quite alone. Then, with a hasty fervent wish that Providence might guide the soft-nose bullets, I shot twice rapidly into the bulging, snapping bushes—the first and only time in my hunting career that I ever pulled trigger without seeing my mark. With the reports of my rifle there came such a smashing of things as made that of the night performance sound like the faintest echo. The entire jungle appeared to be toppling on me; on apparently all sides were the swaying and crashing of bushes and the squashing of the great feet as they rushed along through the muck. As I crouched with my feet mired it was no comforting thought that should the elephants come my way my chances of being trampled into the mud were most excellent. But they went on without my getting a view of them, and when they had passed I extricated myself from the mud to find the jungle round me literally plowed up, and in one place a little splotch of blood to show that at least luck had favored me in the direction of my shot.

Returning on my back tracks, I found my party several hundred yards from the scene of action, each beside a tree. Of course expostulation was useless. I could not talk to them in their own tongue, and they did not understand mine. Ma-

lays do not care for this kind of hunting. I induced them, however, to go forward to where I had shot, and for a while we tried to track the blood. But the elephants were going straight and fast, and the blood trail lasted only a short time; and then we camped. That night I was given to understand that our guide would turn back the next morning, and that my Malays would not go without him. It is rather hopeless to attempt persuasion in a language of which you know only a few words; and all the sign talk I could bring to bear upon the situation was unequal to the emergency. Threats, cajolery, promises of presents—nothing availed; and the next morning we turned our faces toward the place from which we had set forth about a week before.

On the second day of our return journey we found fresh tracks of two old elephants and a young one, and these we trailed for four hours, seeing plenty of old signs and plenty of new ones. But when the tracks indicated that the elephants had increased their pace, my party would go no farther, and again we turned back. Two days later we met a journeying native who had a house near by, and who said he knew of elephants, to which he promised to take me if I would give him as a present my rifle (the 50) in addition to wages. My own Malays bore an attitude of distinct disap-

proval, but I rather liked the looks of the newcomer and decided to take a chance with him. So leaving my party, which was to meet me at the tapioca farmer's house, I shouldered my pack and two guns and set out with the stranger, who carried a somewhat antique muzzle loader. It was a walk of a few hours before we reached a little hut on stilts, where we camped for the night with what I assumed to be his son and his son's wife and children. My new guide, who made me know his name was Jin Abu, seemed to be a good-natured old chap, with a deal of pride in his gun, and a multicolored turban, twisted into a horn, which set on one side of his head and gave a rakish suggestion incongruous with the remainder of his scant costume. He appeared to be really concerned in my hunting, and we held long conversations, during which neither of us understood a word the other said. But I think we each got the other's spirit; it is remarkable how, under conditions where primal instinct rules, one senses what one can not learn through speech. All the family made a great effort to administer to my material wants, and when I gave Jin a pocket knife and the son's wife a silver tical which I had used as a button on my coat, unmistakable delight reigned in that Malay household.

I made out during the course of the evening's confab that elephants were in the vicinity, and

starting at sunrise the next morning Jin and I hunted two days, early and late, seeing abundant tracks, and once or twice hearing elephant, but on each occasion being unsuccessful in our attempt to approach them. All the time, though very hard going in heavy rain, and under disappointing stalks, Jin Abu maintained his good humor and his running conversation. He was something of a hunter, too, and I enjoyed my days with him as I did no others in Sumatra. There were evidently elephants in the country, for every day we saw signs. Once, too, I saw a tiger cat, beautifully marked, somewhat like that majestic cat, the great "stripes," and perhaps of twenty pounds weight. In this higher country were deer, of which I also saw several, but of course I did not shoot; we were after bigger game. We heard no more of the wa wa with its pitiful plaint, but saw a good-sized bird of a grouse species, and a racket-tailed magpie of attractive appearance.

We had been following some rather fresh tracks all the morning of the fourth day, when we came up with a herd of elephants, though as usual the thick, high jungle prevented our viewing them. We crawled for quite a distance through the undergrowth, seeking to close up, when, each of us intent upon his own stalk, we became separated, at just what point I know not, for I had gone a long way

before I discovered myself alone. Sneaking forward as swiftly as possible, and as cautiously, I wormed my way towards where I could hear the breaking branches. I had just reached the edge of a comparatively open piece of jungle, on the other side of which I could see indistinctly several elephants, when there came a report followed by a tremendous crashing, and then suddenly from out this space, and well to my left front, came Jin scrambling through the mud, minus that prideful turban, minus gun, and running for very dear life straight for the trees at the right of this oasis. After him, not over twenty-five feet away, at a gait that resembled pacing, charged an elephant with head held high and trunk tightly curled (not stretched aloft like a broom handle as often I have seen written), and brushing aside the jungle growth as though it were so much grass. As the elephant broke from the jungle on my left, I gave it both barrels of the 12-bore in back of the shoulder just as its foreleg came forward, which decidedly staggered me, but seemed to have little effect on the elephant, except that it trumpeted shrilly. Dropping the 12-bore, as there was no time to load it, especially with one of the ejectors out of shape, and swinging my 50 from my shoulder, where on a strap I had carried it since the day when my Malay deserted me, I sent a ball into the elephant's ear

as he crossed in front of me, and dropped him dead.

Meantime Jin had disappeared in the jungle, but shortly afterwards turned up very much winded and very grateful.

I found a very slight wound over the temple where Jin's ball had hit. Both of my 12-bore bullets had gone home, and my 50 went clean through the elephant's head, in one ear and out the other side of the temple. The elephant measured nine feet four inches at the shoulder, with tusks eighteen inches in length.

It was not a record trophy, but I was made happy by getting it; and so was Jin Abu.

CHAPTER X

UDA PRANG—JUNGLE HUNTER

UDA PRANG said I should not get a rhino up Kampar River way; and he came uncomfortably close to telling the truth—for the rhino nearly got me.

Uda always told the truth. How that came to be is a story by itself; and worth the telling, as you shall judge. It seems that Uda was really an Achenese, as those natives in the extreme northwestern end of Sumatra are called, and during one of the conflicts which the Dutch troops and the Achenese have been having with more or less frequency now for a generation or so, Uda's father was killed, his little house destroyed, and Uda and his mother just escaped into the jungle with their lives. Here they remained in hiding for some days, living on roots and wild fruit, secure in the knowledge that no Dutchmen would follow into the untracked tropical wilderness. Gradually they worked south and toward the east shore, and one day, skirting the jungle edge, Uda spied an English coast-wise steamer lying at anchor and discharging her cargo into a small fleet of sampans which

the natives and some Chinamen pulled ashore, and then, after unloading, pulled back again for another load. It was an easy matter for Uda and his mother to be taken on a sampan out to the little steamer, and once there to make friends with the crew of Peninsular Malays, as well as with the European petty officers that had no fear of the Dutch in their hearts. The mother was dropped a few days after at a port down the coast, where kin folks of her late husband resided; but Uda, who was having his first experience aboard ship, had become rather fascinated by the alternative periods of hardest toil and uttermost ease, which make up the life of the East Indian coast-wise sailorman. The excitement of discharging cargo, although accompanied by such yelling; especially the fun of swimming cattle ashore; the complete indolence between ports, when they stretched out on deck in luxurious ease, to smoke or to play or to gamble—all invited him irresistibly. So he asked for and received a berth.

It so happened that this little British steamer had a very religious Liverpool first-mate, who, when not busy with the cargo at port, or lambasting Uda for galley pilfering, or for lying—a quality Uda shared in common with the average untutored Sumatra native—was singing hymns through his nose over the rail, or solemnly and stol-

UDA PRANG.

Who served successfully both his God and Mammon.

idly laboring to win Uda over from the faith of Mohammed. Now Uda was only a boy in his teens, but he was a clever youngster, and it was not long before it dawned upon him that he always fed better on the days when the Church of England prevailed than on the days when rope-ending occupied the otherwise unemployed time of the severe sailor-missionary. So it followed naturally in due course that Uda "professed Christianity," accepting the faith in exchange for an extra portion of rice and currie, a brass-backed comb and two undershirts of doubtful ancestry, which the pious, and now much elated first-mate gave him. The articles of the new faith provided, that in addition to feeling the strong right arm of the first-mate, Uda's share of rice and currie was to be greatly reduced every time he broke the eighth and ninth Commandments. As currie and rice are meat and drink to the Malayan, it came about that Uda grew gradually out of the habit of lying and into the habit of truthfulness; and by the time he had reached manhood, the habit had become fixed.

I fell across Uda through the good offices of Jin Abu, on returning from our successful elephant hunt. With a naked kiddie prattling around, he was clearing up a piece of rattan, and I camped nearby for a few days, while Jin Abu told him of our hunting experience after elephant, and of my

disappointment in not having found rhinoceros as well as elephant. Uda was quite a linguist, evidently the result of his several years' service on the coasting steamers. He spoke half English in deliberate fashion, and some Dutch, when he was feeling particularly joyous—though he confessed to me one day on the Indragiri River that he was not so proud of his Dutch. His English was not always to be relied on—but at least it was understandable and proved a great boon to me, who had been confined to sign language for weeks. If Uda was not a fluent talker, he was at all events an economical one, for a single story usually lasted the night; not that the tale was intricate—but Uda enjoyed the telling. He seemed to have quite an opinion of himself as a hunter, and later, whenever he and I together encountered natives, he was good enough to bracket us with much flourishing of hands and an ornate preamble in the soft, tuneful Malay. He informed me that he had hunted at various times in Java and Borneo, and that if I would wait until he had harvested his little crop he would go with me on my proposed trip for rhino.

Uda was for ascending some of the rivers which bear to the south and westward from the Siak; but I had seen all that part of Sumatra I cared to, and was rather set on making my way to the sections divided by the Kampar and the Indragiri rivers,

which are south of the Siak, and have their source well over toward the western coast of the island, whence they make their way not quite so deviously as the Siak, east into the China Sea. This was a section outside of Uda's ken, and, like all the Far Eastern coast and river-living people, he saw nothing but failure in an attempt to penetrate a country which was without beaten path. I had no definite information about the district, nor could I find native or Dutchman who had visited it; but there seemed to be a tradition that so far as rhinoceros were concerned, it was a land of plenty. So I determined to go despite the fact that Uda thought little of it and prophesied failure.

This was all talked out, over and over, laboriously between Uda and me, and translated by him to Jin Abu, who still lingered with us, and took great interest in the discussion. It occupied several nights to talk it out, for in the day time we paddled, Uda sticking to his single dug-out, which he was taking down the river to cache; and when we stopped paddling, the mosquitoes demanded a good share of our time and attention. Finally the plan settled upon was that we should make our way down the river—discharging my present party at the point where I had engaged them—to the mouth of the Siak, where Uda was well acquainted, and where we should hire boats and outfit for the

trip down the coast to the Kampar River, which we were first to try. Jin Abu wanted very much to go with us, but said he could not remain as long away from his rattan and fishing; so we took leave of him a little way below where we had first found Uda—I with genuine regret—for Jin had been faithful and companionable, despite our intercourse being restricted largely to sign talk, and I had grown to esteem and to like him, as I did no other native in the Far East.

We made rather rough weather of it coasting from the mouth of the Siak to the Kampar in the prau engaged for the trip. The honest truth is that there were times when I wondered if we should get anywhere beyond the China Sea; for, though the boat proved surprisingly seaworthy, the rag we had for a sail, with its foot standing six feet above the bottom of the boat, was blown into ribbons; and the long, narrow blade of the Malay paddle is not a useful implement on the open sea. But it was all we had; and so when the sail went by the board, as it soon did after we got under way, the crew of three and Uda and I lay our backs to the work of paddling for most of the two nights and a day of the over-long time it took us to reach the mouth of the river.

The prau is a distinctly Malayan craft, with high, sharp bow, and stern so finely drawn as to

leave barely more than sitting room for the helmsmen, in a total boat length of twenty feet. It has by far the best lines of Malayan boats, and is as graceful and speedy as any of the very graceful and speedy boats in Far Eastern waters. It is the craft in which Malay pirates, of a time not so long gone, were accustomed to steal out, from the many indentations of their shore-line, upon the unsuspecting and sluggish-moving coaster; it was the troop ship of the old days when feuds carried a Malay chief and his fighting crew from one river to another. It is fast under its square sail, and will come safely through pretty roughish going. A few of these boats are used at Singapore as passenger carriers from wharf to steamer, and here they are pulled (or rather pushed) by oars and manned by Tamils; but on the rivers of Malay and of Sumatra the prau, when not under sail, is invariably paddled.

The crew of our prau knew slightly more about the Kampar River than did Uda and I. They were to land us at a little settlement near its mouth, beyond which they knew nothing; and here we were to organize our party for a rhino hunt in the up-river country.

The limited knowledge of natives concerning the country immediately surrounding them I have always noted on my various ventures into wilder-

ness lands, of the Far North as well as of the Far East. Beyond the paths they have made or which their fathers trod, they know nothing; though they do not confess it. Native imagination, however, is as active as their knowledge is limited, and embarrassment and confusion await the visiting adventurer who has not learned by experience how little dependence may be placed on the alleged information given under such conditions.

We found no Dutch at this little river settlement, Polloe Lawan by name, I think, though I find myself uncertain about names on these rivers, and having lost my notebook in an upset on the river (along with some trophies and many films), I am unable to reinforce my memory.

The Dutch, in fact, have not made much of their opportunities along the Sumatra coast and practically nothing in the interior; quite a different story from Java, which is a veritable and flourishing garden. Apparently they are satisfied with scattered posts near the coast, on a few of the main rivers, where paternal interest chiefly manifests itself to the natives in taxation upon outgoing rattan and incoming sarong stuffs. As a result there has been but slight development of Sumatra. The natives gather a little rattan and grow a little of the plant from which tapioca is made. These constitute their total of industries. Beyond this,

they fish, mostly by means of large bamboo traps set along the river banks; but there is no fishing for export, and often not enough to supply the local wants—though this is more from lack of fishing than lack of fish. Not every native has the right or the affluence to own such a trap, therefore in some districts chosen individuals at intervals along the river are given exclusive rights—a permission that entails the obligation to sell as much of the fish caught as the natives of that particular locality may require. Except for the tapioca-producing root, which tastes somewhat like sweet potato, though not nearly so sweet, there is no cultivation of soil by the native; and there is no meat eating. Rice and fish are the staple supplies; and there is fruit growing wild for whoever will come and take it. The few Chinese traders do rather handsomely, for they pay the native about half what he could get if he opened direct trade with the outside world. Some day a future may open for industrial Sumatra, but it will not be by any effort of the Malays, or because of the present policy of the Dutch. And when development does come to this East India island, it will be through the work of plodding John Chinaman, who, though damned at every hand, yet—patient, stolid, dependable—remains the industrial backbone of Siam and of the Malay Archipelago. Eng-

land could have made no headway in the Malay Peninsula without him, and the United States will find him equally essential to the development of the Philippines—Congress to the contrary notwithstanding.

There was no sultan at the settlement on the Kampar to use up my time in vanity-satisfying audiences, or delay my preparation by official red tape; but I did find a picturesque, fine-looking native old gentleman, who, though somewhat pompous, and by way of having an exalted idea of his importance on the river, was the essence of good humor, and exceedingly kind to me. His appearance, I must confess, did not harmonize with his dignified demeanor. He was not more than comfortably rounded, yet had a most pronounced bay-window of a stomach, in which he appeared to take satisfaction. Whenever he stood to receive me, he leaned back at such an angle as to leave little visible save this ornament thrust on high, so that, approaching head on, you beheld bare legs and feet apparently growing directly out of the stomach, over the far horizon of which peeped the little round crown of the rimless hat he wore. It was an irresistible combination of intended dignity of mien and actual comicality of appearance; so irresistible, in fact, that I begged Uda to ask him to remain seated when he received me, because I felt

abashed in the presence of a standing potentate so distinguished. Thereafter my portly host obligingly, though, I felt sure, regretfully sat down, thus somewhat concealing the prideful feature of his anatomy, which had come so near to disturbing the *entente cordiale* between us. It must take quite a lot of rice and fish and a number of years to develop a bay-window in Sumatra; that is why, I suppose, my good-natured native friend had such frank pleasure in the completed product.

The old gentleman had also quite a retinue of kris and spear and betel-nut bearers; but, next to the bay-window, the joy of the old gentleman's heart was his son, who had made a trip to Singapore several years before my arrival, and had ever since shone preeminently in the country thereabouts on the glory of that visit. He was about twenty or a few years older, with excellent features, and a white jacket bearing silver buttons which he had ingeniously manufactured from pieces of coin acquired on that memorable trip. But what he valued most, and invariably wore on special occasions, was a pair of patent leather shoes from which he had cut all the leather save just the toe, thus making a pair of slipper-like shoes whose *rat-tat-tat* of heel, as he slapped along, sounded strangely aggressive among the barefooted, noiseless steps of all the others. The son proved to be as kind to me as the father.

In the three days I stayed at the settlement outfitting, I found little to differentiate these from other natives of the Malayan islands. They look more or less alike; affect about the same kind of costume, sarongs chiefly, though trousers of local cut and jackets are also worn largely, except on the Peninsula, where they are used only by government servants, or by hunting natives in the jungle, to protect their bodies from the thorns. So far as Sumatra is concerned, individual tastes are revealed in the headgear, which may be simply the rimless cap, a turban covering the head completely, or binding the head to leave the top exposed, or fashioned into projecting horns at front or side of head; or they may have no head covering whatever. When they have been to Mecca, the rimless cap is white, and ever after invariably worn; for the pilgrim to that holy shrine is the envy of all beholders less travelled, and he misses no opportunity to advertise his fortunes, as the little white caps are very conspicuous. Uda Prang owned such a cap; but, professing Christianity, I never saw him wear it except deep in the jungle—and there it never left his head, day or night. Those who have not been to Mecca wear caps of a somewhat similar shape, but of dark colored stuffs; but the strongest desire to earn the right to wear the white cap rules in every Malay,

and many literally sell themselves into bondage, willing to spend remaining years of their lives paying back the cost, that they may get the money to make this pilgrimage. Should the pilgrim die en route, he is saved, according to the belief; for the faithful one who loaned the money—I find no provision, material or spiritual.

The little white cap always comes high.

All the natives with whom I came in contact, I found most earnest in their devotions and punctilious in living up to the demands of their religion. They drink no liquor, eat no meat of which they have not cut the throat, and abhor bacon and dogs. They will not carry a basket in which there is bacon, nor permit a dog to touch them. This rids the country of the mongrel curs, the pariahs, with which Siam is overrun, because Buddha forbids the killing of any animal. I found it a distinctly pleasant change.

When they live on the river banks, in their houses built on stilts, the natives are clean; the houses are all of the same pattern, as are the pots for boiling rice, and the bamboo baskets, but here and there a crude earthenware bowl shows lines that suggest India. In the settlements practically all Malays carry the kris; in town it becomes a timbuk lada, and in the jungle they add the parang, which is a knife with a short handle and an eight-

een-inch blade, fashioned at the point and decorated according to the whim of the maker.

I had not nearly the difficulty in organizing a party here as elsewhere in Sumatra, and none whatever in securing a sampan and a four-paddle dug-out. Two Chinamen manned the sampan and carried the bulk of provisions, which consisted chiefly of rice, dried fish and coffee, while three natives and Uda comprised the crew of the canoe. Two of my natives brought along some kind of rifle, not known to me, which they had picked up in trade from a coaster; Uda had an old Martini, and my armory included a .50 half magazine and a double 12-bore. No one at the settlement could give us specific information concerning the up-country rhinoceros. We could find no one who had hunted the country, or seen tracks, or talked with any man that had. It seemed to be entirely a matter of tradition that rhinoceros lived in that country, yet all the natives, even my well meaning old friend, glibly assured us that up the river three or four days we should find plenty of rhino. Natives have a casual way of misinforming the adventurer, and the Europeans I found in the Far East appear to have acquired a somewhat similar habit. It's one of those things the hunter should accept along with fever and leeches, as of the handicaps indigenous to the country.

In a week's trip up the Kampar we passed several little settlements, usually huddled at the mouth of a small river, of which there were a great many; and here and there we saw paths extending back into the jungle to other little settlements from three to five miles inland; and now and again came upon a partial clearing where had been planted a small patch of padi. Other than these threads of trails hacked out of the jungle, nowhere are there roads leading inland, for the country is swamp-like for the greater part, and mostly the people catch fish, which, with the fruit, serves as their main sustenance. Lining the rivers, whether they narrow or broaden, are great stiff spears, standing out of the water from six to seven feet, with palm-like leaves, which maintain a width of two inches except at the end, where they become a sharp, strong point. Other palms along the banks bear a poisonous fruit as large as a small watermelon, and are shunned alike by men and birds.

As we paddled along, every now and again one of my men broke out in a most doleful, dirgelike wail, which rather disturbed my peace until Uda assured me he was singing his prayers. Later we passed canoes with several paddlers singing prayers together; and once, at one of the settlements, two men sang prayers and six others joined them to an accompaniment of heavy drums. We

happened to camp at this place and the devotions kept up until late into the night.

It was our scheme to go up the Kampar for some distance, eventually following to its source one of the branch streams, and from there to start inland. It was possible quite frequently to land and hunt. Often we heard of elephants, sometimes we saw their tracks; and, as we got farther up river we heard also of rhinoceros. Frequently we saw deer, which were fairly plentiful in the higher reaches of country, but I never shot, because I did not require the meat, and I could not spare space for such trophies in my boats. At practically every settlement, especially where deer abounded, we heard of tiger and leopard. But as a whole, it did not seem to me much of a game country. Certainly I should never make another trip to that island only for hunting.

The Kampar and the Indragiri rivers are typical of Sumatra—low, sometimes indistinguishable banks, covered with heavy jungle, dense palm-spear growth reaching ten to fifteen feet out towards the middle of the stream. As we progressed toward headwaters and on to the smaller rivers, the growth continued as dense, though not extending so far from the banks. Here, as on the Siak, and its tributaries, we heard the mournful scale of the wa wa monkey, the loud single note of

TIED UP IN THE JUNGLE STREAM FOR NOON MEAL.

ALONG THE KAMPAR, TYPICAL OF SUMATRA RIVERS.

the poot-poot bird, and the hoarse croaking of the herons in the evening. There was no twilight. The sun set at six, and half an hour later it was dark. The water was of a deep garnet color, sometimes in the larger river so deep as to be almost black, and a mirror that reflected the palms and our paddles as we moved over its surface. Occasionally as we paddled along, usually at about three miles an hour, we met a low native canoe, with paddlers crouching bow and stern, using the narrow, long-pointed blade of the Malay paddle with silent powerful stroke; but these were few and far between. There was little travel on the river, and even at the settlements were sometimes not more than three or four, never to exceed a dozen, men. Thus working our way toward the interior, natives became scarcer, and after a couple of weeks disappeared entirely.

Meantime I had found Uda a source unfailing of entertainment and interest. I wish I could recount the marvellous tales he unwound for my benefit. I rather encouraged him, for he was picturesque, and it suited my purpose to size him up before we got upon the more serious business of hunting in the jungle. Perhaps the most frequently recurring theme of Uda's life story was his intrepid conduct in the face of wounded and fiercely charging wild beasts, and his contempt for

the natives, whom he characterized as goats. Uda's nerve was to be tested sooner than he imagined, and with results not to his credit.

We had branched into two or three different rivers, always bearing to the south by west, and finally got on one about fifteen feet in width, somewhat more crooked than the rule, but rather clearer of the usual spearlike palm growth extending from the banks. I had been on the outlook for tapir since we left the last settlement, for, though no native had spoken of them, I felt convinced they must be in such country. All along, it had been my habit to take position in the bow of the canoe with rifle whenever we came to a section which, in my eyes, appeared particularly gamy, or upon a stretch of tortuous river. Some days we would go along thus for hours, with me sitting in the bow, rifle across my knees, while back of me the men bent to their silent paddling and singing their prayers. It struck me as curious, not to say amusing, that whenever I took my place in the bow with rifle, the men broke out in prayer singing. Early in the experience I stopped them singing aloud, but I could never still them entirely. And so we moved swiftly and quietly along, the paddles keeping silent rhythm to the persistent prayerful humming. Day after day passed thus, with scarcely a word spoken, for I impressed upon Uda

my desire to make fast headway, and promised good presents to the men if they worked diligently; so there was little conversation during the paddling hours, which were from daylight to sunset, except on the more or less frequent occasions when we had to stop and clear the stream of fallen trees, or cut a way through the entangling roots of a great stump that barred our passage. At such times I was much taken with the skill of the Malays in handling the parang and with the speed and accuracy and force of their strokes.

Thus one afternoon late we were paddling up stream, with me in the bow, rifle in hand, as usual, when, as we rounded a bend in the river, I sighted a tapir about fifty yards ahead. It was just disappearing into the palms at the river bank as I took a snap shot at its hind quarter—all that was to be seen when I got my rifle to shoulder. On the report, the canoe stopped so suddenly that I, sitting loosely, went over backwards on top of one of the natives, who shunted against another, and a sudden panic resulted which came very near upsetting the craft. Righting myself, I was a bit surprised to notice that my men, including the intrepid Uda, were obviously in a greatly perturbed state of mind. And I was at a loss to know why, until I urged Uda to send the canoe on so I could land and track the tapir. It appears that, having seen

nothing, the sudden report of my rifle, breaking in upon their prayer crooning, had startled them, and at the same time aroused that dread of the intangible which I have found to possess all simple peoples, from the arctics to the tropics, to a fearsome degree. They refused to paddle on; in fact, there was a movement to swing the canoe back, which I stopped peremptorily; and then I upbraided Uda, who much annoyed me by rather leaning with the natives than with me, in language with which he had no doubt become familiar on board the coasting steamer. Every man of my crew had picked up his parang, and it did look for a few moments a bit more like a war than a paddling party; meantime the canoe drifted back, held head on, however, by Uda, who kept to his paddle in the stern. Finally Uda pulled himself together, and began talking to the crew, and after a few moments they put down their knives and took up paddles again. It is remarkable how craven-hearted the deep-seated dread of the unknown will make natives of the wilds; and yet again how desperately brave they will be where the conditions are usual and the surroundings familiar.

Wallowing through mud knee deep, I found the tapir inland several hundred yards on three legs, and succeeded, after about an hour's stalking, in bringing it down. It is an ugly, pig-like looking

thing of no sport-giving qualities, and I only shot because, being somewhat nocturnal in its habits, it is not frequently seen, and I wanted to make a near study of its differentiation from the South American type. In a few words this may be summed up; the Malay type has a whitish back, longer snout and flat head crown, as compared with the Brazilian tapir, which is all black, has almost no snout, and the head crown elevated. I took the forefeet of my tapir, but subsequently lost them, with other more valuable trophies, when we upset, as we did several times. I had much difficulty in working my way out to the river point where I had landed, and when I did, the canoe was not in sight; and in the muck and mud of the jungle—for I had got into a very swampy piece of it—it took me nearly three hours to wallow around to a bend lower on the river, by which time it was dark. Finally, however, I raised an answer to my shouts from the sampan, which the Chinamen, indifferent to wild beasts of the jungle as to the cares of the world, and with no dread of the mysterious, had brought in close to the bank and tied to a palm. The canoe I finally discovered a little farther down stream, the men still apparently uneasy. They were a full mile below where I had got out, and I might have walked all night but for the Chinamen.

Before turning in that night, on the sampan,

where I slept when we did not camp ashore, I congratulated Uda Prang on the courage he had shown that afternoon, and told him of my delight in having a jungle hunter of such prowess in my party.

Next morning we took up our course again. I must say the river travel had become very monotonous—really oppressive. All the time there was the same scene—palms and a dense jungle lining the banks, with trees here and there showing their tops in the background. Now and again we saw some monkeys with long and short tails, and heard the rasping screech of a hornbill, or the croak of a heron; now and again a crocodile with baleful eye sunk from sight as we neared. At rare intervals a lonely bird sent out a few notes. Otherwise there was only the squeak of the sampan oars following us, and the men in the canoe now humming, now softly singing, as they drew their paddles through the water. Overhead, just about sunset, passed every afternoon great flocks of fruit bats, which seemed always to be going west. The stream here narrowed considerably, and after three days towing the sampan, because there was not width enough to use the oars, we came at length one afternoon to the headwaters.

As there was no interior settlement of which we knew in the direction we were going, we made a

camp inland about ten miles, where I stationed the Chinamen, one of the Malays, and the provisions, while Uda, two of the natives and I went after rhino. My scheme was to use this camp as a supply station, making from it trips of three to four days' duration, until I had worked over all the surrounding territory, and then to reestablish the supply camp, again and again, until I got what I sought. I found here the most attractive country I had hunted in Sumatra, though that is not saying a great deal, for, speaking generally, it was the same dense jungle as elsewhere, only here were upland stretches of comparative openness and dryness. It was a delight to come out of the dark, cheerless jungle into the sunshine, hot as it was, where the birds were calling. There was the mynah bird, rather effectively marked in black and yellow, which I was told can be taught to talk if taken when young; and there was another bird about the size of a pigeon, with black plumage and forked tail, which, in fairly plentiful numbers, zigzagged across the heavens, uttering one or two not unmusical notes.

One of the most attractive birds I saw was a brilliant kingfisher; and one of those I did not see was the jungle fowl, of which I had heard, but which, I understand from good authority, is not to be found in Sumatra. Once in a while I saw

a few green doves of the variety so common and plentiful in Siam. There were many birds, indeed, of varying though not brilliant plumage; and monkeys of all sizes, and of all hues of countenance. Of the barking deer there were also many, and now and then I saw the tiny mouse deer, with its exquisitely dainty lines, the entire animal less than eighteen inches in height. Of wild pig tracks there were many. It was a great relief from tramping through the mud and wet clinging undergrowth of the dismal jungle.

Jungle hunting is so different from that of the uplands or of the mountains; it is so monotonous, so uneventful. Only at the finish, when you are immediately before your game, and not always then, is there any stalking. There is no woodcraft. You simply wallow in mud, cutting a way through dense undergrowth impenetrable to the eye, sometimes crawling through mud holes up to your knees. Never is there opportunity of a view ahead, as to the lie of the land or the probable course of the game. You may only plod on, following the tracks, hopeful that the next mud hole may show fresh spoor. And the gloom of the interior primeval soundless jungle is most depressing.

Moving our main camp farther into the interior several times, thus to give us wider range from our base of supplies, we had covered quite an area and

hunted diligently every day of eight before we found a section which gave indication of rhinoceros. Most of those eight days it had rained, and the 8x12 canvas fly I carried came in very handy to save provisions and protect our heads at night from the almost incessant downpour. Several times I saw the pugs of leopard, and one day, as, under a generous shade-giving bush, I sat writing in my note book, while the main camp was being moved, I had the unusual good fortune to see the end of a stalk by a black leopard upon a barking deer. I could easily have got a snap shot had my camera been at hand instead of in its tin box, journeying toward the new camp site, about ten miles away.

While I wrote I heard several barking deer without looking up; in fact they were so common that I never did pay attention, except where there was hope of getting near to study them; but, as I wrote, a strange and, it seemed, distressful yelp, caused me to look up in time to see a deer just bounding out from the jungle edge, with a black leopard not two dozen feet behind. In two leaps the leopard had reached the deer and sprung, seizing its neck just back of the head with its jaws. The two turned almost a somersault—and then the deer lay quite still—its neck evidently broken. It happened in the open not fifty feet from me, and I sat for a full ten minutes watching the first one

of the cat family I had ever seen mauling its prey. The leopard's actions were precisely those of the cat with a mouse after a kill; it put out a fore paw, pushing the deer, then pulling, and once or twice leaped lightly from one side to the other. It was some minutes before the leopard satisfied itself of the deer's death, if that was the object of the mauling; and then, fastening its fangs in the deer's throat, though without tearing the flesh—that is, without ripping it—it seemed to suck the blood. Thus far its actions had been rather deliberate, and not ravenous. But now it went to the stomach, which it ripped open quickly, and at once changed to a ravenous, wild creature, as it began dragging out the intestines until it had secured the liver and the heart. Then it settled to feeding; and when it had about finished the performance—I shot. The panther and leopard are commonly believed always to spring from ambush upon the back of their victim; and while they both do so on occasion, the more usual method of the panther is to seize by the throat at the end of a quick, short rush. The leopard follows the popular theory more often because it preys largely upon goats, the small deer and young pigs, whose necks may be crushed between its jaws. To dislocate the neck of larger prey it must take hold of the throat and have the aid of its fore paws with which to take

hold of the victim's shoulder. Many of the hunters I have met, and some of the authors I have read, appear to consider the black leopard a distinct species; but it is simply a freak cub of the ordinary spotted leopard, just as the silver and the black fox are freaks of the common red. In a litter from a red vixen I have seen a silver among red pups; and I met a man in the jungle where lower Siam meets the Malay Peninsula who had found a black among the spotted leopard's cubs. Upon the latter, however, the spots are never very clearly defined until they become older. In other experiences of leopard and panther hunting throughout Malaya I came to enjoy it even more than the style of hunting there made necessary for tiger. The panther, which is a larger edition of the leopard, is not so strong, or so formidable an opponent in a fight, but is much more active than a tiger and is aroused more easily and is bolder in its attack. Then, too, its tree-climbing habits make it both dangerous and elusive. In some respects, it is the more interesting and sporting animal to stalk, though, of course, as a trophy it is not valued like the tiger, nor has it the majesty of his Royal Stripes, or the tremendous onslaught when the attack is driven home.

My leopard measured five feet six inches from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail, and was

the only black leopard that I killed—the only one, in fact, that I saw; it was unusual good fortune indeed, for they are somewhat rare—at least to secure. I noticed, after I got its pelt off, that in the sun it had a kind of watered silk appearance as a result of the deeper black of the spots, which, though invisible, were really there just the same.

The jungle we now worked into was different from any I had seen. It was very dense, and yet now and again we came to comparatively open places, which in the centre usually had a kind of mound, from two to three feet in height, sometimes six or eight, and sometimes as much as twenty feet in diameter. These mounds were circular and composed of an interlacing of timber and vines and creepers; they looked like nothing so much as rubbish heaps left after the surrounding soil had washed away. Another novel sight was a tree with base standing clear of the soil, and roots spreading hither and thither exposed to view. Sometimes the tree base was a foot and a half above the ground, as though it had been forced up by its roots. I found wild bananas, and the natives found many roots and leaves which they ate with obvious relish. Many of these roots are used for medicinal purposes, and in every native house is always a stowed away drum filled with roots, leaves and other nature nostrums for use in case of emergency.

A "REAL LADY" OF THE SIAMESE JUNGLE NEAR THE BURMA LINE.

Dressed for the express purpose of having her photograph taken by the author.

AT THE HEAD WATERS.

Disembarking from our dugout and setting out for the interior.

There were no noises in this jungle except early in the morning and late at dusk, when a bird I never saw called in voice extraordinarily harsh and far reaching.

Through all the time I was in Sumatra I kept my eye constantly open for that most marvellously plumaged bird, the argus pheasant; but though I once found a small feather, I never saw the bird itself. Indeed, few have ever seen it in the wild. They are the shyest and most difficult to approach, perhaps, of all living things in the world.

Nearly all the time it rained, but that did not dampen the activity of the mosquitoes, which raged persistently in swarms around us. Sometimes when tracking rhino they buzzed about my head in such multitudes that I could literally get a handful at every stroke. I anointed my face with pennyroyal, purchased for the purpose from a wise druggist who, not having ventured away from paved streets, insisted there was nothing like it to keep off jungle pests. When not actually hunting, mosquitoes and small flies and red ants combined to make life quite stirring. I used to seek the rude, sometimes flesh-tearing slap of the jungle brush against my face and head—it cleared the field of mosquitoes for the moment—and often I pushed my way through bushes without using the jungle knife, simply to brush away the swarms of insects that

clung to me. Thus attacked by the insects above and by the red ants below, one was not lacking occupation at any time.

Uda, after all, proved to be a tolerably fair man in the jungle. He was not so accomplished as his tales suggested, but, as Malays go, he was a pretty dependable tracker. Above all he was good-natured. In fact, all three of my men, Uda, Bilal and Che, were even-tempered and took the trials as they came—and they came often—without getting sulky, and always seemed ready for more. They were a long way the best jungle men I secured at any time in the Far East. Neither Bilal nor Che could speak a word of anything except Malay, but Bilal was a facile sign talker, and he and I had many animated conversations through that medium while we were in the jungle. I usually took him with me in the lead, leaving Uda to round up Che, or to follow independent tracks. Bilal was not handsome, but he was strong and ready and exceptionally good-humored; and his dearest possession was an undershirt he had somewhere got in trade, and which was especially useful in the jungle—but he wore it on all occasions. Bilal, so Uda gave me to understand, was quite an elephant hunter, his professed method being to trap or to steal upon the animal when sleeping, and, with a

long knife fastened to a stick, to cut its trunk and then follow until it dropped from loss of blood.

We had followed a great many tracks, and twice we had heard rhino, but in cover so dense that it was impossible to see them. One day I came on elephant tracks, and a broad pathway through the jungle showed where they had gone, comparatively recently. Uda and my two men were hot-foot for following these, but my time limit was drawing near—and rhino still unfound. Throughout all these days my men had been very patient; and Uda, who said this particular section was much like Java, where he claimed to have hunted much, now expressed confidence in our finally getting rhino. One morning early we got on quite fresh tracks, which we followed for several hours through very dense undergrowth, the rhino meanwhile seeking all the mud holes in the direction of his route. We travelled in these tracks until noon as swiftly as we could, and as silently; and as they continued so fresh and little more than a breath of air appeared to be stirring, we went along stealthily, expecting to come up with the quarry at any time. But it was nearing five o'clock, with the chill of the approaching sunset beginning to settle upon the jungle, and still we followed the spoor hopefully—though unrewarded. Then the tracks led into and

across one of those mound-containing spaces to which I have referred.

It occurred to me as a useful thought to get on top of the mound which happened to be a biggish one, and make the best survey the lookout permitted of the other side of the space where the jungle was thinnish. And, by the gods, there, barely discernible, was the long-sought rhino moving around like a great hog. Having more confidence in these natives than I had felt in those elsewhere in Sumatra, I had given my .50 to Bilal, who was directly at my heels—Uda and Che had not yet come up to us—and I carried my 12-bore. The rhino was perhaps not over twenty yards away, yet I could see him very indistinctly, and I feared to manœuvre for a better position lest he get my wind and move away into the denser jungle, where to view him at even ten yards would be an unusual opportunity; so taking the best sight I could get as he squashed about, heading somewhat in my direction, I put the contents of both barrels, one after the other, as quickly as I could pull the triggers, just behind of his shoulder and ranging back. There was a tremendous commotion as he disappeared, so quickly as to astonish me, with a crash into the jungle. Standing on the mound I could feel a very little wind and note that it was blowing across my position from east to west, and, as the

rhino made off to the southwest, I felt sure he would cross my wind and that if he did he would be likely to charge. It seemed at the moment to be my best chance of another shot, for of course I could not begin to get through the thick jungle at the pace he was going, and would have been left far behind had I attempted to follow. So I held my position, awaiting developments—knowing I could track him later, if nothing interesting happened in the immediate future.

Meanwhile I could not determine his exact location, but while immediately after the report he seemed to be going away, in a few moments it appeared to me he was coming toward the open space. Meantime I was endeavoring to get the cartridges out of the 12-bore, which had a defective ejector, and, as I was fingering with this, the rhino broke from the jungle, coming directly toward me, charging truly up-wind. It was not over forty feet from where he broke out of the jungle to where I stood on the mound, the latter being perhaps twenty feet in diameter, and the rhino came on without hesitation and without noise except that made by his feet and huge bulk, his head held straight out, not lowered like a bull, and with his little eye squinting savagely. I had hastily handed the 12-bore over to Bilal, taking the .50, when the rhino broke from the jungle, and as he

came up on to the mound, I fired twice for that wicked eye (the eye of a charging rhino is a pretty small mark, perhaps you may know), once making a slight superficial wound on the forehead, and again sending the ball into the fleshy part of the fore shoulder. Neither shot made any impression on the rhino, which kept coming.

By now he was not more than ten feet from me, I should say, and I had just pumped another shell into the barrel, when suddenly I was thrown off my feet and over the side of the mound. As I went into the air, I expected every second to feel the rhino's horn in my side; but I held on to my rifle (which, curiously, did not go off although at full cock) and, when I fell, scrambled to my feet as quickly as I could. The rhino had crossed the mound and was running towards the jungle with apparently no more thought of me than if I had not stood in his path a few seconds before. It did not take me long to put a ball at the base of his ear, and he dropped like a stone—without a sound.

He had but a single horn on the lower part of the nose, four inches in height, and a kind of knob where had been, or was to be, another above it. The usual Indian rhino, including the smaller Malay, has one horn, but some of the Sumatra variety have two.

It was an experience rather conclusive on the

question of the rhino charging by scent rather than by sight. He charged straight toward me up-wind, and when I dropped off the mound, to the south, I was thrown off his scent. Either he lost sight of me, as could easily have happened, or he is not governed by sight—for he never swerved from his path. I found both 12-bore bullets in his hind quarters; the .50 ball had gone in behind the right ear, and into the left jaw.

The rhino had stepped, as he drew near, upon one end of a long, small log on the other end of which I stood; and thus he teetered me out of his path.

No doubt it was a lucky teeter for me.

CHAPTER XI

THE TRAIL OF THE TIGER

THE tiger stirs imagination as does no other beast of the earth. When the superstitious native of the Far East refers to the dreaded cholera, he speaks awesomely of " the sickness "; and when the craven-hearted Bengali of India, with hushed breath and deprecatory gesture, tells of man or bullock carried off in the night by tiger, he alludes to the marauder deferentially as " the animal." For the tiger is a personage in the Orient to whom the fearful build propitiatory shrines, and whose influence upon the people of the soil is as mysterious as it is potent. The stealth of the great cat's approach, the deliberate savagery of its attack, its swift force, its sudden coming and going—like visitations of lightning—make compelling appeal to the impressionable nature of the Indian who fills his jungle with fanciful deities to safeguard his path and to divide his tributes. It may be only a little raised platform—bearing a soiled, fluttering rag, or a crudely carved, or painted, or even plain stone set up in a clearing under some tree; but no native traveller

passes without adding his mite or raising his voice in supplication to the gods that stand between him and the conjured terrors of the silent, fearsome jungle. If hunters would have success the offering must be a goat, or a bullock that has, perhaps, outlived its usefulness; to neglect such sacrifice is to forfeit protection in favor of the tiger. On the Brahmapootra I fell among people that even deified the beast in itself; and on the Jamna I heard of a resident "man-eater" which none could kill because it bore the spirit of a one-time victim who directed its attacks and warned it against unfriendly hunters. I heard here of a tigress with forty-five human lives to her credit.

Over all the Far East the trails of the tiger are many and devious; but despite notorious reputation and an annual murder record of some length, it is not the unavoidable domestic necessity of foreign India as many, who have never visited that wonderland of color and human interest, appear to think. Indeed only a small percentage of resident white men ever see either a tiger on a snake outside the zoo, for man-eaters do not invade English houses, and the fox terrier and the mongoose keep the immediate premises free of snakes. Of the bare-footed and bare-legged jungle-living natives, however, it is a different story. They pay the toll. Yet is the native fashioned on such

strange lines that though he dies in large numbers from attacks of poisonous snakes, he avoids killing the cobra, the most deadly viper of them all.

Year by year records are published of the destruction of human and cattle life by the wild beasts and snakes of British India. Last year 24,576 human beings and 96,226 cattle were killed, and of the people 21,827 deaths were attributed to snakes, while of the cattle, 86,000 were killed by wild beasts—panthers being charged with 40,000 and tigers with 30,000 of this total; snakes accounted for 16,000. And this is but a trifling percentage of the actual annual mortality, as it excludes the feudatory states, with their about 700,000 square miles and 60,000,000 inhabitants, where no records are obtainable. Nor do the fatalities grow materially less notwithstanding the efforts of sportsmen and rewards by government, because the development of roads and railways as the jungle is reclaimed for agriculture means continuous invasion of the snake and tiger infested territory.

Last year 1,285 tigers, 4,370 panthers and leopards, 2,000 bears, and 2,086 wolves were killed; of snakes, the real scourge of India, no record is possible, and, unfortunately, comparatively few are destroyed. However deplorable and costly is the taking of human and cattle life, the descent upon promising crops by deer and pigs and monkeys

would be even more serious to India and more expensive to the natives were it not for the tiger, panther and leopard. This formidable trio of the cat family practically police agricultural India where it pushes into the jungle, and make it possible for the poor native to exist through cultivation of his fields. So after all, it is a question whether, speaking very broadly, tigers are not more beneficial than harmful. Undoubtedly the depredations of the tiger are over-estimated, because he is so feared that wherever he prowls invariable panic spreads widely to his discredit. On India's last year's death list, 2,649 are credited to wild beasts, and while all of these are laid up against the tiger, panthers and wolves, especially panthers, should be charged with a very considerable share. The fact is that the panther and leopard, which, except as to size, are about alike in spotted pelt and temper, are as much under-estimated as the tiger is over-estimated. The smaller leopard devotes itself more largely to goats and pigs and monkeys, while the panther attacks deer, gaur, cattle and man—for the panther also, on occasions, becomes a "man-eater," and when he does he is a fury, insatiable. Panthers are bolder in attack, more active and more generally vicious than tigers; yet they inspire nothing like such awe among the natives. Indeed, I have seen natives rally to the

defence of a dog, of which leopards are particularly fond, when, had the intruder been a tiger, they would have been paralyzed into inaction from very fear. Based on my experience, I consider panther hunting quite as dangerous as tiger, up to a certain point, and that point is actual close conflict. The panther is the quicker to charge because of shorter temper and less caution; and he is less apt to bluff. But the charge home of the tiger is incomparably overwhelming. There is no turning it aside. It may have false starts and move with studied care, but when it does come nothing human can withstand it.

While their pelts differentiate slightly in markings and in length of fur according to habitat, there is, I believe, no scientific classification of tigers other than that given to the single species, *Felis tigris;* although that mighty hunter, Doctor William Lord Smith, who spent 1903–04 hunting in Corea, Java and Persia, tells me he thinks he can establish a sub-species. Be that as it may develop, at this writing the tiger family is really one, from the heavy-furred Siberian, to the Chinese, Corean, Malayan, Indian, and Persian, which latter Dr. Smith says does the family no credit in the matter of courage. The Chinese and Corean are the same and both fighters; the Indian and Malayan are practically identical, and the most beautifully

A GROUP OF INDIAN BEATERS

With the panther successfully driven out and bagged.

marked as well as the most ferocious. So far as known, Siberian, Chinese, Corean and Persian tigers prey on deer, cattle, pigs, goats, dogs, according to locality and opportunity. I have not heard of a habitual man-eater among any of these members of the tiger family. But the Indian, which is, also the Malayan, is divided according to its predatory habit into three classes:

(1) Cattle killers.
(2) Game killers, and
(3) Man-eaters.

The cattle killer is the largest, and the most powerful of the three, but the least to be feared by man. He is, in fact, by way of being sociable, prone to take up his abode in the jungle nearby a settlement where, on terms of easy friendliness with the village people, he lives and levies tribute of a cow or bullock from every three to five days, according to the size and condition of the victim. Sometimes if disturbed in his stalk or at the killing, he increases the number, apparently out of pure wantonness of spirit, as a warning that he must be left alone under penalty of death. I have heard of tigers killing in this way as many as eight or ten animals, one after the other, and in each such case to come to my personal knowledge the natives have attributed the depredation to a particular tiger that had been interrupted in its cattle killing

during the formation of its habits in early youth. It is passing strange how tigers are given individuality in the hill districts of India, where the natives tremble at the mere mention of the terrible name.

The cattle killer is not a wide ranger unless hunted. Usually he confines his work to few villages, taking toll of them with impartiality and with regularity, and killing about seventy bullocks a year, of an average value of $8 to $10 a head; for it is to be remembered that the tiger usually gets the least valuable, the stray or the weakly cast adrift after outliving its usefulness. The more valuable are not so often raided, because in India cattle are very carefully herded.

The game killer is usually lighter, always the most active of the three, keeps himself well in the jungle, especially in the hill districts, and away from villages and men, except when on a deer or pig trail that carries him to cultivated fields. Thus the game killer ranges widely through the jungle, and is the one less often encountered by the sportsman.

Whether or not tigers hunt by scent is a question that has caused much discussion at one time or another, and while there can be no doubt that their sense of smell is less keen than that of deer, elephant, rhino, or the various species of gaur, yet

that it is well developed has often been proved by the winding of sportsmen sitting up on a platform over a kill. I have had such personal experience three times. There is no evidence, however, of a tiger hunting on the trail of its prey with nose to the scent like the wolf, or any of the dog family; and it is true, also, that very largely the tiger and others of the cat family lie in wait for their victims, or stalk upon them at familiar haunts or feeding ground. Once as I hunted seladang in Siam, I glimpsed the stern of a tiger plunging into the jungle at my side; and found the well-defined squarish pugs of a big male that had lain in ambush perhaps for the very animal whose tracks I followed. I had passed within ten feet of the tiger, which evidently was not looking for two-legged game.

On attack the tiger seizes by the throat with its powerful jaws and by the shoulders with its claw-armored fore paw. After a swift rush it kills with this grip by twisting its victim's neck until broken, and it is so strong that it can almost always bring down the gaur cow, though often beaten off by the bull whose neck is too massive and whose shoulders are too powerful to be wrenched. At such times the tiger resorts to subterfuge by crawling head on, to invite a rush which it as repeatedly evades, awaiting its chance to emasculate the bull

than the male, or because she is by nature the slyer and more vicious. Certainly she is a fiend incarnate when every second year she gives birth to cubs, usually two, which do not move about with her until six weeks old; and no doubt her disposition is not improved by the necessity of concealing the youngsters from the tiger who else would devour them.

It is a curious and unexpected development that the cattle killer, turned man-eater, ceases to be indifferent to man's presence and becomes cowardly. Yet on occasion it is bold beyond all record of other animals.

I came to a hamlet in northwestern Bengal, where a journeying ryot (farmer) at the very edge of a settlement, in broad daylight, was bumped off his scared bullock and pounced upon and carried off by a tigress. In the little settlement of Teen Pehan, to the west of the Ganges, I saw a mother whose five-year-old boy had been snatched up in the full noon of day while at play not fifty feet from where she bathed in a nearby stream. In Sumatra I saw the palms and the soles and the distorted face—all that remained of a fourteen-year-old girl who had gone forth in the early morn to collect herbs in the more or less open jungle almost within sight of her father's house on the river. One of my hunting party in lower Burma

was the brother of a Karen, who had been struck down and carried away as he built a little temple in the jungle just beside his padi field. In the Malay Peninsula, just on the outskirts of Batu Gaja, a Tamil woman, carrying her babe on her hip, was mauled and her babe killed while making a short cut to her house through a small piece of open jungle. Such cases might be multiplied by other observers to show the occasional boldness of the man-eater; but as a rule it chooses a sequestered spot for its attack, and is, because of its acquired skulking nature, the most difficult to hunt of all tigers.

Other popular misconceptions give the tiger extraordinary leaping ability. It does not, as habitually painted, leap upon the back of its victim to crunch the vertebræ of the neck. It may do so occasionally on small game. I have seen panther springing on the little barking deer, but the usual tiger method is a stealthy stalk followed by a swift rush and seizure of the victim's throat.

It does not leap from twenty-five to one hundred feet, as we frequently read. Twelve feet is nearer the average of its jumps when chasing game, and there is no record of its jumping streams of over sixteen to eighteen feet in width. It is a bold swimmer, and a frequent wader.

It does not give up pursuit of its quarry on failure of the first attack.

It does not deliver bone-crushing blows with its fore paws, like bruin, although it does give blows that lacerate the flesh.

It does not roar like a lion.

It does not kill by blood letting, but by dislocating the neck.

It can climb a tree, but rarely does so.

There is also much exaggeration concerning size and weight. A tiger that measures ten feet from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail is a big one, and above the average, which is about nine and a half feet. Of course there are exceptions, as in all animal kind, but the majority of eleven and twelve foot tiger stories are fiction. I was unable during six months' hunting to find definite account of one even eleven feet in length. I did hear of several ranging from ten feet to ten feet six inches, and one of ten feet eight inches. So also with the weight, which is commonly written down at from 400 to 500 pounds, whereas the average will run from 300 to 375 pounds, the latter being a good one and the former figure more near the average.

The manner of hunting tigers varies according to locality and conditions; and in India alone several methods obtain:

Driving the tiger out of the long grass of Bengal before a line of elephants to a previously selected open spot where the gunners, also on elephants, are stationed.

Driving it out before a line of native beaters through the jungle to a given open place where the gunner is stationed up a tree near where the tiger is expected to break cover.

Awaiting it on a platform (" mechan ") erected within thirty to fifty feet of a tied up live bullock or goat; or near the un-eaten carcass of the tiger's kill to which it will return.

Walking it up before beaters; *i. e.,* shooting it on foot.

Natives also drive the tiger before a long line of beaters into widely stretched nets which are then closed and surrounded by fires and by men armed with spears and guns. In Java this method is elaborated into a " rampok," which includes freeing a trapped tiger within a large circle of several rows deep made by men armed with spears. The " game " is gradually to narrow the circle until the charging and desperate beast is closed in by a wall of sharp steel points which finally despatch him. It is not a glorious game. Poison and spring guns and traps are also used by natives throughout the Orient to rid themselves of a man-eater.

In the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, lower Burma and southern Siam, the jungle is too dense and continuous to permit of beating up tigers with a line of elephants. In fact, as compared with India, almost no tiger hunting is done in these countries, and that little consists of sitting up over a kill, or, in the dry season, over a water hole. The latter is a favorite method of Chinamen who hunt tigers for the skin and for the whiskers which, like the horn of the rhino, are largely valued on account of certain occult influences they are supposed to exert in compounding medical charms. But in none of this Far Eastern section are the natives hunters by inclination, and not enough hunting is done by the handful of resident whites to replace ignorance with skill. Besides, the average native is not in sympathy with hunting; he has no stomach for the game; so that pursuit of the tiger in this part of the world is done under extremely difficult conditions, and with no great measure of success. In sections of Corea, and on parts of the Chinese coast, however, Chinamen, armed with great, three-tined pitchfork-like spears, hunt out the cave-dwelling tiger and become not only expert but brave and dependable. And this tiger is fully as formidable as the one of India, requiring of the sportsman both nerve and courage.

Hunting from the back of an elephant has no ele-

ment whatever of danger for anyone except the mahout (driver) when the tiger charges the elephant's head; at such times the mahout's seat astride the elephant's neck just behind the great ears becomes untenable if the attacking beast is not quickly killed by the guns above in the howdah. It is the method pursued by the native rajahs of India, high officials, and visitors who want to kill a tiger regardless of cost—and can afford the price. And it is the most luxurious, expensive and easiest way of gratifying the tiger-killing impulse. On such a hunt from thirty to one hundred or even more elephants may be employed, and as elephants are worth each from $400 to $2,000, and cost about $1.00 a day for keep alone, an idea may be formed of the hire of such an expedition—not to mention its intrinsic value. Then there are the mahouts and beaters and camp makers and water carriers and personal servants, to number from seventy-five to three hundred according to the size and distinction of the expedition.

The howdah in which the hunter rides and from which he shoots, is a wood and cane affair resting on two round long pads placed lengthwise either side of the elephant's backbone, and firmly lashed in place by ropes passing under the elephant's neck, belly and tail. The hunters draw lots for position and when they have been stationed—

sometimes as much as one hundred yards apart, according to the country—other elephants bearing only a pad and their mahouts, beat the jungle towards the sportsmen in the howdahs. The chief excitement in this kind of hunting centres around the question of who will get the tiger, for in a country possible to such extended drives, there is no certainty as to the precise point the beast will break cover, and getting a shot is therefore a matter of individual luck. Sometimes, when the tiger does not break cover, the howdah-bearing elephants close in upon the piece of jungle in which the quarry lies concealed, and then there is more " doing " and some fun. But for the most part, standing on the back of an elephant inside a howdah behind an armory of guns, is not particularly stirring and does not appeal to the sportsman who has ever experienced the thrill of stalking.

Shooting rhinoceros from a howdah, however, if not more dangerous, at least averages higher in diversion, because in close cover elephants hold a rhino always in great respect and frequently in much fear on account of its obstinate advance and well understood tendency to gore legs and stomachs that obstruct its path. Therefore a rhino in long grass at close quarters means a good bit of scurrying around and at times it means a run-away by an elephant that has become panic-stricken at the

STARTING OUT FOR A TIGER DRIVE IN INDIA.

The howdah elephants and sportsmen leading; the pad or driving elephants following.

sharp whiffing, sniffing, and the swaying grass that mark the charging rhino. If trees happen to be plentiful in the vicinity such a run-away is really dangerous to the occupants of the howdah. Once I had such an experience and I hope never to have another so uncomfortable. Luckily there were no trees, but several shallow, narrow gullies into which the elephant scrambled with great haste; the howdah meanwhile rocking like a cockle shell in a sea way. I was as a pea within a vigorously shaken rattle. That the howdah stayed on the elephant's back is recommendation enough of the strength of the ropes and the skill of the lashing.

Walking up a tiger with beaters can not be done in a long grass country and should be attempted anywhere only by those of experience; aside from the danger, there are a hundred chances of failure by doing the wrong thing at the right time. A tiger shows extraordinary intelligence in discerning the silent, waiting sportsman up a tree in the foreground, from the harmless, though noisy tom-toming beaters at his rear, and will often break back through the line, unless continuous skill and care are exercised. So a beat should never begin too near the tiger once he has been located, as he may go unseen straight out of the country at once. Some tigers show immediately; others not until the last moment; and, as with other animals, no

two tigers act the same. Incidentally, no tiger shows so quickly as the panther. To know the ground thoroughly, therefore, is an absolute essential to successful beating; not only to know the cover to be driven, but the possible outlets to the covers nearby. My failure to get a tiger in half a dozen such tries is explained by just that lack of knowledge which I never could find in the natives upon whom I had to depend, and never could stop long enough in one locality to acquire myself. Where natives are as familiar with the tiger as they are in India, and know the ground, the chances are immeasurably enhanced, and success should and will come to the experienced hunter who can await such conditions. If your tiger breaks cover directly in front of you, hold your fire; if possible let him get abreast of your position, or past it, before you press the trigger. Otherwise he is apt to break back among your beaters, and may kill one of them; may destroy their courage in themselves and their confidence in you, which is very serious.

Sitting up over a kill is the most frequent habit of Malaya, and the most infrequent of success, as compared with India, because of inexpertness in building the "mechan," and in tying up the bullock or goat, which should be placed in a quiet place, several hundred yards from any cover where it

will be possible for the tiger to lie up during the day, after he has taken the bait. This will enable you, when the kill has been made, to build your platform without fear of disturbing the tiger, as is often the case and the cause of his failure to return. Of course it must be located down wind from the bait, and back from the tiger's probable line of approach when such is possible of discernment. The mechan may be what size you will, but should be no larger than necessary—say 6x3, or even 1½x4, and must be made of tough material that will not creak, with a screen of leaves that will not dry up quickly to crackle at an inauspicious instant. It ought to be about fifteen feet above ground, or twenty, if you can equally as well build one so high, to lessen the chance of being scented. Mechans vary from such simple workmanlike platforms to ones bearing nearly all the comforts of home. An Anglo-Indian whom I knew as an indefatigable devotee of this kind of shooting, used to build his mechan with great care and furnish it with mattress, pillows, rug, water bottle and reading matter. Whether the platform be simple or elaborate, however, take no one into it with you; twice I lost good opportunities of scoring through my servant's clearing his throat. The tiger does not usually look up, unless his attention is attracted by a noise, but the slightest movement

catches his exquisitely sensitive ear, and when they have been hunted tigers become so wary as to be well-nigh impossible of circumvention. Get to your platform by four in the afternoon, for between that hour and half after eight is the most likely time of his coming, though, as a matter of fact, he may and does appear at any hour of the night. All nicely man-made rules and regulations are violated by this quarry.

To walk up a tiger is the most dangerous form of sport, but to the man with the heart for it—far and away the most enjoyable. Like other pursuits of the venturesome, this one should not be attempted by the inexperienced or by those that can not keep cool under nerve-trying conditions; and in common with all hazardous games, experience robs this one of some of its formidability. Experience should spell caution as well as skill, and a man having both will know enough never on foot to track a tiger into long grass, or to approach in very close cover. A tiger seeks to conceal himself, and on discovery is moved, in my judgment, by the spirit of self-defence against what he believes to be an attack, rather than by the single desire to kill; though whatever the impelling spirit may be, the hunter's position is none the less eased, for the tiger in such jungle can usually move quicker than a man can handle his

gun. For that reason never approach cover that can hide a tiger until it has been explored, and make it a rule to believe every piece of this kind of cover does hold a tiger until you have proved that it does not. Tiger hunting in any form is dangerous business, and following a wounded one should depend entirely on the nature of the jungle into which the beast has retreated. If the cover is dense—keep away until you are re-inforced and even then don't venture to drive him out unless you have a body of spearmen that will stand firm; unlike the valiant boar, a tiger will not, as a rule, charge a party that is bunched and holding its ground. Nor under ordinary circumstances is an unwounded tiger apt to charge unless you stand in his only avenue of escape. Tiger shooting, in a word, is so variable and always so dangerous that without a companion of suitable temperament and experience the average hunter should not engage in walking up the quarry; and not then unless he carries a level head. To the man so constructed that he can not keep cool I say with all emphasis—don't go tiger hunting. An excellent aid to keeping cool is a double barrel rifle; and a maxim worth remembering is never to fire your last cartridge at a retreating tiger, because if you wound him he is likely to change his mind about running away—and a tiger coming your way, uttering his short,

coughing roars, is about as unnerving and dangerous an experience as a hunter can have.

Not every tiger hunt is rewarded with a tiger. Except for my friend, Dr. Smith—and English army officers of India who are out at every report—I know none that has done more actual hunting for tiger within a given period than I—and I have yet to secure my first trophy, though I wounded three, in the course of six months' uninterrupted industry in Sumatra, Malay Peninsula, Siam, lower Burma and India, during which time I sat up over goats and bullocks; watched over a kill from a mechan; waited up a tree for a tiger to break cover in front of beaters, and walked him up. At first it was partly inexperience on my part, and then native ignorance and lack of cooperation; lastly it was hollow-pointed bullets, and always it was lack of time; for getting a tiger is after all a question of time and opportunity, other things being equal. You may go out two dozen times, as I did, without carrying home a scalp, or you may score the first time, as has been done from a howdah.

My first tiger hunt developed from a deer hunt on the coast of the Malay Peninsula, which I joined to please my Mohammedan host, Aboo Din, who had just brought me back from a successful boar shoot he had organized for me with great

reluctance—for the disciple of Mohammed holds no intercourse with pigs. Now although the Malay is not a hunter, some of them are quite devoted to running deer with dogs, and a few of the better class keep packs for the purpose, with a huntsman, who is a kind of witch doctor called "pawang," with many fields of activity. I found pawangs that looked after crops, pawangs that spirited away sickness, and pawangs that insured successful deer hunting. As a rule only the sultans or rajahs afford pawangs; but Din, though neither sultan nor rajah, was a native of influence and wealth, and there was not much doing in the Malay Peninsula that he was not into, from deer chasing up to horse racing. He was very proud of his pack which was in fact famous in the neighborhood.

When we reached the cover where the dogs were to be turned in for deer, we halted, while the pawang delivered himself of an incantation to assure success, and when a deer was killed the carcass remained untouched until the pawang again fell into fanatical frenzy as the hunters gathered around. Aboo explained the final ceremony as necessary to deliver the spirit of the deer into Mohammed's safe keeping; otherwise it would forever haunt and afflict the man who had killed it. Several days we successfully snap-shot deer, as they raced across more or less open stretches from

one patch of jungle to another, when one noon the dogs suddenly broke into a loudly distressful chorus which Aboo declared could only mean that they had run into a tiger. As we turned cautious steps towards the howling and yapping it subsided and soon we came to three badly mauled and whining members of the scattered pack which we could hear beating hasty retreat in many directions. We moved carefully, although the jungle was fairly open and the dogs' back tracks easily followed in the soft soil. The ground was well cut up at the scene of the brief and apparently one-sided conflict; blood showed that something had been doing, while the plainly printed oval pugs of a tigress indicated who had been doing it. We followed these pugs with the utmost deliberation until they led out of that piece of jungle to skirt another and finally enter the lower end of a ravine, by which time it was dark. Next morning at daylight, we picked up the trail again at the point where it led into cover of unusual density in the shallow ravine. I suggested that Aboo put the dogs and men in here while we took position at the upper end of the draw just below where it ended in higher ground. A good bit of urging was necessary to get the dogs into the cover and much encouragement to keep them moving, but the Malays, armed only with the parang (jungle knife),

yelled and shouted and threshed the jungle with stout bamboo poles sharpened at one end into a short tough point, as though hugely enjoying themselves. It was an hour before the beaters approached to within about one hundred yards of us, and as Aboo watched the lower bank of the gully and I the upper, twice we thought we saw the yellowish head poking its way through the jungle above us. We felt sure it would break cover on the upper bank at the sky line. Suddenly as we watched intently, the sun burst forth brilliantly over the hill, shining full in our eyes, and at that miserable moment out came the tigress from the jungle straight into the bewildering glare. 'Twas an impossible shot, but my first opportunity at such game, which must have been my excuse for firing. I missed the mark by feet I suppose; the tigress at all events vanished instanter over the hill, and though several hours we tracked her, finally we lost all trail and had to give it up greatly disappointed.

A tiger that has once hesitated on its charge is not likely to charge home. Once I had an experience to corroborate this. Near a native settlement on the west bank of the Ganges I had been for several days without success walking up a tiger in the hills. Then followed other days of even no sign, and finally a day when one broke cover in front

of beaters, about seventy-five yards from where I sat in position up a tree. He was a regal sight as he came out silently, slowly—stopping, with half his body still uncovered, while, with raised paw, like a cat, he cautiously surveyed the field. The picture was so enjoyable, for the moment, I did not think of shooting, or, in my inexperience, realize that at any instant he might disappear. And so it was—for suddenly, with a spring and a turn to one side he was gone into the jungle again; but I had awakened from my trance with his first move and as he vanished put in a shot which scored because I saw him switch around and bite his stern as the cover closed upon him. The piece of jungle into which he had retreated was dense at the edges, but opened up some just beyond, and we made our way on the tracks slowly and carefully, one of the beaters having a little mongrel fox terrier type of dog that went forward on the trail with unexpected courage. We were a long time before getting to a very dense piece where we hesitated, while part of the men and the dog went off to one side with a view to making a survey of the close cover from another point. As they worked off I moved forward a little in an endeavor to find a better position, from which to look ahead. I had got but a short distance and where I could not see six feet ahead, when I was halted by a sudden

LUXURIOUS HUNTING IN INDIA.

The camp of a large party, with porters in the foreground.

growling and a heart-stopping, short, coughing roar. It was the first time I had heard it—and I freely confess—it well-nigh froze my blood. I knew it was a tiger; I could plainly hear it coming; and as the jerky roar grew nearer and nearer, I stood there having sensations—I do assure you. But I stood, for I realized how useless would be an attempt to escape by running; I thought I would have a better chance for my life if I faced the music.

With my rifle raised and at full cock I stood waiting, waiting, and just at the instant I expected the terrifying thing to burst upon me from out the jungle that nerve-racking roar ceased, and was followed by stillness quite as dreadful, for I did not know what it might not portend. I pictured the tiger stalking noiselessly around me, looking for the best place from which to make his final rush. The day wasn't so hot, but the perspiration rolled from me pretty freely just about that time. Then at last came the relief of a noise which seemed going from me. It sounded as though the tiger was retreating. And that is precisely what he was doing. He went out on the unguarded side of the cover—out of my life forever, so far as I know, but not without having made a deep impression upon me; to this day I can hear that tiger coming.

" Sitting up " on a platform for tiger with a

tied-up bullock nearby, as bait, does not commend itself to me as sport; it is too much like bear baiting, in which no sportsman should engage. Such methods are only excusable when an animal's predatory nature has put it in the vermin class, to be exterminated one way or another. And sitting up does not assure tiger by any means, even though it be over the beast's own kill. My attempts were all failures. Three times I was winded, the direction of the breeze changing at sundown, and my platform being only eight feet above ground; another time I fired in the dim uncertain light of a cloud-covered moon, and missed; twice my servant's cough warned the tiger. On another occasion the tiger came directly under my platform from the rear. I could hear it sniffing and the firm tread on the rustling leaves, which once heard is always remembered. For minutes it stood silent and I dared not move to try for a look lest it take alarm. I even feared it might hear my heart thumping above its head. Then, a twig cracked in the stillness; and again and for eternity, it seemed—dead silence. So long I sat cramped that one foot went to sleep, and my discomfort was extreme. At last daylight—but no tiger. It had vanished, perhaps at the cracking of the twig, as suddenly as it had come.

None the less sitting up has compensations, even

though a tiger be not one of them. Really I found the experience full of interest. Sunset in such country is the most delightful hour of the tropical twenty-four, for it is in the cool of evening that refreshment comes after the super-heated day, and you hear jungle sounds, and see jungle life of which you never before knew. After a time the moon looks forth, and by and by, as its soft light spreads, the trees stand forth, darkly, sharply silhouetted against the sky, and all the jungle takes on new and strangely picturesque beauty. One evening, as I sat over the kill of a tiger—I had the luck to watch the antics of two jackals stealing a meal. Well they knew whose kill they nosed, and every movement suggested terror at the risk. One would circle the opening, head stuck out and every nerve obviously on edge while the other snatched a morsel from the dead bullock; then the other guarded while the erstwhile sentinel grabbed a mouthful and swallowed it unchewed—neither ever resting an instant. So they continued for many minutes while they secured a very respectable meal, and grew a bit careless for once one paused a second at the carcass to take more than a passing grab, when the other, with tail between legs, back arched and head extended down and out to the full length of its neck, rushed it with such a grin on its face as made me wish to kill it then

and there. Suddenly, with eyes searching the jungle on one side, they fell to whimpering and twittering and dancing on their feet as though in mortal terror of an impending calamity—then like a flash they were gone. I confidently expected to see a tiger appear, but none came, though I watched patiently and intently throughout the long night.

My most serious experience with a tiger happened in Sumatra. Uda Prang and I were returning from a successful rhinoceros hunt, and came one night to a settlement of half a dozen houses, where the growing of the sago plant and the cutting of rattan to sell Chinese traders, made up the industrial life of the inhabitants. We found the little settlement in a state of great agitation and mourning, for only the night before a young girl had been killed by a tiger or panther, they knew not which, as she gathered herbs not a quarter of a mile away from her home. It was evening when we arrived, but on the morning following, early, we were taken out to where the tragedy had occurred, and a bloody bit of dress and the palms of the child's hands and soles of her feet indicated that the beast had made its ghastly feast on the spot. The pug marks seemed to me rather small for a tiger, but Uda said it was a tiger and not a panther.

Back from the river and behind the open fields

where the jungle had been reclaimed for sago, were two sugar-loaf-shaped hills of independent, uneven tops, but joined at the base by a ridge-like backbone, which was fairly free of jungle though otherwise the hills were rather closely covered. For two days we hunted the tiger's tracks, feeling fairly confident of eventual success as this happened to be one of a few cultivated patches widely separated on this stretch of the river, and as crops attract deer and pigs, so pigs and deer attract tigers. And at last we did find the trail of this tiger where it led into the larger of the two hills. That night, by a happy bit of luck, two canoes loaded with rattan for the Chinamen down river, rested at the settlement, and we persuaded the four Malay boatmen to stop over and help us. So next day at daylight we set out sixteen strong, carrying bamboo sticks for jungle beating, three drums for noise and spears for defense; it was an absurdly inadequate line, but it represented the population of a one-hundred-mile radius. We started the men in on the larger hill, where we had found the tracks, to beat towards me on the smaller hill where I took position commanding the comparatively uncovered connecting ridge. And we posted two men in the fields to note if the tiger left the isolated hills. What with their jungle threshing and shouting and vigorous, unceasing drum, drum-

ming, the beaters altogether made quite a noise and as after an hour or more it neared me I thought I caught a glimpse of the tiger skulking along down low on the side of the backbone, where the growth was thick—making towards my hill. It could in this way pass my position unseen, and fearful that it might escape from the unguarded side of the small hill, I made my way to Uda Prang who forthwith ordered the men over to the far side of the smaller hill which the tiger had entered and which I had just left—to beat back and thus turn and drive it again across the ridge and on to the larger hill from which it had originally started.

As the beaters began their yelling and smashing, Jin Abu and I started to climb to an abrupt shelf-like bench on the larger hill, which overlooked the backbone. The hill was fairly steep and the close cover made moving laborious with frequent checking. Several times we were distressed with impatience at being delayed by clinging thorn-covered growths. A bit winded we neared the site we had chosen from which to shoot the tiger as it came back over the ridge. Thoughts of what I would do with the pelt ran in my head—and then we were startled by a growl followed by a muttered edition of the coughing roar I knew well by

this time, and there, not more than six or eight feet away, and above us, was the tiger we thought was on the other hill. He had crossed back and was now watching us, body crouched, chin close to its fore paws, eyes glaring menacingly. It was the surprise of my hunting career, and withal a most disturbing situation, for my rifle (50-calibre) hung from my left shoulder. I felt that a spring was imminent, and it seemed that almost with thought of it, the spring came, but not before I had swung my rifle into position, and fired, full into the beast's face, dropping flat instantly with the same intuitiveness which closes the eyelid against flying danger. Uda Prang was not so quick in dropping and, as the tiger went over our heads it reached him, on the shoulders in passing, tearing the flesh severely with its claws. It kept on down the steep hill breaking cover, and plunging into the jungle, across the fields, where for three days we tracked it. At first we found blood but it did not last long, indicating a superficial head wound, and after a time the pug prints were entirely lost on firm soil.

So the little girl was not avenged after all, but I received a practical lesson in the untrustworthiness of hollow-pointed bullets on dangerous game.

Thus the tiger's trail, and the tiger. To none are accredited such human tragedies; to none so

much of ferocity and cunning and cruelty and power. But it is royal game! the kind to fix upon you that fascination which lies in the pursuit of quarry, having a minimum of the man-fear with which brute nature is possessed.

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